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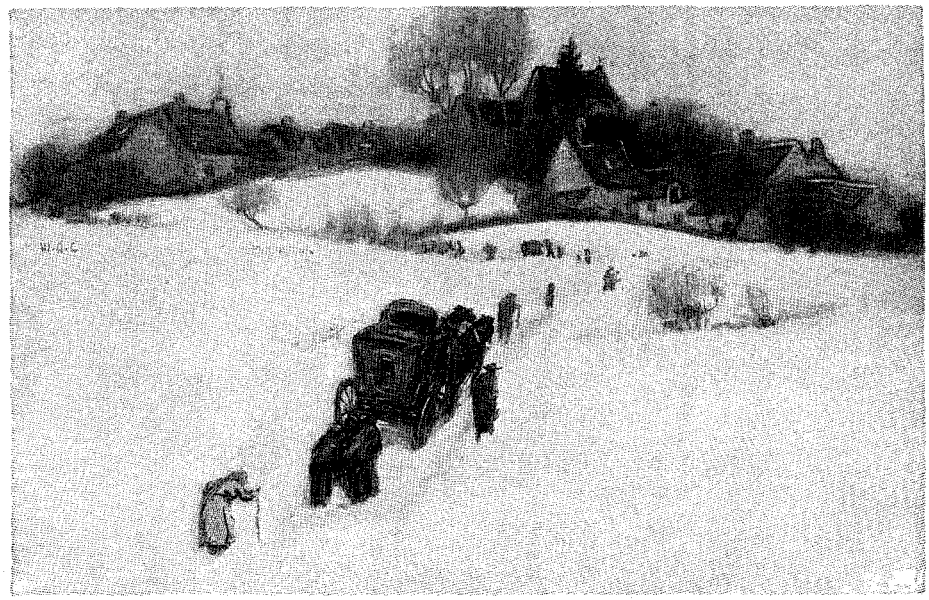

CHRISTMAS IN THE VALOIS

By Mary King Waddington

ILLUSTRATIONS BY WALTER APPLETON CLARK

IT had been a cold December, quite recalling Christmas Holidays at home—when we used to think Christmas without snow wasn't a real Christmas, and half the pleasure of getting the greens to dress the church was gone, if the children hadn't to walk up to their ankles in untrodden snow across the fields, to get the long, trailing branches of ivy and bunches of pine. We were *just* warm enough in the big chateau. There were two calorifères, and roaring wood fires (trees) in the chimneys; but even I must allow that the great stone staircase and long corridors were cold: and I couldn't protest when nearly all the members of the household—of all ages—wrapped themselves in woolen shawls and even fur capes at night when the procession mounted the big staircase. I had wanted for a long time to make a Christmas Tree in our lonely little village of St. Quentin, near Louvry, our farm, but I didn't get much support from my French friends and relations. Willy was decidedly against it. The people wouldn't understand—had never seen such a thing; it was entirely a foreign importation, and just beginning to be understood in the upper classes of society. One of my friends, Madame Casimir Périer,* who has a beau-

*Madame Casimir Périer, widow of the well-known liberal statesman, and mother of the Ex-President of the Republic.

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tiful chateau at Pont-sur-Seine (of historic renown—"La Grande Mademoiselle" danced there—"A Pont j'ai fait venir les violons," she says in her memoirs), also disapproved. She gives away a great deal herself, and looks after all her village, but not in that way. She said I had much better spend the money it would cost, on good, sensible, warm clothes, blankets, "bons de pain," etc.; there was no use in giving them ideas of pleasure and refinement they had never had—and couldn't appreciate. Of course it was all perfectly logical and sensible, but I did so want to be unreasonable, and for once give these poor, wretched little children something that would be a delight to them for the whole year—one poor little ray of sunshine in their gray, dull lives.

We had many discussions in the big drawing-room after dinner, when Willy was smoking in the arm-chair and disposed to look at things less sternly than in bright daylight. However, he finally agreed to leave me a free hand, and I told him we should give a warm garment to every child, and to the very old men and women. I knew I should get plenty of help, as the Sisters and Pauline promised me dolls and "dragées." I am sorry he couldn't be here; the presence of the Ambassador would give more éclat to the fête, and I think in his heart he was rather curious as to what we could do, but he was obliged to go back to London for Christmas. His leave was up, and beside, he had various country and shooting engagements where he would certainly enjoy himself and see interesting people. I shall stay over Christmas and start for London about the 29th, so as to be ready to go to Knowsley* by the 30th, where we always spend the New Year's Day.

We started off one morning after breakfast to interview the school-mistress and the Mayor—a most important personage. If you had ever seen St. Quentin you would hardly believe it could possess such an exalted functionary. The village consists of about twelve little, low gray houses stretching up a steep hill, with a very rough road toward the woods of Borny behind. There are forty inhabitants, a church, and a school-house; but it *is* a 'commune," and not the smallest in France (there is another still smaller somewhere in the South, toward the Alpes Maritimes). I always go and make a visit to the Mayor, who is a very small farmer and keeps the drinking shop† of the village. We shake hands and I sit a few minutes in a wooden chair in the one room (I don't take a drink, which is so much gained), and we talk about the wants and general behavior of the population. The first time I went I was on horseback, so we dismounted and had our little talk. When we got up to go he hurriedly brought out a bench for me to mount from, and was quite bewildered when he saw Willy lift me to the saddle from the ground.

The church is a pretty, old gray building—standing very high, with the little graveyard on one side, and a grass terrace in front, from which one has the most lovely view down the valley, and over the green slopes to the woods—Borny and Villers-Cotterets on one side, Chézy the other. It is very worn and dilapidated inside, and is never open except on the day of St. Quentin,‡ when the Curé of La Ferté-Milon comes over and has a service. The school-house is a nice modern little house, built by Willy some years ago. It looks as if it had dropped down by mistake into this very old world little hamlet.

It is a short walk, little more than two kilomètres from the gates of the big park, and the day was enchanting—cold and bright; too bright, indeed, for the low gray clouds of the last days had been promising snow and I wanted it so much for my tree! We were quite a party—Henrietta, Anne, Pauline, Alice and Francis, Bonny the fox terrier, and a very large and heavy four-wheeled cart, which the children insisted upon taking and which naturally had to be drawn up all the hills by the grown-ups, as it was much too heavy for the little ones. Bonny enjoyed himself madly, making frantic excursions to the woods in search of rabbits, absolutely unheeding call or whistle, and finally emerging dirty and scratched, stopping at all the rabbit holes he met on the way back, and burrowing deep into them until nothing was left but a stumpy little white tail wagging furiously.

We went first to the Mayor, as we were obliged to ask his permission to give our party at the school. Nothing in France can be done without official sanction. I

* The Earl of Derby's fine palace near Liverpool.

† Cabaret. ‡ In August, I think.

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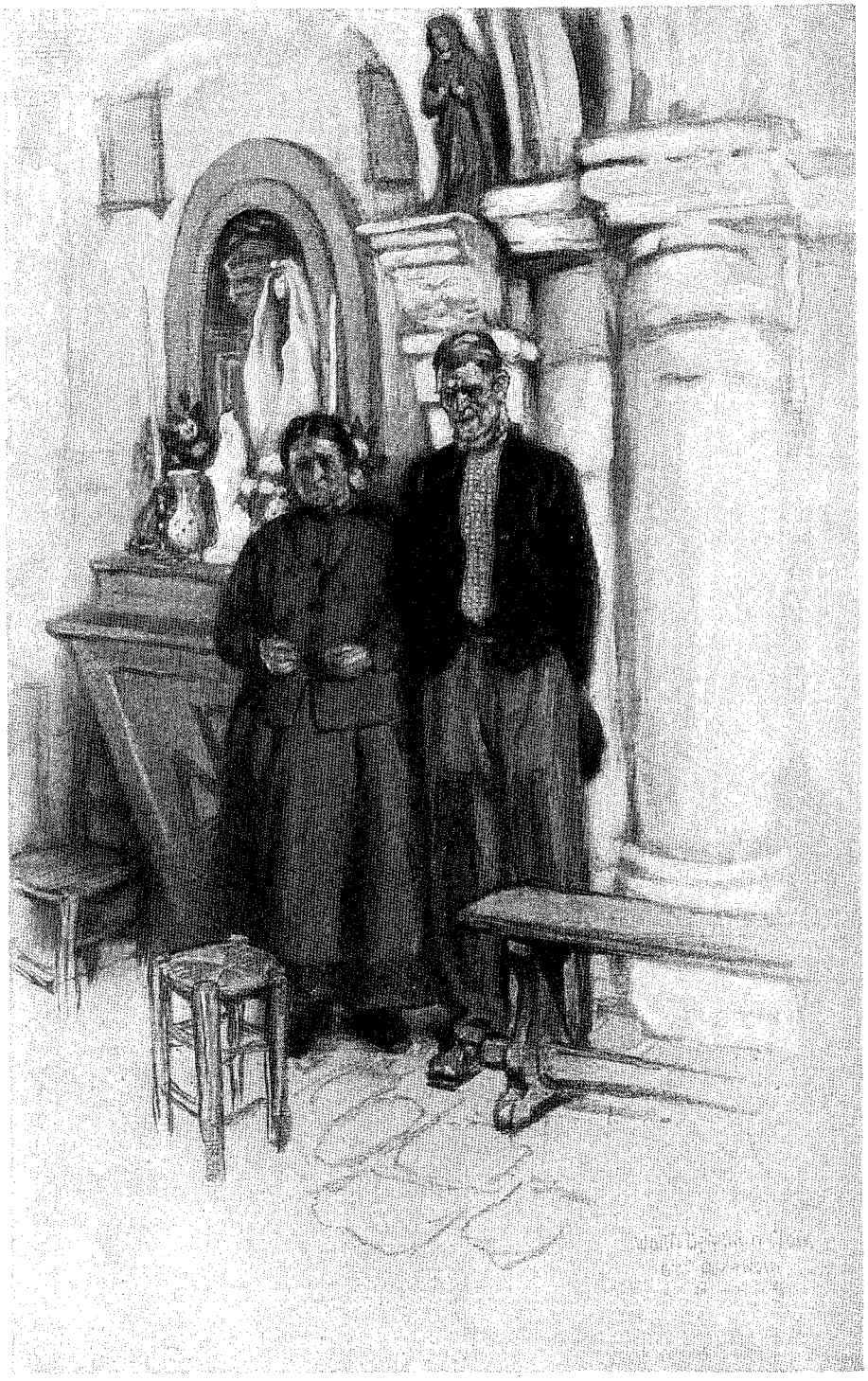

Drawn by Walter Appleton Clark.

The Mayor and a nice, red-cheeked, wrinkled old woman were waiting for us.—Page 644

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wanted, too, to speak to him about a church service, which I was very anxious to have before the Tree was lighted. I didn't want the children's only idea of Christmas to be cakes and toys; and that was rather difficult to arrange, as the situation is so strained between the clergy and the laiques, particularly the Curé and the school-master. I knew I should have no trouble with the school-mistress (the school is so small it is mixed—girls and boys from four to twelve—and there is a woman teacher); she is the wife of one of our keepers, and a nice woman, but I didn't know how the Mayor would feel on the subject. However, he was most amiable; would do anything I wanted. I said I held very much to having the church open, and that I would like as many people to come as it would hold. Would he tell all the people in the neighborhood? I would write to the principal farmers, and I was sure we could make a most interesting fête. He was rather flattered at being consulted; said he would come up with us and open the church. It was absolutely neglected and there was nothing in the way of benches, carpets, etc. I told him I must go first to the school, but I would meet him at the church in half an hour.

The children were already up the hill, tugging the big cart filled with pine cones. The school-mistress was much pleased at the idea of the Christmas Tree; she had never seen one except in pictures, and never thought she would really have one in her school. We settled the day, and she promised to come and help arrange the church. Then we went into the school-room, and it was funny to hear the answer—a roar—of "Oui, Madame Waddington," when I asked her if the children were "good"; so we told them if they continued very good there would be a surprise for them. There are only thirty scholars—rather poor and miserable looking; some of them come from so far, trudge along the high-road in a little band, in all weathers, insufficiently clad—one big boy to-day had on a linen summer jacket. I asked the teacher if he had a tricot underneath. "Mais non, Madame, où l'aurait-il trouvé?" He had a miserable little shirt underneath which may once have been flannel, but which was worn threadbare.

We chose our day and then adjourned to the church, where the Mayor and a nice, red-cheeked, wrinkled old woman* who keeps the ornaments, such as they are, of the church were waiting for us. It was certainly bare and neglected, the old church, bits of plaster dropping off walls and ceilings, and the altar and one or two little statues still in good condition; but we saw we could arrange it pretty well with greens, the few flowers, chrysanthemums, Christmas roses, etc., that were still in the greenhouse, a new red carpet for the altar steps, and of course vases, tall candlesticks, etc. There was one handsome bit of old lace on a white nappe for the altar, and a good dress for the Virgin. We could have the school benches, and the Mayor would lend chairs for the "quality." On the whole we were satisfied, and told Willy triumphantly at dinner that the Mayor, so far from making any objection, was pleased as Punch; he had never seen a Christmas Tree either.

The next day the list of the children was sent according to age and sex—also the old people; and we were very busy settling what we must do in the way of toys. The principal thing was to go to Paris and get all we wanted—toys, "bêtises," and shiny things for the Tree, etc. Henrietta and I undertook that, and we went off the same day that Willy left for London. It was bitterly cold—the ground frozen hard—and we had a long drive, eighteen kilomètres through Villers-Cotterets forest—but no snow, only a beautiful white frost—all the trees and bushes covered with rime. It was like driving through a fairy forest. When we had occasional gleams of sunlight every leaf sparkled, and the red berries of the holly stood out beautifully from all the white. The fine old ruins of La Ferté looked splendid rising out of a mass of glistening underwood and long grass. We are very proud of our old Chateau-fort, which has withstood well the work of time. It was begun (and never finished) by Louis d'Orléans in 1303, and was never inhabited. Now there is nothing left but the façade and great round towers, but quite enough to show what it might have been. There is also a bas-relief, perfectly well preserved, over the big door, of the Coronation of the Virgin, the kneel-

* La Mère Rogov.

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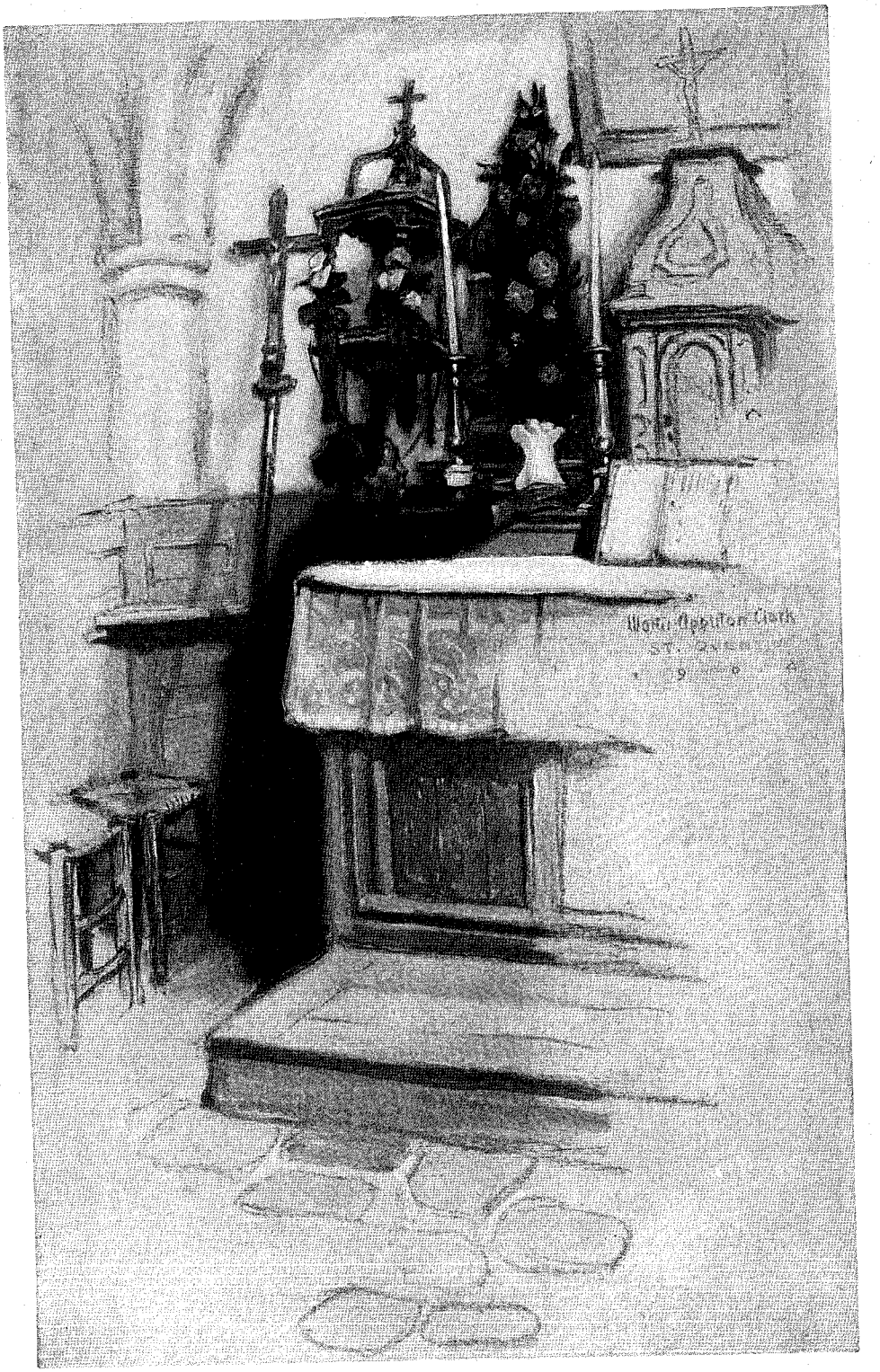

Drawn by Walter Appleton Clark.

There was one handsome bit of old lace on a white nappe for the altar.—Page 644.

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ing figure quite distinct. On the other side is a great grass place (village green) where the fêtes of La Ferté take place, and where all the town dances the days of the "Assemblée." From the bottom of the terrace, at the foot of the low wall, one has a magnificent view over the town and the great forest of Villers-Cotterets stretching away in front, a long blue line on the horizon. In the main street of La Ferté there is a statue of Racine, who was born there. It is in white marble, in the classic draperies of the time, and is also in very good preservation. The baptismal register of Jean Racine is in the archives of La Ferté.

The road all the way to Villers-Cotterets was most animated. It was market-day, and we met every description of vehicle, from the high, old-fashioned tilbury of the well-to-do farmer, to the peasant's cart—sometimes an old woman driving, well wrapped up, her turban on her head, but a knit shawl wound around it, carrying a lot of cheeses to market; sometimes a man with a cow tied behind his cart, and a calf inside. We also crossed Menier's *équipage de chasse*, horses and dogs being exercised. We talked a few minutes to Hubert, the *piqueur*, who was in a very bad humor. They had not hunted for some days, and dogs and horses were unruly. The horses were a fine lot, almost all white or light gray. We go sometimes to the meets, and the effect is very good, as the men all wear scarlet coats and the contrast is striking.

We had an exhausting day in Paris, but managed to get pretty nearly everything. The little children were easily disposed of—dolls, drums, wooden horses, etc.; but the bigger boys and girls, who have outgrown toys, are more difficult to suit. However, with knives, paint-boxes, lotos (geographical and historical) for the boys; and handkerchief and work boxes, morocco bags, etc., we did finally get our fifty objects. There are always extra children cropping up. Shopping was not very easy, as the streets and boulevards were crowded and slippery. We had a fairly good cab, but the time seemed endless. The big bazaars—Hôtel de Ville, rue d'Amsterdam, etc.—were the most amusing; really, one could get anything from a five-sou doll to a *ménagère* (the little cooking-stove all the peasant women use in their cottages). There were armies of extras—white-aproned youths, who did their best for us. We explained to one of the superintendents what we wanted, and he gave us a very intelligent boy, who followed us about with an enormous basket, into which everything was put. When we finally became almost distracted with the confusion and the crowd and our list, we asked the boy what he had liked when he was eleven years old at school; and he assured us all boys liked knives and guns.

When we had finished with the boys we had the decorations for the Tree to get, and then to the Bon Marché for yards of flannel, calico, bas de laine, tricots, etc. We had given Willy rendezvous at five at Henrietta's. He was going to cross at night. We found him there having his tea. He had seen lots of people; been to the Elysée and had a long interview with the President (Grévy); then to the Quai d'Orsay to get his last instructions from the Minister; and he had still people coming to see him. When we left (our train was before his) he was closeted with one of his friends, a candidate for the Institute, very keen about his vote which Willy had promised him, and going over for about the twentieth time the list of the members to see what his chances were. However, I suppose all candidates are exactly alike, and Willy says he is sure he was a nuisance to all his friends when he presented himself at the Institute. One or two people were waiting in the dining-room to speak to him, and his servant was distracted over his valise, which wasn't begun then. I promised him I would write him a faithful account of our fête once we had decided our day. We took the five o'clock train down, and a nice cold drive we had going home. The roads were rather slippery, and the forest black and weird. The trees, which had been so beautiful in the morning covered with rime, seemed a massive black wall hemming us in. It is certainly a lonely bit of country, once we had left the lights of Villers-Cotterets behind us, crossed the last railway, and were fairly started in the forest. We didn't meet anything—neither cart, carriage, *bucheron*, nor pedestrian of any kind.

Henrietta was rather nervous, and she breathed a sigh of relief when we got out on the plains and trotted down the long hill that leads to La Ferté. The cha-

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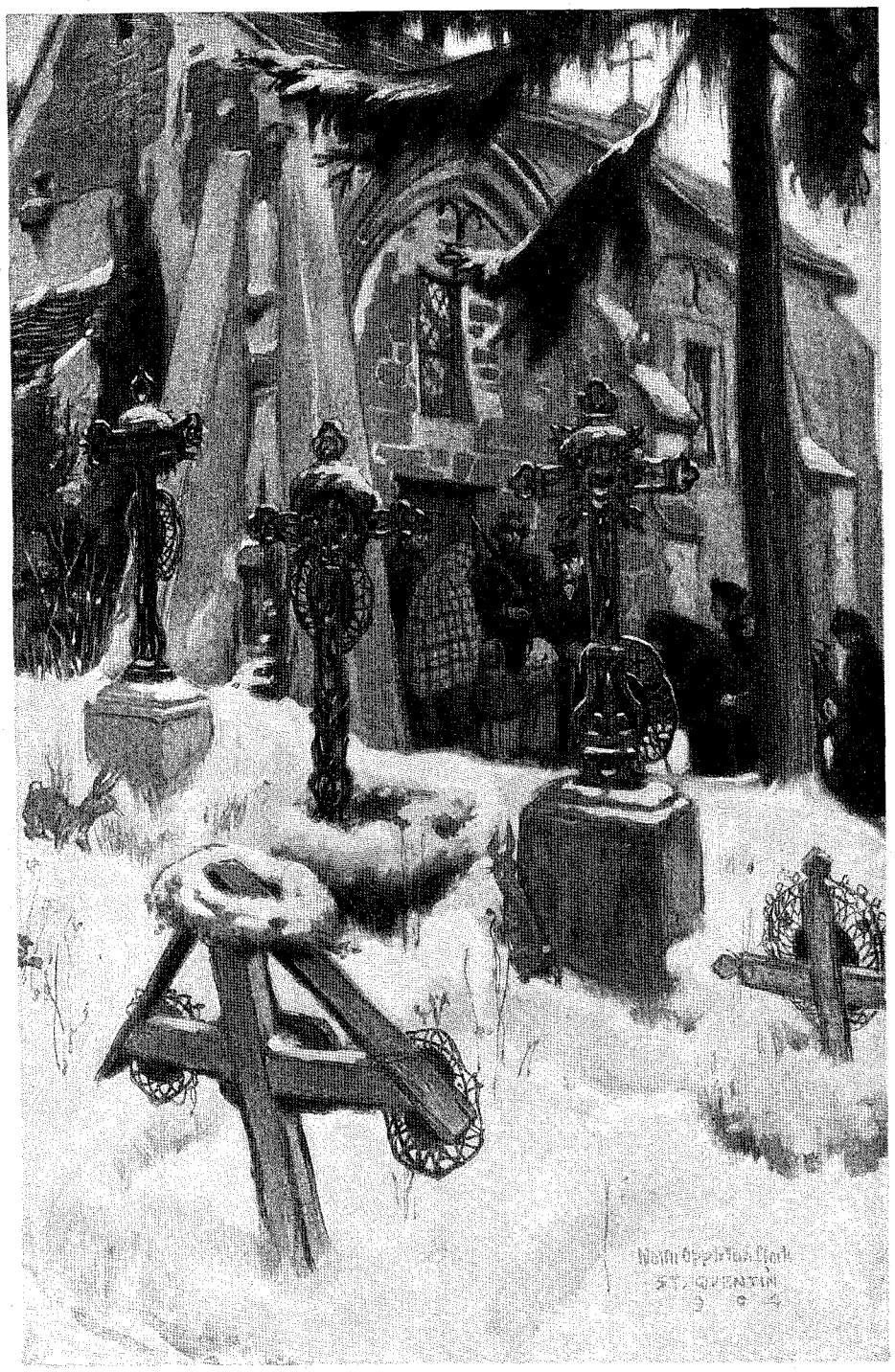

Drawn by Walter Appleton Clark.

They were all streaming up the slippery hill-side.—Page 650.

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teau lights looked very warm and homelike as we drove in. We gave a detailed account of all we had bought, and as we had brought our lists with us we went to work at once, settling what each child should have. I found a note from the Abbé Maréchal, the Curé of Laferté-Milon, whom I wanted to consult about our service. He is a very clever, moderate man, a great friend of ours, and I was sure he would help us and arrange a service of some kind for the children. Of course I was rather vague about a Catholic service; a Protestant one I could have arranged myself, with some Christmas carols and a short liturgy, but I had no idea what Christmas meant to Catholic minds. We had asked him to come to breakfast, and we would go over to the village afterward, see the church and what could be done. He was quite pleased at the idea of doing anything for his poor little parish, and he is so fond of children and young people that he was quite as much interested as we were. He knew the church, having held a service there three or four times. We walked over, talking over the ceremony and what we could do. He said he would give a benediction, bring over the Enfant Jésus, and make a small address to the children. The music was rather difficult to arrange, but we finally agreed that we would send a big omnibus to bring over the harmonium from La Ferté, one or two Sisters, two choir children, and three or four of the older girls of the school who could sing, and he would see that they learned two or three canticles.

We agreed to do everything in the way of decoration. He made only one condition: that the people should come to the service. I could answer for all our household and for some of the neighbors—almost all, in fact—as I was sure the novelty of the Christmas Tree would attract them, and they wouldn't mind the church service thrown in.

We went of course to see the Mayor, as the Curé was obliged to notify him that he wished to open the church, and also to choose the day. We took Thursday, which is the French holiday; that left us just two days to make our preparations. We told Madame Isidore (the school-mistress) we would come on Wednesday for the church, bringing flowers, candles, etc., and Thursday morning to dress the Tree. The service was fixed for three o'clock—the Tree afterward in the school-room. We found our big *ballots** from the bazaars and other shops, when we got home, and all the evening we wrote tickets and names (some of them so high-sounding—Ismérie, Aline, Léocadie, etc.), and filled little red and yellow bags, which were very troublesome to make, with "dragées."

Wednesday we made a fine expedition to the woods—the whole party, the donkey-cart, and one of the keepers to choose the Tree—a most important performance, as we wanted the real pyramid "sapin," tapering off to a fine point at the top. Labbey (keeper) told us his young son and the coachman's son had been all the morning in the woods getting enormous branches of pine, holly, and ivy, which we would find at the church. We came across various old women making up their bundles of fagots and dead wood (they are always allowed to come once a week to pick up the dead wood, under the keeper's surveillance). They were principally from Louvry and St. Quentin, and were staggering along, carrying quite heavy bundles on their poor old bent backs. However, they were very smiling to-day, and I think the burden was lightened by the thought of the morrow. We found a fine tree, which was installed with some difficulty in the donkey-cart; Francis and Alice taking turns driving, perched on the trunk of the tree, and Labbey walking behind, supporting the top branches.

We found the boys at the church, having already begun their decorations—enormous, high pine branches ranged all along the wall, and trails of ivy on the windows. The maids had arrived in the carriage, bringing the new red carpet, vases, candelabras and tall candlesticks, also two splendid wax candles painted and decorated, which Gertrude Schuyler had brought us from Italy; all the flowers the gardener would give them, principally chrysanthemums and Christmas roses. It seems he wasn't at all well disposed; couldn't imagine why "ces dames" wanted to dispoil the greenhouses "pour ce petit trou de St. Quentin."

We all worked hard for about an hour, and the little church looked quite trans-

*Big packages.

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All the children in procession passed —Page 652.

formed. The red carpet covered all the worn, dirty places on the altar steps, and the pine branches were so high and so thick that the walls almost disappeared. When the old woman (gardienne) appeared she was speechless with delight! As soon as we had finished there, we adjourned to the school-house, and to our joy snow was falling—quite heavy flakes. Madame Isidore turned all the children into a small room, and we proceeded to set up our Tree. It was a great deal too tall, and if we hadn't been there they would certainly have chopped it off at the top, quite

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spoiling our beautiful point; but as we insisted, they cut away from the bottom, and it really was the regular pyramid one always wants for a Christmas Tree. We put it in a big green case (which we had obtained with great difficulty from the gardener; it was quite empty, standing in the orangerie, but he was convinced we would never bring it back), moss all around it, and it made a great effect. The "garde de Borny" arrived while we were working, and said he would certainly come to the church in his "tenue de garde"; our two keepers would also be there.

Thursday morning we went early (ten o'clock,) to St. Quentin and spent over two hours decorating the Tree, ticketing and arranging all the little garments. Every child in the neighborhood was hanging around the school-house when we arrived, the entrance being strictly forbidden until after the service, when the Tree would be lighted. I expressed great surprise at seeing the children at the school on a holiday, and there were broad grins as they answered, "Madame Waddington nous a dit de venir." It had snowed all night, and the clouds were low and gray, and looked as if they were still full of snow. The going was extremely difficult; not that the snow was very deep, but there was enough to make the roads very slippery. We had the horses "ferrés à glace," and even the donkey had nails on his shoes. The country looked beautiful—the poor little village quite picturesque, snow on all the dark roofs, and the church standing out splendidly from its carpet of snow —the tall pines not quite covered, and always the curtain of forest shutting in the valley.

We left the maids to breakfast with the keeper, and promised to be back at three o'clock punctually. Our coachman, Hubert, generally objects strongly to taking out his horses in bad weather on rough country roads and making three or four trips backward and forward; but to-day he was quite serene. He comes from that part of the neighborhood and is related to half the village. Our progress was slow, as we stopped a good deal. It was a pretty sight as we got near St. Quentin: the church, brightly lighted, stood out well on the top of the hill against a background of tall trees, the branches just tipped with snow. The bell was ringing, the big doors wide open, sending out a glow of warmth and color, and the carpet of white untrodden country snow was quite intact, except a little pathway made by the feet of the men who had brought up the harmonium. The red carpet and bright chrysanthemums made a fine effect of color, and the little "niche" (it could hardly be called a chapel) of the Virgin was quite charming, all dressed with greens and white flowers, our tall Italian candles making a grand show.

The La Ferté contingent had arrived. They had much difficulty in getting the omnibus up to the church, as it was heavy with the harmonium on top; however, everybody got out and walked up the hill, and all went off well. The Abbé was robing, with his two choir children, in the minute sacristy, and the two good Sisters were standing at the gate with all their little flock—about ten girls, I should think. There were people in every direction, of all sizes and ages—some women carrying a baby in their arms and pushing one or two others in a cart, some wretched old people so bent and wrinkled one couldn't imagine how they could crawl from one room to another. A miserable old man bent double, really, leaning on a child and walking with two canes, was pointed out to me as the "père Colin," who makes the "margottins" (bundles of little dry sticks used for making the fires) for the chateau. However, they were all streaming up the slippery hill-side, quite unmindful of cold or fatigue. We walked up, too, and I went first to the school-house to see if our provisions had come. Food was also a vexed question, as tea and buns, which would seem natural to us, were unknown in these parts. After many consultations with the women about us—lessiveuses (washerwomen), keepers' wives, etc.—we decided upon hot wine and brioches. The Mayor undertook to supply the wine and the glasses, and we ordered the brioches from the Hôtel du Sauvage at La Ferté; the son of the house is a very good patissier. It is a funny, old-fashioned little hotel, not very clean, but has an excellent cuisine, also a wonderful sign board—a bright red naked savage, with feathers in his hair and a club in his hand —rather like the primitive pictures of North American Indians in our school-books.

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Drawn by Walter Appleton Clark.

There was one poor old woman still gazing spellbound.—Page 653.

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Everything was there, and the children just forming the procession to walk to the church. Some of the farmers' wives were also waiting for us at the school-house, so I only had a moment to go into the big class-room to see if the Tree looked all right. It was quite ready, and we agreed that the two big boys with the keeper should begin to light it as soon as the service was over. Madame Isidore (the schoolmistress) was rather unhappy about the quantity of people. There were many more than thirty children, but Henrietta and Pauline had made up a bundle of extras, and I was sure there would be enough. She told us people had been on the way since nine in the morning —women and children arriving cold and wet and draggled, but determined to see everything. She showed me one woman from Chézy, the next village (some distance off, as our part of the country is very scantily populated; it is all great farms and forests; one can go miles without seeing a trace of habitation). She had arrived quite early with two children, a boy and a girl of seven and eight, and a small baby in her arms; and when Madame Isidore remonstrated, saying the fête was for her school only, not for the entire country-side, the woman answered that Madame always smiled and spoke so nicely to her when she passed on horseback that she was sure she would want her to come. The French peasants love to be spoken to, always answer so civilly, and are interested in the horses, or the donkey, or the children—anything that passes.

We couldn't loiter, as the bell was tolling, the children already at the church, and someone rushed down to say that "M. le Curé attendait ces dames pour commencer son office." There was quite a crowd on the little "place," everybody waiting for us to come in. We let the children troop in first, sitting on benches on one side. In front of the altar there were rows of chairs for the "quality." The Sisters and their girls sat close up to the harmonium, and on a table near, covered with a pretty white linen cloth trimmed with fine old lace (part of the church property), was the Enfant Jésus in his cradle. This was to be a great surprise to me. When it was decided that the Sisters should come to the fête with some of the bigger girls, and bring the Enfant Jésus, they thought there must be a new dress for the "babe," so every child subscribed a sou, and the dress was made by the couturière of La Ferté. It *was* a surprise, for the Enfant Jésus was attired in a pink satin garment with the high puffed fashionable sleeves we were all wearing! However, I concealed my feelings, the good Sisters were so naïvely pleased. I could only hope the children would think the sleeves were wings.

As soon as the party from the chateau was seated, everyone crowded in, and there were not seats enough, nor room enough in the little church; so the big doors remained open (it was fairly warm with the lights and the people), and there were nearly as many people outside as in. The three keepers (Garde de Borny and our two) looked very imposing. They are all big men, and their belts and gun-barrels bright and shining. They stood at the doors to keep order. The Mayor, too, was there, in a black coat and white cravat, but he came up to the top of the church and sat in the same row with me. He didn't have on his tricolored scarf, so I suppose he doesn't possess one.

It was a pretty, simple service. When the Curé and his two choir children in their short, white surplices and red petticoats came up the aisle, the choir sang the fine old hymn "Adeste Fideles," the congregation all joining in. We sang, too, the English words ("Oh, come, all ye Faithful"); we didn't know the Latin ones, but hoped nobody would notice. There were one or two prayers and a pretty, short address, talking of the wonderful Christmas night so many years ago, when the bright star guided the shepherds through the cold winter night to the stable where the Heavenly babe was born. The children listened most attentively, and as all the boys in the village begin life as shepherds and cow-boys, they were wildly interested. Then there was a benediction, and at the end all the children in procession passed before the Enfant Jésus and kissed his foot. It was pretty to see the little ones standing up on tip-toe to get to the little foot, and the mothers holding up their babes. While this was going on, the choir sang the Noël Breton of Holmès, "Deux anges sont venus ce soir m'apporter de bien belles choses." There was some little delay in getting the children into procession again to go down

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to the school-house. They had been supernaturally good, but were so impatient to see the Tree that it was difficult to hold them. Henrietta and Pauline hurried on to light the Tree. I waited for the Abbé. He was much pleased with the attendance, and spoke so nicely to all the people.

We found the children all assembled in the small room at the school-house, and as soon as we could get through the crowd we let them come in. The Tree was quite beautiful, all white candles—quantities—shiny ornaments and small toys, dolls, trumpets, drums, and the yellow and red bags of "dragées" hanging on the branches. It went straight up to the ceiling, and quite on top was a big gold star, the manufacture of which had been a source of great tribulation at the Chateau. We forgot to get one in Paris, and sent in hot haste on Wednesday to La Ferté for pasteboard and gold paper; but, alas! none of us could draw, and we had no model. I made one or two attempts, with anything but a satisfactory result: all the points were of different lengths and there was nothing but points (more like an octopus than anything else). However, Pauline finally produced a very good one (it really looked like a star), and of course the covering it with gold paper was easy. The *crèche* made a great effect, standing at the bottom of the Tree with a tall candle on each side. All the big toys and clothes were put on a table behind, where we all sat. Then the door was opened; there was a rush at first, but the school-mistress kept strict order. The little ones came first, their eyes round and fixed on the beautiful Tree; then the bigger children, and immediately behind them the "oldest inhabitants"—such a collection of old, bent, wrinkled, crippled creatures—then as many as could get in. There wasn't a sound at first, except some very small babies crowing and choking—then a sort of hum of pleasure.

We had two or three recitations in parts from the older scholars; some songs, and at the end the "compliment," the usual thing—"Madame et chère Bienfaitrice," said by a small thing about five years old, speaking very fast and low, trying to look at me, but turning her head always toward the Tree and being shaken back into her place by Madame Isidore. Then we began the distribution—the clothes first, so as not to despoil the Tree too soon. The children naturally didn't take the slightest interest in warm petticoats or tricots, but their mothers did.

We had the little ones first, Francis giving to the girls and Alice to the boys. Henrietta called the names; Pauline gave the toys to our two, and Madame Isidore called up each child. The faces of the children, when they saw dolls, trumpets, etc., being taken off the Tree and handed to each of them, was a thing to remember. The little girls with their dolls were too sweet, hugging them tight in their little fat arms. One or two of the boys began to blow softly on the trumpets and beat the drums, and were instantly hushed up by the parents; but we said they might make as much noise as they pleased for a few moments, and a fine "vacarme" (row) it was—the heavy boots of the boys contributing well as they moved about after their trains, marbles, etc.

However, the candles were burning low (they only just last an hour) and we thought it was time for cakes and wine. We asked the children if they were pleased, also if each child had garment, toy, and "dragées," and to hold them up. There was a great scamper to the mothers to get the clothes, and then all the arms went up with their precious load.

The school-children passed first into the outer room, where the keepers' wives and our maids were presiding over two great bowls of hot wine (with a great deal of water, naturally) and a large tray filled with brioches. When each child had had a drink and a cake they went out, to make room for the outsiders and old people. Henrietta and Pauline distributed the "extras"; I think there were about twenty in all, counting the babies in arms—also, of course, the girls from La Ferté who had come over with the Sisters to sing. I talked to some of the old people. There was one poor old woman—looked a hundred—still gazing spellbound at the Tree with the candles dying out, and most of the ornaments taken off. As I came up to her she said: "Je suis bien vieille, mais je n'aurais jamais cru voir quelque chose de si beau! Il me semble que le ciel est ouvert"—poor old thing! I am so glad I wasn't sensible, and decided to give them something pretty to look at and think about. There

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was wine and cakes for all, and then came the closing ceremony.

We (the quality) adjourned to the sitting-room of the school-mistress (where there were red arm-chairs and a piano), who produced a bottle of better wine, and then we "trinquéd" (touched glasses) with the Mayor, who thanked us in the name of the commune for the beautiful fête we had made for them. I answered briefly that I was quite happy to see them so happy, and then we all made a rush for wraps and carriages.

The Abbé came back to the Chateau to dine, but he couldn't get away until he had seen his Sisters and harmonium packed safely into the big omnibus and started for La Ferté. It looked so pretty all the way home. It was quite dark, and the various groups were struggling down the hill and along the road, their lanterns making a bright spot on the snow; the little childish voices talking, laughing, and little bands running backward and forward, some disappearing at a turn of the road, the lantern getting dimmer, and finally vanishing behind the trees. We went very slowly, as the roads were dreadfully slippery, and had a running escort all the way to the Mill of Bourneville, with an accompaniment of drums and trumpets. The melancholy plains of the Valois were transformed to-night. In every direction we saw little twinkling lights, as the various bands separated and struck off across the fields to some lonely farm or mill. It is a lonely, desolate country—all great stretches of fields and plains, with a far-away blue line of forests. We often drive for miles without meeting a vehicle of any kind, and there are such distances between the little hamlets and isolated farms that one is almost uncomfortable in the absolute solitude. In winter no one is working in the fields and one never hears a sound; a dog's bark is welcome—it means life and movement somewhere.

It is quite the country of the "haute culture," which Cherbuliez wrote about in his famous novel, "La Ferme du Choquart." The farms are often most picturesque—have been "abbayes" and monasteries. The massive round towers, great gateways, and arched windows still remain; occasionally, too, parts of a solid wall. There is a fine old ruin—the "Commanderie," near Montigny, one of our poor little villages. It belonged to the Knights Templar, and is most interesting. The chapel is still intact (walls), with its beautiful roof and high, narrow windows. It is now, alas! a "poulailler" (chicken-house), and turkeys and chickens are perched on the rafters and great beams that still support the roof. The dwelling-house, too, is most interesting with its thick gray walls, high narrow windows, and steep winding staircase. I was always told there were "donjons" in the cellars, but I never had the courage to go down the dark, damp, slippery staircase.

We were quite glad to get back to our big drawing-room with the fire and the tea-table; for of course the drawback to our entertainment was the stuffiness (not to say bad smell) of the little room. When all the children and grown people got in—most of them with damp clothes and shoes—the odor was something awful. Of course no window could be opened on account of the candles, and the atmosphere was terrible. At the end, when it was complicated with wine and cake and all the little ones' faces smeared with chocolate and "dragées," I really don't know how we stood it.

We had a very cheerful dinner. We complimented the Abbé upon his sermon, which was really very pretty and poetical. He said the children's faces quite inspired him, and beyond, over their heads, through the open door he got a glimpse of the tall pines with their frosted heads, and could almost fancy he saw the beautiful star.

We were all much pleased with our first "Christmas in the Valois."

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McALLISTER'S CHRISTMAS

By Arthur Train

ILLUSTRATIONS BY F. C. YOHN

I

McALLISTER was out of sorts. All the afternoon he had sat in the club window and watched the Christmas shoppers hurrying by with their bundles. He thanked God *he* had no brats to buy moo-cows and bow-wows for! The very nonchalance of these victims of a fate that had given them families irritated him. McAllister was a clubman, pure and simple; that is to say, though neither simple nor pure, he was a clubman and nothing more. He had occupied the same seat by the same window during the greater part of his earthly existence, and they were the same seat and window that his father had filled before him. His select and exclusive circle called him "Chubby," and his five and forty years of terrapin and cocktails had given him a graceful rotundity of person that did not belie the name. They had also endowed him with a cheerful, though florid, countenance, a rather watery eye, and a permanent sense of well-being.

As the afternoon wore on and the pedestrians became fewer, McAllister sank deeper and deeper into gloom. The club was deserted. Everybody had gone out of town to spend Christmas with someone else, and the Winthrops, on whom he had counted for a certainty, had failed for some reason to invite him. He had waited confidently until the last minute, and now he was stranded, alone.

It began to snow softly, gently. McAllister grunted and threw himself disconsolately into a leathern arm-chair by the smouldering logs on the six-foot hearth. A servant in livery entered, pulled down the shades, and after touching a button that threw a subdued radiance over the room, withdrew noiselessly.

"Come back here, Peter!" growled McAllister. "Anybody in the club?"

"Only Mr. Tomlinson, sir."

McAllister swore under his breath.

"Yes, sir," replied Peter.

McAllister shot a quick glance at him.

"I didn't say anything. You may go."

This time Peter got almost to the door.

"Er—Peter! Ask Mr. Tomlinson if he will dine with me."

Peter returned with the intelligence that Mr. Tomlinson would be delighted.

"Of course," grumbled McAllister to himself. "No one ever knew Tomlinson to refuse *anything*."

He ordered dinner, and then took up an evening paper in which an effort had been made to conceal the absence of news by summarizing the achievements of the past year. Staring headlines invited his notice to

"A YEAR OF PROGRESS."

"WHAT THE TENEMENT-HOUSE COMMISSION HAS ACCOMPLISHED."

"FURTHER NEED OF PRISON REFORM."

He threw down the paper in disgust. This reform made him *sick!* Tenements and prisons! Why were the papers always talking about tenements and prisons? They were a great deal better than the people who lived in them deserved! He remembered Wilkins, his valet, who had stolen his black pearl scarf-pin. It increased his ill-humor. Hang Wilkins! The thief was probably "out" now and wearing the pin. It had been a matter of jest among his friends at the time, that the servant had looked not unlike his master. McAllister winced at the thought.

"Dinner is served," said Peter.

. . . . . .

An hour and a half later Tomlinson and McAllister, having finished a sumptuous repast, stared stupidly at each other across their liqueurs. They were stuffed and bored. Tomlinson was a thin man who knew everything positively. McAllister hated him. He always felt when in his company like the woman who invariably answered her hus-

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band's remarks by " 'Tain't so! It's just the opposite!" Tomlinson was trying to make conversation by repeating assertively what he had read in the evening press.

"Now our prisons," he announced authoritatively. "Why, it is outrageous! The people are crowded in like cattle; the food is loathsome; it is a disgrace to a civilized city!"

This was the last straw to McAllister.

"Look here," he snarled back at Tomlinson, who shrank behind his cigar at the vehemence of the attack, "what do *you* know about it? I tell you it's all rot! It's all politics! Our tenements are all right, and so are our prisons. The law of supply and demand regulates the tenements, and *who pay* for the prisons, I'd like to know? *We* pay for 'em, and the scamps that *rob* us live in 'em for nothing. The 'Tombs' is a great deal better than most second-class hotels on the Continent. I *know*. I had a valet once that—Oh, what's the use! I'd be glad to spend Christmas in no worse place! Reform! Stuff! Don't tell *me!*" He sank back, purple in the face.

"Oh, of course—if you *know*." Tomlinson hesitated politely, remembering that McAllister had signed for the dinner.

"Well, I *do* know," grunted McAllister.

II

"No-el! No-el! No-el! No-el!" rang out the bells, as McAllister left the club at twelve o'clock and started down the Avenue.

"No-el! No-el!" McAllister hummed the tune. "Pretty old air!" he thought. He had almost forgotten after his game of Bridge that it was Christmas morning. As he felt his way gingerly over the stone sidewalks, the bells were ringing all around him. First one chime, then another. "Noel! Noel! No-e-el! No-el!" They ceased, leaving the melody floating on the moist night air.

Suddenly it began to rain. First a soft, wet mist, that dimmed the electric lights and shrouded the hotel windows; then a fine sprinkle; at last the chill rain of a winter's night. McAllister turned up his coat collar and looked about for a cab. It was too late. He hurried hastily down the Avenue. As he neared Twenty-eighth Street, a welcome sight met his eye—a coupé, a night hawk, crawling slowly down the block, on the lookout, no doubt, for belated Christmas revellers. Without superfluous introduction McAllister made a dive for the door, shouted his address, and jumped inside. The driver, but half roused from his lethargy, muttered something unintelligible and *pulled in* his horse. At the same moment the dark figure of a man swiftly emerged from a side street, ran up to the cab, opened the door, threw in a heavy object upon McAllister's feet, and followed it with himself.

"Let her go!" he cried, slamming the door. The driver, without hesitation, lashed his horse and started at a furious gallop down the slippery Avenue.

Then for the first time the stranger perceived McAllister. There was a muttered curse, a gleam of steel as they flashed by a street lamp, and the clubman felt the cold muzzle of a revolver against his cheek.

"Speak, and I'll blow yer head off!"

The cab swayed and swerved in all directions, and the driver retained his seat with difficulty. McAllister clinging to the sides of the rocking vehicle expected every moment to be either shot or thrown out and killed.

"Don't move!" hissed his companion.

McAllister tried with difficulty not to move.

Suddenly there came a shrill whistle, followed by the clatter of hoofs. A figure on horseback dashed by. The driver, trying to rein in his now maddened beast, lost his balance and pitched overboard. There was a confusion of shouts, a blue flash—a loud report. The horse sprang into the air and fell kicking upon the pavement; the cab crashed upon its side; amid a shower of glass, the door parted company with its hinges; and the stranger, placing his heel on McAllister's stomach, leaped quickly into the darkness. A moment later, having recovered a part of his scattered senses, our hero, thrusting himself through the shattered framework of the cab, staggered to his feet. He remembered dimly afterward having expected to create a mild sensation among the spectators by announcing in response to their polite inquiries as to his safety, that he was "quite uninjured." Instead, however, the glare of a policeman's lantern was turned upon his dishevelled countenance and a hoarse voice shouted:

"Throw up your hands!"

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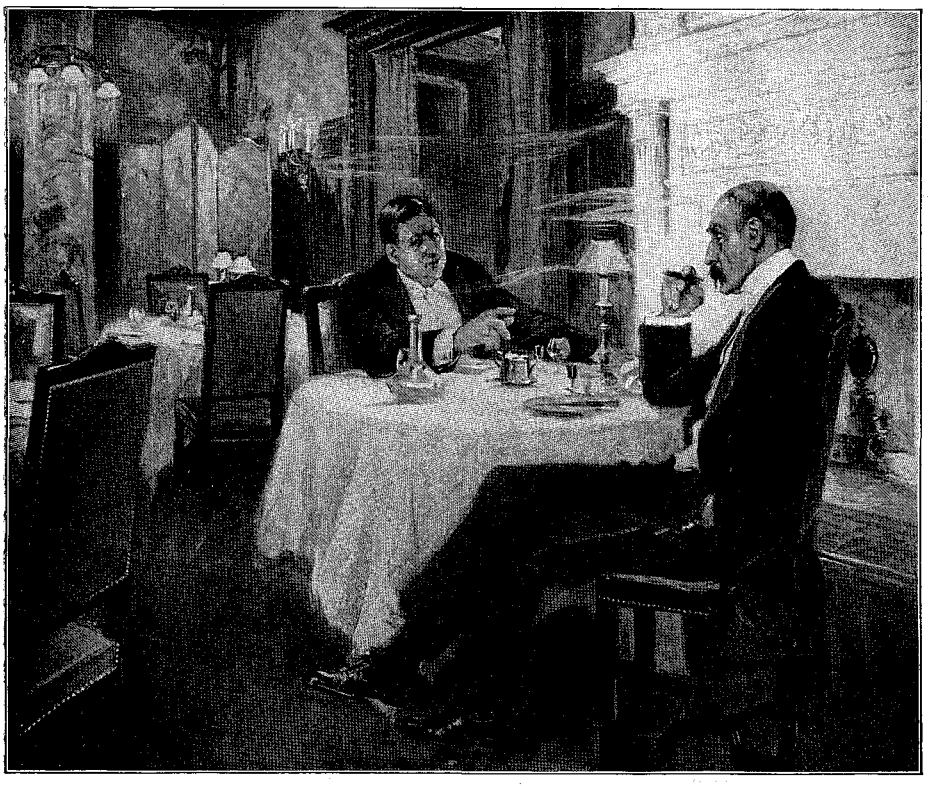

"What do *you* know about it? I tell you it's all rot!"—Page 656.

He threw them up. Like the Phœnix rising from its ashes, McAllister emerged from the débris which surrounded him. On either side of the cab was a policeman with levelled revolver. A mounted officer stood sentinel beside the smoking body of the horse.

"No tricks, now!" continued the voice. "Pull your feet out of that mess and keep your hands *up!* Slip on the nippers, Tom. Better go through him *here*. They always manage to '*lose*' something goin' over."

McAllister wondered where "Over" was. Before he could protest he was unceremoniously seated upon the body of the dead horse and the officers were going rapidly through his clothes.

"Thought so!" muttered Tom, as he drew out of McAllister's coat pocket a revolver and a jimmy. "Just as well to unballast 'em at the start." A black calico mask and a bottle filled with a colorless liquid followed.

Tom drew a quick breath.

"So you're one of *those*, are ye?" and he kicked McAllister in the leg.

The victim of this astounding adventure had not yet spoken. Now he stammered:

"Look here! Who do you think I am? This is all a mistake. My name is McAllister."

Tom did not deign to reply.

The officer on horseback had dismounted and was poking among the pieces of cab.

"What's this here?" he inquired, as he kicked out the bottom of the vehicle. He dragged a large bundle covered with black cloth into the circle of light and, untying a bit of cord, poured the contents upon the pavement. A glittering silver service rolled out upon the asphalt and reflected the glow of the lanterns.

"Gee, look at all the swag!" exclaimed Tom. "I wonder where he melts it up."

Faintly at first, then nearer and nearer came the harsh clanging of the "hurry up" wagon.

"Get up," directed Tom, punctuating

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his order with mild kicks. Then, as the driver reined up the panting horses alongside, the officer grabbed his prisoner by the coat collar and yanked him to his feet.

"Step in, '*Mr. McAllister,*'" he said with grim sarcasm.

"My God!" exclaimed our friend half aloud, "where are they going to take me?"

"To the 'Tombs'—for Christmas!" answered Tom.

III

McAllister, hatless, stumbled into the wagon and was thrust forcibly into a corner. Above the steady drum of the rain upon the waterproof cover he could hear the officers outside packing up the silver ware and discussing their capture.

The wagon started and the officers swung on to the steps behind. McAllister, crouching in the straw by the driver's seat, maintained a gloomy silence. The ignominy of his position crushed him. Never again, should this disgrace become known, could he bring himself to enter the portals of the club. Explanation to these fools of officers was clearly impossible. With an official it would be different. He had once met a Police Commissioner at dinner, and remembered that he had seemed really almost like a gentleman.

The wagon drew up at Jefferson Market and presently McAllister found himself in a small room, at one end of which iron bars ran from floor to ceiling. A kerosene lamp cast a dim light over a weather-beaten desk, behind which, half asleep, reclined an officer on night duty. A single other chair and four large octagonal stone receptacles were the only remaining furniture.

The man behind the desk opened his eyes, yawned, and stared stupidly at the officers. A clock directly overhead struck "one" with harsh, vibrant clang.

"Wot yer got?" inquired the sergeant.

"A second-story man," answered the guard.

"He took to a cab," explained Tom, "and him and his partner give us a fierce chase down the Avenoo. O'Halloran shot the horse, and the cab was all knocked to hell. The other fellow clawed out before we could nab him. But we got this one all right."

"Hi, there, McCarthy," shouted the sergeant to someone in the dim vast beyond. "Come and open up." He examined McAllister with a degree of interest. "Quite a *swell* guy!" he commented. "Them dress clothes must have been real pretty, onct."

McAllister stood with soaked and rumpled hair, hatless and collarless, his coat torn and splashed, and his shirt bosom bloody and covered with mud. He wanted to cry, for the first time in thirty-five years.

Suddenly the sergeant jumped to his feet and scrutinized the prisoner's face.

"Well, of all the luck!" he exclaimed. "Do you know who you've caught? It's '*Fatty Welch*'!"

IV

How he had managed to live through the night that followed, McAllister could never afterward understand. It was hardly light when he was awakened by the keeper rattling the door of his cell.

"Get up and take your grub," ordered that official. McAllister vaguely rubbed his eyes. The keeper shut and locked the door, leaving behind him on the cot a tin mug of scalding hot coffee and a half loaf of sour bread.

McAllister arose and felt his clothes. They were entirely dry, but had shrunk perceptibly. He was surprised to find that save for the dizziness in his head he felt not unlike himself. Moreover, he was most abominably hungry. He knelt down and smelt of the contents of the tin cup. It did not smell like coffee at all. It looked like a combination of hot water, tea, and molasses. He waited until it had cooled, and drank it. The bread was not so bad. McAllister ate it all.

There was a good deal of noise in the cells now, and outside he could hear many feet coming and going. Occasionally a draught of cold air would flow in and an officer would tramp down the corridor and remove one of the occupants of the row. His watch showed that it was already eight o'clock. He fumbled in his waistcoat pocket and found a very warped and wrinkled cigar. His match-box supplied the necessary light, and "Chubby" McAllister, seated upon the prison bed, smoked his after-breakfast Havana with appreciation.

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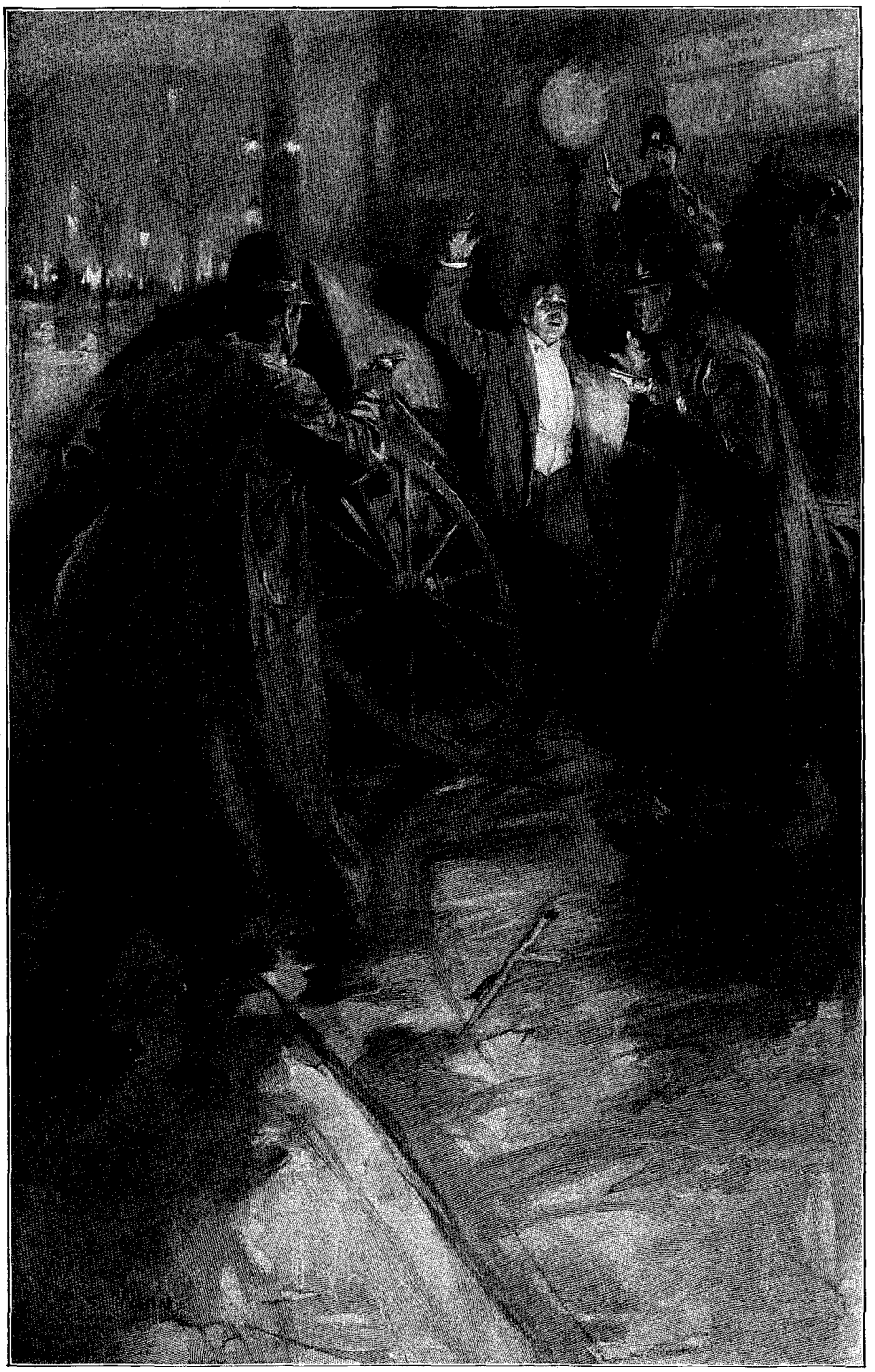

Drawn by F. C. Yohn.

"Throw up your hands!"—Page 656.

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"No smoking in the cells!" came the rough voice of the keeper. "Give us that cigar, Welch!"

McAllister started to his feet.

"Hand it over now! Quick!"

The clubman passed his cherished comforter through the bars, and the keeper, thrusting it still lighted into his own mouth, grinned at him, winked, and walked away.

"Merry Christmas, Fatty!" he remarked genially over his shoulder.

V

HALF an hour later Tom and his "side-partner" came to the cell door. They were flushed with victory. Already the morning papers contained full accounts of the pursuit and startling arrest of "Fatty Welch," the well-known crook, who was wanted in Pennsylvania and half a dozen other States on various charges. Altogether, Tom was in a very genial frame of mind. Bidding his prisoner good-morning, he led him up a flight of iron stairs and through a door into the court room. But here McAllister shrank back. It was his first sight of that great cosmopolitan institution the "Police Court." Before him lay the scene of which he had so often read in the newspapers. The big room with its Gothic windows was filled to overflowing with every variety of the human species, who not only taxed the seating capacity of the benches to the utmost, but near the doors were packed into a solid, impenetrable mass. Upon a platform behind a desk a square-jawed man with chin whiskers disposed rapidly of the file of prisoners brought before him, while by his side the clerk was busily filling in their "pedigrees."

A long line of officers, each with one or more prisoners, stood upon the judge's left, and as fast as the business of one was concluded the next pushed forward. McAllister perceived that at best only a few moments could elapse before he was brought to face the charge against him, and that he must make up his mind quickly what course of action to pursue. As he stepped down from the doorway to take his place there was a perceptible flutter among the spectators. Several hungry-looking men with note-books opened them and poised their pencils expectantly.

"I must get time," thought McAllister. "I must get time!"

One after another the victims of the varied delights of too much Christmas jubilation were disposed of. "Fatty" Welch was the only real "gun" that had been taken. He had the arena practically to himself. Now only one case intervened. He braced himself and tried to steady his nerves.

"Next! What's this?"

McAllister was thrust down below the bridge facing the bench, and Tom began to describe the circumstances of the arrest.

"'Fatty Welch'?" interrupted the Magistrate. "Oh, yes! I read about it in the morning papers. Chased off in a cab, didn't he? You shot the horse and his partner got away? Wanted in Pennsylvania and Illinois, you say? That's enough." Then looking down at McAllister, who stood before him in bespattered dress suit and fragmentary linen, he inquired:

"Have you counsel?"

McAllister made no answer. If he proclaimed who he was and demanded an immediate hearing, the harpies of the press would fill the papers with full accounts of his episode. His incognito must be preserved at any cost. Whatever action he might decide to take, this was not the time and place; a better opportunity would undoubtedly present itself later in the day.

"You are charged with the crime of burglary," continued the judge, "and it is further alleged that you are a fugitive from justice in two other States. What have you to say for yourself?"

McAllister sought the judge's eye in vain.

"I have nothing to say," he replied faintly. There was a renewed scratching of pens.

The judge conferred with the clerk for a moment.

"Any question of the prisoner's identity?" he asked.

"Oh, no," replied Tom conclusively. "The fact is, yer onner, we took him by accident, as you may say. We laid a plant for a feller doin' second-story work on the Avenoo, and when we nabbed him, who should it be but Welch! Ye see, they wired on his description from Philadelphia a couple of weeks ago, but we couldn't find hide or hair of him in the city, and had about give up lookin'. Then quite unex-

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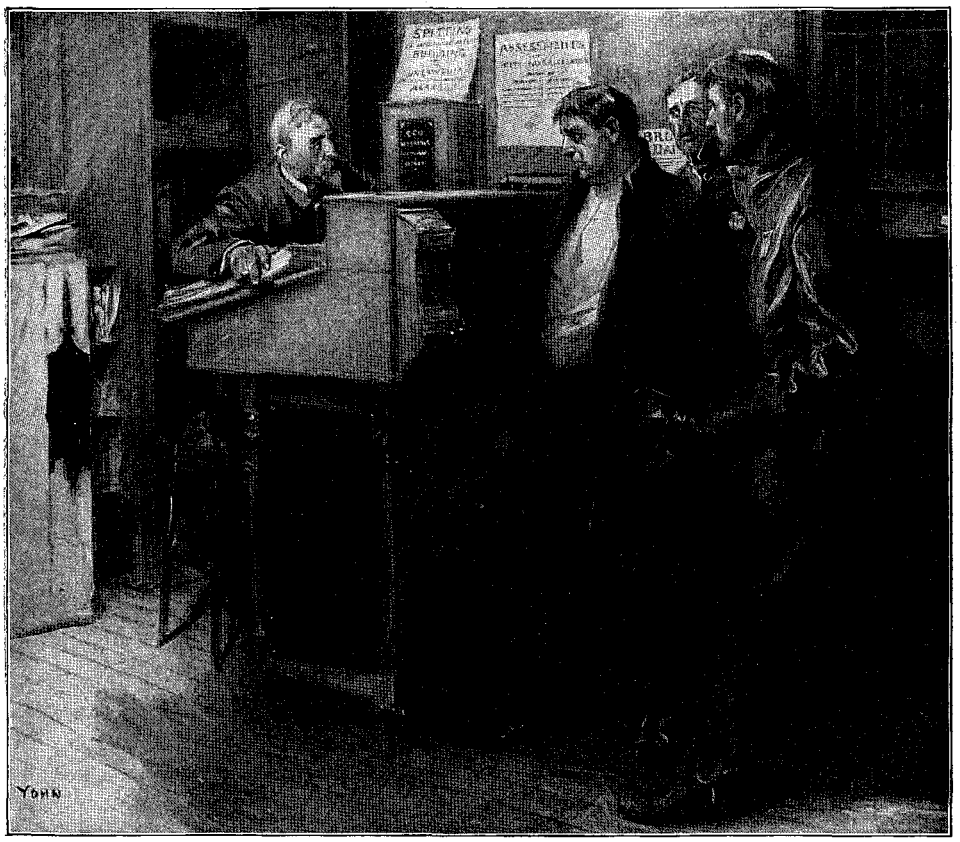

"Do you know who you've caught?"—Page 658.

pected we scoops him in. Here's his identity," handing the judge a soiled telegraph blank. "It's him, all right," he added with a grin. "They didn't have no picture of him."

The Magistrate glanced at the form and at McAllister.

"Seems to fit," he commented. "Have you looked for the scar?"

Tom flushed.

"Well, no, yer onner, we didn't have no time last night, and of course——"

"Turn around, Welch, and let's see your back," directed the Magistrate.

The clubman turned around and displayed his collarless neck.

"There it is!" exclaimed Tom.

McAllister mechanically put his hand to his neck and turned faint. He had had a boil two years before, which had been lanced, and the scar was still there. He experienced a genuine thrill of horror.

"Remanded to the 'Tombs' till Monday, pending examination," ordered the judge curtly. "Next!"

In the patrol wagon McAllister had ample time for reflection. A motley collection of tramps, "disorderlies," and petty law-breakers filled the seats and crowded the aisle. They all talked, joked, and swore. Thus the "Black Maria," with its cargo of criminals swinging from side to side and clutching at one another for support with harsh outbursts of profanity, rattled down the deserted streets toward New York's Bastile. Staggering for a foothold between four women of the town, McAllister was forced to breathe the fumes of alcohol, the odor of musk, and the aroma of foul linen. He no longer felt innocent. The sense of guilt was upon him. He seemed part and parcel of this load of miserable humanity.

The wagon clattered over the cobblestones of Elm Street, and whirling round, backed up to the door of the Tombs. The

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low, massive Egyptian structure, surrounded by a high stone wall, seemed like a gigantic mortuary vault waiting to receive the "civilly dead." Warden and keepers were ready for the prisoners, who were now unceremoniously bundled out and hustled inside. McAllister stood with the others in a small ante-room leading directly into the lowest tier. He could hear the ceaseless shuffling of feet and the subdued murmur of voices, rising and falling, but continuous, like the twittering of a multitude of birds, while through the bars came the fetid prison smell, with a new and disagreeable element—the odor of prison food.

"Mum, eh?" remarked the deputy to McAllister, as he scribbled the words "Prisoner refuses to answer," and blotted them.

"We're rather crowded just now," he added apologetically. "I guess I'll send you to 'Murderer's Row.' Holloa, there!" he called to someone above, "one for the first tier!"

A keeper seized him by the arm, opened a door in the steel grating, and pushed him through.

"Go 'long up!" he ordered. McAllister started wearily up the stairs. At the top of the flight he came to another door, behind which stood another keeper. In the background marched in ceaseless procession an irregular file of men. In the gloom they looked like ghosts. Aimlessly they walked on, one behind the other, most of them with eyes downcast, wordless, taking that exercise of the body which the law prescribed.

McAllister entered The Den of Beasts.

"All right, Jimmy!" yelled the keeper to the deputy warden below. Then, turning to McAllister, "I'm goin' to put you in with Davidson. He's quiet and won't bother you if you let him alone. Better give him whichever berth he feels like. Them 'double-decker' cots is just as good on top as they is below."

McAllister followed the keeper down the narrow gangway that ran around the prison. In the stone corridor below a great iron stove glowed red hot, and its fumes rose and mingled with the tainted air that floated out from every cell. Above him rose tier on tier, illuminated only by the gray light which filtered through a grimy window at one end of the prison. The arrangement of cells, the "bridges" that joined the tiers, and the murky atmosphere heightened the resemblance to the "'tween decks" of an enormous slaver, bearing them all away to some distant port of servitude.

"Get up there, Jake. Here's a bunkie for you."

McAllister bent his head and entered. He was standing beside a two-story cot bed, in a compartment about six by eight feet square. A faint light came from a narrow, horizontal slit in the rear wall. A faucet with tin basin completed the contents of the room. On the top bunk lay a man's soiled coat and waistcoat, the feet of the owner being discernible below.

The keeper locked the door and departed while the occupant of the berth, rolling lazily over, peered up at the new-comer; then he sprang from the cot.

"*Mr. McAllister!*" he whispered hoarsely.

It was Wilkins—the old Wilkins, in spite of a new, light-brown beard.

For a few moments neither spoke.

"Sorry to see you 'ere, sir," said Wilkins at length, in his old respectful tones. "Won't you sit down, sir?" McAllister seated himself upon the bed automatically.

"You here, Wilkins?" he managed to say.

Wilkins laughed rather bitterly.

"I've been 'in stir' most of the time since I left you, sir; an' two weeks ago I pleaded guilty to larceny and was sentenced to one year more. But I'm glad to see you lookin' so well, if you'll pardon me, sir."

"I'm sorry for you, Wilkins," he managed to reply. "I hope my severity in that matter of the pin did not bring you to this!"

Wilkins hesitated for a moment.

"It ain't your fault, sir. I was born crooked, I fancy, sir. It's all right. You've got troubles of your own. Only—you'll excuse me, sir—I never suspected anything when I was in your service."

McAllister did not grasp the meaning of this remark; he only felt relief that Wilkins apparently bore him no ill will. Very few of his friends would have followed up a theft of that sort. They expected their "men" to steal their pins.

"Mebbe I might 'elp you. Wot's the charge, sir?"

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"Merry Christmas, Fatty!"—Page 660.

With Wilkins listening sympathetically, McAllister poured out his whole story, omitting nothing. As he finished he leaned toward his former servant, searching his face eagerly.

"Now, what shall I do? What shall I do, Wilkins?"

The latter coughed deprecatingly.

"You'll pardon me, but that'll *never* go, sir! You'll have to get somethin' better than that, sir. The jury will never believe it."

McAllister sprang to his feet, in so doing knocking his head against the iron support of the upper cot.

"How dare you, Wilkins! What do you mean?"

"There, there, sir," exclaimed the other. "Don't take on so. Of course I didn't mean you wouldn't tell the truth, sir. But don't you see, sir, it isn't *I* as am goin' to listen to it? Shall I fetch you some water to wash your face, sir?" He turned on the faucet.

The clubman, yielding to the force of ancient habit, allowed Wilkins to let it run for him, and having washed his face and combed his hair, felt somewhat refreshed.

"That feels good," he remarked, rubbing his hands together.

It was obvious that so long as he remained in prison he would be either "Fatty Welch" or someone else equally depraved; and since he could not make anyone understand, his best plan was to accept for the time, with equanimity, the personality that fate had thrust upon him.

"Well, Wilkins, my boy, we're in a tight place. But we'll do what we can to assist each other. If I get out first I'll help *you*, and vice versa. Now, what's the first thing to be done? You see, I've never been here before."

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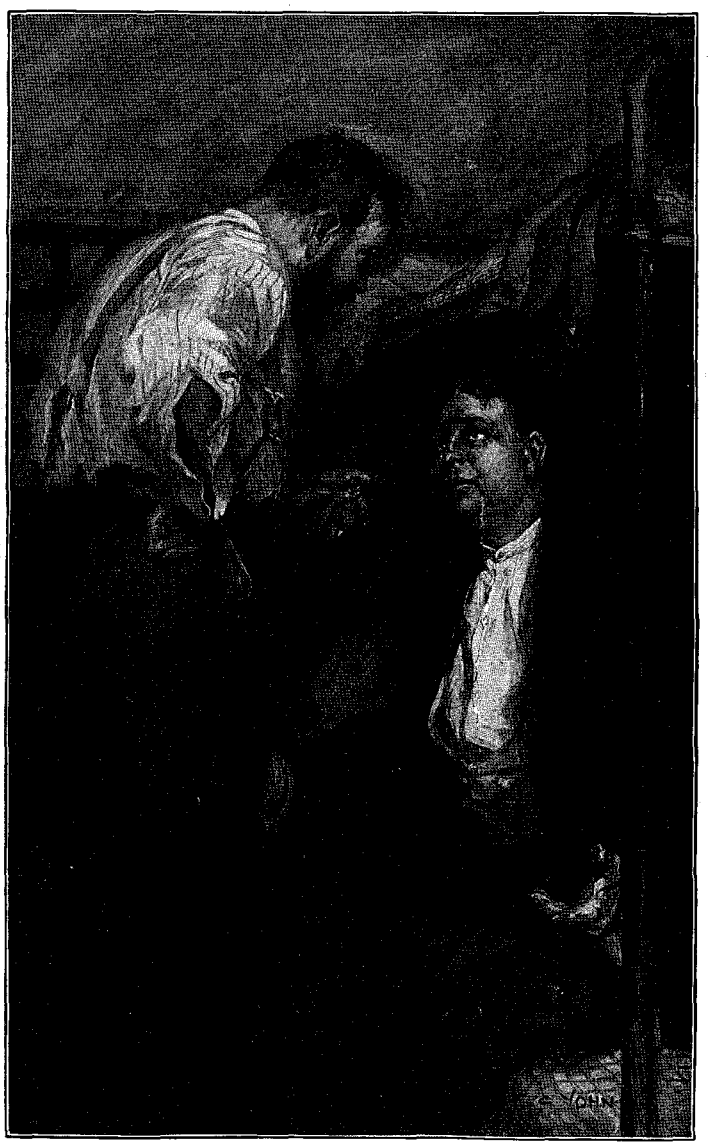

"You'll pardon me, but that'll *never* go, sir!"—Page 663.

"That's the talk, sir," answered Wilkins. "Now, who's your lawyer?"

"Haven't any, yet."

"All depends on the lawyer," returned the valet judicially. "Now there's Ebstein and O'Sullivan, and Kemp, all sharp fellows, but they're always after you for money, and then they're so clever that the jury is apt to distrust 'em. The best thing, I find, is to get the most respectable old solicitor you can—kind of genteel, 'family' variety, with the goodness just stickin' out all over 'im. 'E creates a hatmosphere of hinnocence, and that's wot you need. One as has white 'air and can talk about 'this boy 'ere' and put 'is 'and on yer shoulder and weep. That's the go, sir."

"I see," said McAllister.

Under the guidance of his valet our hero secured writing materials and indicted a pitiful appeal to his family lawyer.

A gong rang; the squad of prisoners who

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had been exercising went back to their cells, and the keeper came and unlocked the door.

McAllister stepped out and fell into line. His tight clothes proved very uncomfortable as he strode round the tiers, and the absence of a collar—yes, that was really the most unpleasant feature. His neck was not much to boast of, therefore he always wore his shirts low and his collars high. Now, as he stumbled along with the others, he was the object of considerable attention from his fellows.

At the end of an hour a gong sounded. In a moment the tiers were empty; fifty doors clanged to.

"Well, Wilkins?"

"Being as this is Sunday, sir, we 'ave a few hours of service. Church of England first—then City Mission. We're not allowed to talk, but if you don't mind the 'owlin' you can snatch a wink o' sleep. Christmas dinner at twelve. Old Burridge, the trusty, was a-tellin' me as 'ow it's hexcellent, sir!"

McAllister looked at his watch in despair. It was only a quarter past ten. He had not been to church for fifteen years, but evidently he was in for it now. Following his former valet's example he took off his shoes and stretched himself upon the cot.

On and on in never-varying tones dragged the service. The preacher held the key to the situation. His congregation could not escape; he had a full house, and he was bent on making the most of it.

The hands of McAllister's watch crept slowly round to five minutes of eleven.

When at last the preacher stopped, carefully folded his manuscript, and pronounced the benediction, a prolonged sigh of relief eddied through the Tombs. Men were waking on all sides; cots creaked; there was a general and contagious yawn.

Again the gong rang, and with it the smell of food floated up along the tiers. McAllister realized that he was hungry—not mildly as he was at the club, but ravenous as he had never been before. Presently the longed-for food came, borne by a "trusty" in new white uniform. Wilkins, who had been making a meagre toilet at the faucet, took in the dinner through the door—two tin plates piled high with turkey and chicken, flanked by heaps of potato and carrots, and one whole apple pie!

"Ha!" thought McAllister, "I was not so far wrong about this part of it!" The turkey and chicken were perhaps not of the variety known as "spring," but if they were somewhat dry, neither master nor man noticed it as they feasted, sitting side by side upon the cot.

"Carrots!" philosophized McAllister, looking regretfully at his empty tin plate. "Now, I thought only *horses* ate carrots; and really, they're not bad at all. I should like some more. Er—Wilkins! Can we get some more carrots?"

Wilkins shook his head mournfully.

"Message for 134! Message for 134!"

A letter was thrust through the bars.

McAllister tore it open with feverish haste and recognized the crabbed hand of old Mr. Potter.

2 East Seventy-first Street.

F. Welch, Esq.,

Sir:—The remarkable letter just delivered to me, signed by a name which you request me not to use in my reply, has received my careful consideration. I telephoned to Mr. McA———'s rooms and was informed by his valet that that gentleman had gone to the country to visit friends over Christmas. I have therefore directed the messenger to collect from yourself his fee for delivering this answer.

Yours, etc.,

Ebenezer Potter.

"That fool Morton!" groaned McAllister. "How the devil could he have thought I had gone away?" Then he remembered that he had directed the valet to pack his bags and send them to the station, in anticipation of the Winthrops' invitation.

He was at his wits' end.

"How do you get bail, Wilkins?"

"You 'ave to find someone as owns real estate in the city, sir, to go on your bond. 'Ow much is it?"

"Five thousand dollars," replied McAllister.

"'Oly Moses!" ejaculated the valet. He regarded his former master with renewed interest.

But the dinner had wrought a change in that hitherto subdued individual. With a valet and running water he was beginning to "feel his oats" a little. He checked off mentally the names of his acquaintances. There was not one left in town.

He repressed a yawn, and looked at his watch. One o'clock. Just then the gong rang again.

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"What in thunder is this, now?"

"*Afternoon* service, sir. City Mission from one to two-thirty."

"Ye gods!" ejaculated McAllister.

A band of young girls came and stood with their hymn books along the opposite tier, while a Presbyterian clergyman took the place on the bridge recently vacated by his Episcopal brother. Prayers alternated with hymns until the sermon, which lasted sixty-five minutes.

McAllister, almost desperate, fretted and fumed until half-past two, when the choir and missionary finally departed.

"Only a 'arf 'our, sir, an' we can get some more exercise," said Wilkins encouragingly.

But McAllister did not want exercise. He swung to his feet, and peering disconsolately through the bars was suddenly confronted by a slender young woman holding an armful of flowers. Before he could efface himself she smiled sweetly at him.

"My poor man," she began confidently, "how sorry I am for you this beautiful Christmas *Day!* Please take some of these; they will brighten up your cell wonderfully; and they are *so* fragrant." She pushed a dozen carnations and asters through the bars.

McAllister, utterly dumbfounded, took them.

"What is your name?" continued the maiden.

"*Welch!*" blurted out our bewildered friend.

There was a stifled snort from the bunk behind.

"Good-by, Welch. I know you are not *really* bad. Won't you shake hands with me?"

She thrust her hand through the bars and McAllister gave it a perfunctory shake. "Good-by," she murmured, and passed on.

"Lawd!" exploded Wilkins, rolling from side to side upon his cot. "Oh, Lawd! Oh, Lawd! Oh,——" and he held his sides while McAllister stuck the carnations into the wash basin.

The gong again, and once more that endless tramp along the hot tiers. The prison grew darker. Gas jets were lighted here and there, and the air became more and more oppressive. With five o'clock came supper; then the long, weary night.

Next morning the valet seemed nervous and excited, eating little breakfast and smiling from time to time vaguely to himself. Having fumbled in his pocket he at last pulled out a dirty pawn ticket, which he held toward his master.

"'Ere, sir," he said, with averted head. "It's for the pin. I'm sorry I took it."

McAllister's eyes were a little blurred as he mechanically received the card-board.

"Shake hands, Wilkins," was all he said.

A keeper came walking along the tier rattling the doors and telling those who were wanted in court to get ready.

"Good-by," said McAllister. "I'm sorry you felt obliged to plead guilty. I might have helped you if I'd only known. Why didn't you stand your trial?"

"I 'ad my reasons," replied the valet. "I wanted to get my case disposed of as quick as possible. You see, I'd been livin' in Philadelphia and 'ad just come to New York when I was arrested. I didn't want 'em to find out who I was or where I come from, so I just gives the name of Davidson, and takes my dose."

"Well," said McAllister, "you're taking your *own* dose; I'm taking somebody else's. That hardly seems a fair deal, now does it, Wilkins? But of course *you* don't know but that I *am* Welch."

"Oh, yes I do, sir," returned the valet. "You won't never be punished for what *he* done."

"*How* do you know?" exclaimed McAllister, visions of a speedy release crowding into his mind. "And *if* you knew, why didn't you say so *before?* Why, you might have got me out. *How* do you know?" he repeated.

Wilkins looked around cautiously. The keeper was at the other end of the tier. Then he came close to McAllister and whispered:

"*Because I'm 'Fatty' Welch myself!*"

V

DOWNSTAIRS, across the sun-lit prison yard, past the spot where the hangings had taken place in the old days, up an inclosed staircase, a half turn, and the clubman was marched across the "Bridge of Sighs." Most of the prisoners with him seemed in

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good spirits, but McAllister, who was oppressed with the foreboding of imminent peril, felt that he could no longer take any chances. His fatal resemblance to Fatty Welch, alias Wilkins, his former valet, the circumstances of his arrest, the scar on his neck, would seem to make conviction certain unless he followed one of two alternatives—either that of disclosing Welch's identity or his own. He dismissed the former instantly. Now that he knew something of the real sufferings of men, his own life seemed contemptible. What mattered the laughter of his friends or sarcastic paragraphs in the society columns of the papers? What did the fellows at the club know of the game of life and death going on around them? of the misery and vice to which they contributed? of the hopelessness of those wretched souls who had been crushed down by fate into the gutters of life? Determined to declare himself, he entered the court room and tramped with the others to the rail.

There, to his amazement, sat old Mr. Potter beside the judge. Tom and his partner stood at one side.

"Welch, step up here."

Mr. Potter nodded very slightly, and McAllister, taking the hint, stepped forward.

"Is this your prisoner, officer?"

"Shure, that's him, right enough," answered Tom.

"Discharged," said the Magistrate.

Mr. Potter shook hands with his honor, who smiled good humoredly and winked at McAllister.

"Now, Welch, try and behave yourself. I'll let you off this time, but if it happens again I won't answer for the consequences. *Go home.*"

Mr. Potter whispered something to the baffled officers, who touched their hats and grinned sheepishly, and then, seizing McAllister's arm, led our astonished friend out of the court room.

As they whirled uptown in the closed automobile which had been waiting for them around the corner, Mr. Potter explained. After sending the letter he had felt far from satisfied, and had bethought him of calling up Mrs. Winthrop on the telephone. Her polite surprise at the lawyer's inquiries had fully convinced him of his error, and after evading her questions with his usual caution, he had taken immediate steps for his client's release—steps which, by reason of the lateness of the hour, he could not communicate to the unhappy McAllister.

"What has become of the fugitive Welch," he ended, "remains a mystery. The police cannot imagine where he has hidden himself."

"I wonder," said McAllister.

. . . . . .

It was just seven o'clock when McAllister, arrayed, as usual, in immaculate evening dress, sauntered into the club. Most of the men were back from their Christmas outing; half a dozen of them were engaged in ordering dinner.

"Hello, Chubby," shouted someone. "Come and have a drink. Had a pleasant Christmas? You were at the Winthrops', weren't you?"

"No," answered McAllister; "had to stay right in New York. Couldn't get away. Yes, I'll take a dry Martini and a cherry—er, waiter, make that two Martinis. I want you all to have dinner with me. How would terrapin and canvas-back do? Fill it out to suit yourselves, while I just take a look at the *Post.*"

He picked up a paper, glanced at the headlines, threw it down with a sigh of relief, and lighted a cigarette. At the same moment two policemen in civilian dress were leaving McAllister's apartments, each having received at the hands of the impassive Morton a bundle containing a silver-mounted revolver and a large bottle full of an unknown brown liquid.

McAllister's dinner was a great success. The boys all said afterward that they had never seen Chubby in such good form. Only one incident marred the serenity of the occasion, and that was a mere trifle. Charlie Bush had been staying over Christmas with an ex-Chairman of the Prison Reform Association, and being in a communicative mood insisted on talking about it.

"Only fancy," he remarked, as he took a gulp of champagne, "he says the prisons in the city are in an abominable condition—that they're a disgrace to a civilized community."

Tomlinson paused in lifting his glass. He remembered his host's opinion, ex-

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pressed on a previous occasion, and desired to show his appreciation of an excellent meal.

"That's all rot!" he interrupted a little thickly. "'S all politics. The Tombs is a lot better than most second-class hotels on the Continent. Our prisons are all right, I tell you!" His eye swept the circle militantly.

"Look here, Tomlinson," remarked McAllister sternly, "don't be so sure. What do *you* know about it?"

VERONESE

By Kenyon Cox

NONE of the great masters of painting has been so little or so inadequately written of as Paul Veronese. In these days of exhaustive monographs no one seems to have thought it worth while to collect the facts of his life or to examine and catalogue his works; and even in books of general art history or art criticism, where he must, perforce, be mentioned, he has rarely received the attention he deserves. The painters, indeed, have known him for what he was, and have shown their appreciation, now and then, in passages of glowing praise; and Ruskin, if he did not altogether understand him, yet felt his power; but his art still awaits an authoritative exposition. Its very sanity and simplicity is one of the reasons for this, and its magnificent and rounded completeness is another. Its qualities seem too obvious to need explanation and there are no enigmas in it to attract the readers of riddles, no recondite allusions or strange ways of telling old stories; it is all straightforward, unaffected painter's work, and the literary hunter of meanings finds little there to his purpose. Also, the world loves a specialist, and the critic who is enamored of line writes of Botticelli, while he who cares most for light and shade devotes himself to Rembrandt. To be too well poised is dangerous; to have too many good qualities is to run some risk of getting little credit for any of them.

The world loves a specialist, and it is very loath to believe in the existence of anything else. Because Titian was a colorist many people can remain blind to the extraordinary power of design which the rudest wood-cut after one of his great pictures should reveal to them; Michelangelo was a draughtsman, and it is only after four hundred years that we are beginning to understand that the painter of the Sistine ceiling was, after his fashion, a master of color. Veronese was long ago comfortably labelled "Decorator," and, aided by an inadequate conception of decoration, the world has imagined that he was nothing else, and has treated him much as if he were another Pintoricchio—a man who could, indeed, embellish a palace wall with splendid color, but whose other artistic qualities were comparatively negligible.

No such thorough study of the art of Veronese as is to be desired could be made here, even had I the knowledge necessary to attempt it. I can deal with only a few of the great paintings he produced with such astonishing profusion, and, precisely because his position as a great decorator is universally acknowledged, I shall deal with them, at first, as pictures, and as if they had no more specifically decorative purpose than that common to all great works of art.

Like most of the greatest painters, Veronese was a master of portraiture, and his pictures are full of portraits, identified or unidentified. Not all the figures in the great "Marriage in Cana" of the Louvre may be correctly named by tradition, though there can be little doubt as to the group of painters, including Titian, Tintoretto, and himself, who provide the music for the feast, but the other figures are none the less portraits because we may not know who sat for them. No one but a great portrait painter

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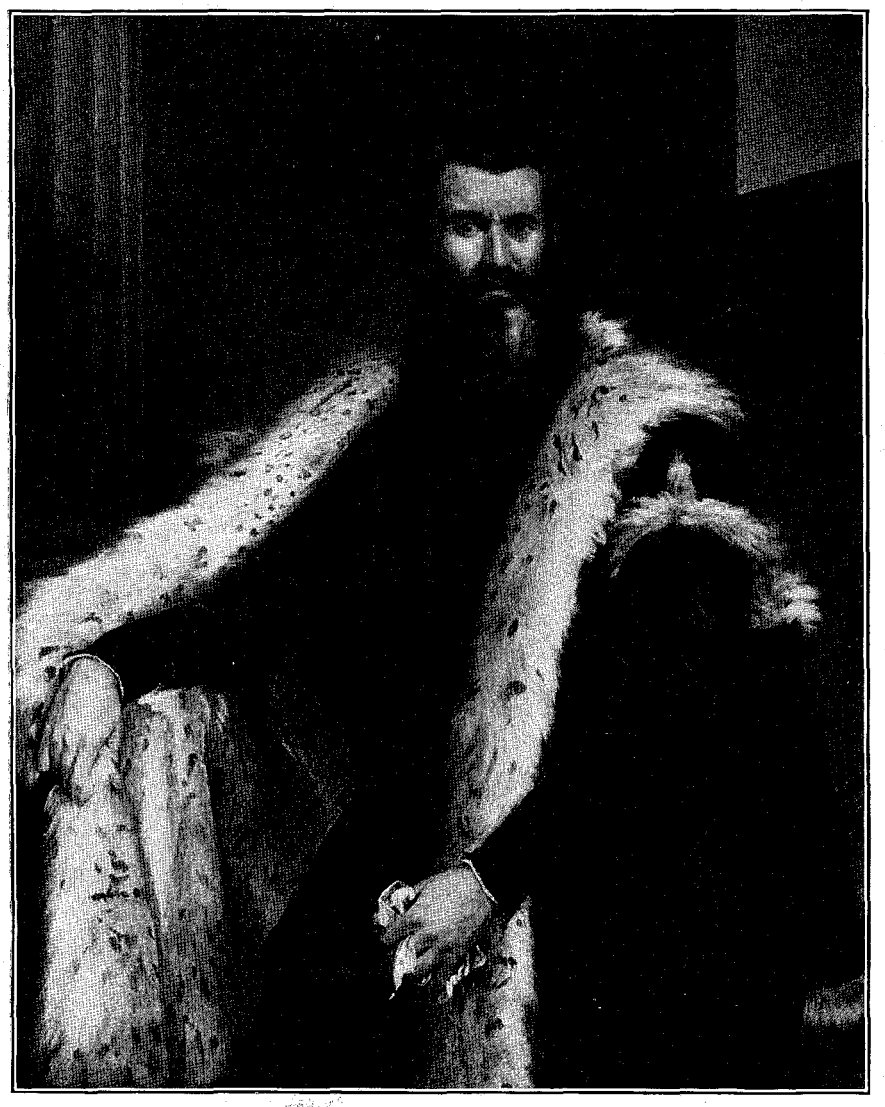

Portrait of Daniele Barbaro. (Pitti Palace, Florence.)

could have painted that stout, clean-shaven old man in the smaller "Marriage in Cana" at Dresden, or the hawk-like profile of the man behind who drinks from a shallow glass. The wife and daughter of Darius in the National Gallery picture are evidently portraits, and charming ones, while half the "Supper at Emmaus" and two-thirds of the "Cuccina Family before the Madonna" are made up of professed portrait groups. The principal figure in the latter group, robust and matronly as becomes the mother of many children, her still comely head brought out by the white robe of Faith, who stands directly behind her, and made the center around which the lines of the composition circle, seems to me one of the loveliest and tenderest pieces of portraiture in all art. The single portrait Veronese painted less often, but that he could paint it supremely well the "Daniele Barbaro" of the Pitti Palace, among others, testifies. The dignity of a great Venetian noble has never been better rendered, not even by Titian or Tintoretto, and there is vigorous characterization also, and every quality of

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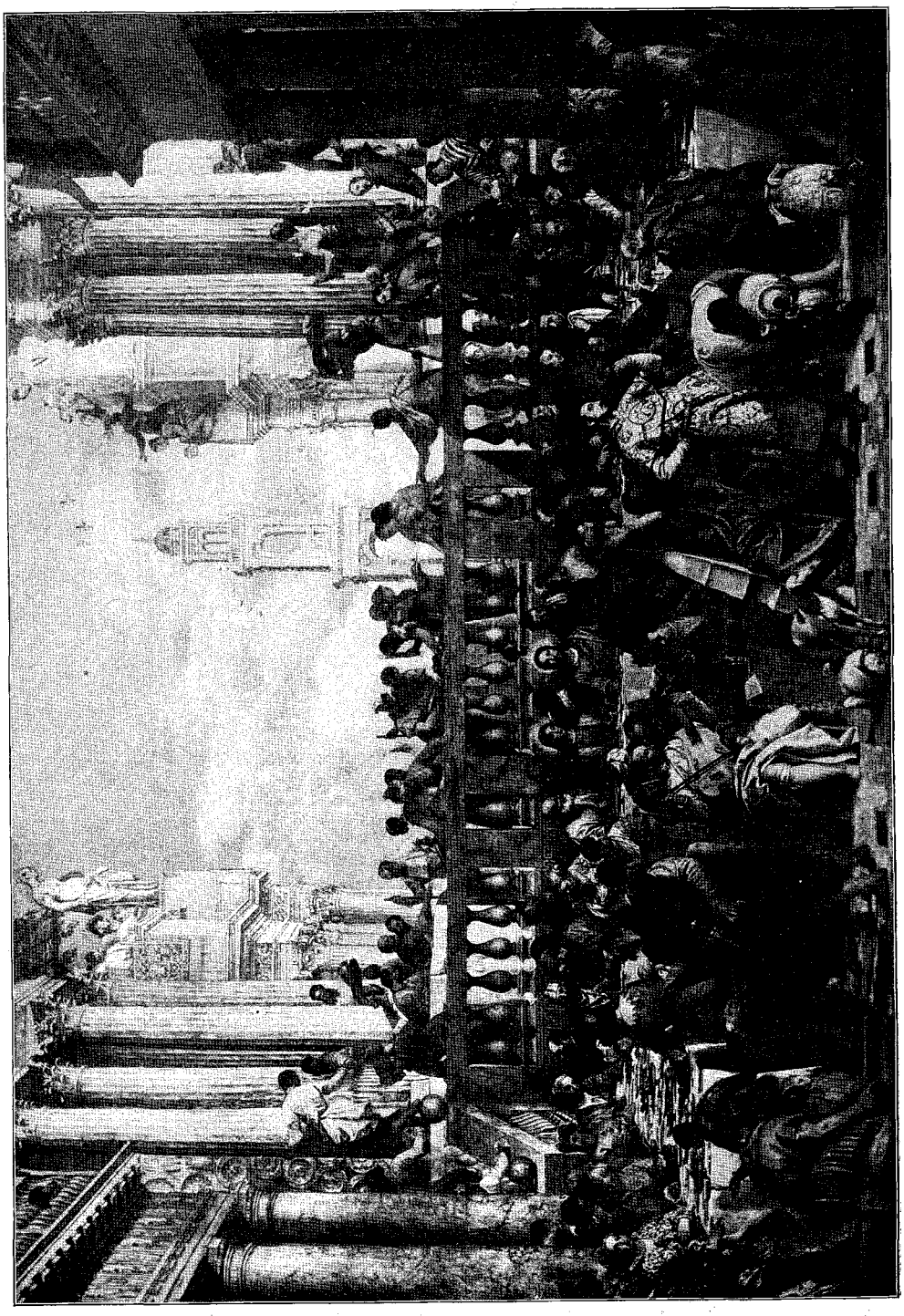

The Marriage in Cana. (Louvre.)

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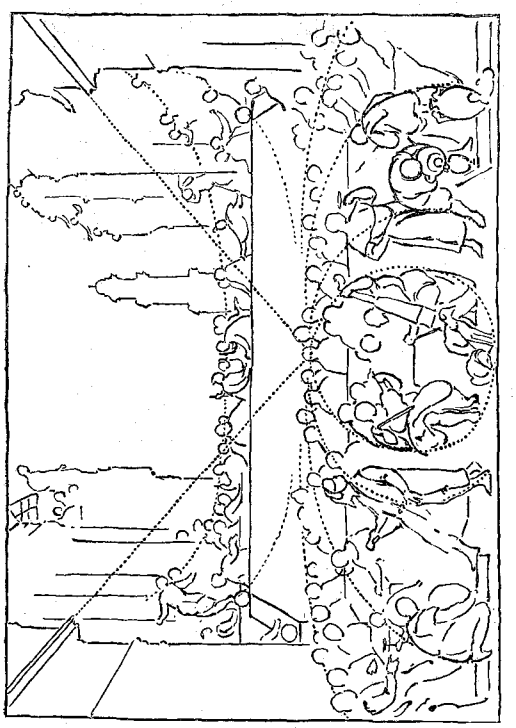
a fine portrait except, perhaps, that intensity of inner life which one or two of the greatest painters have, now and then, managed to convey to us. For Veronese is not a painter of the intimate—it is a large and general view he takes of things, in some sort an external view; and yet there is that exquisitely sympathetic rendering of the mother of the Cuccina Family to show that he could be intimate, too, when he chose.

If we consider the portraiture of a people and a time rather than the portraiture of the individual, Veronese is without a superior if not without a rival. What painter has given us more information as to the types and costumes of his epoch? Who has better depicted the life of his own countrymen in his own day? And what a sumptuous life it is that he depicts. There is a large impartiality about the man and a sense of humor that is not common in Italian art. He takes life as it is and finds the "dwarfs and Germans" he was reproached with almost as interesting as their masters and mistresses. Important things are going on in his pictures, but monkeys will scratch themselves on the marble balustrades and dogs and cats will fight under the table, as is their nature to. It is so that things happen in the world, and he has no notion that anything is beneath the dignity of art. But if he can see and paint these things, who could see and paint so well the splendor, the refinement, the wealth of the richest of cities? He has been called the painter of the pride of life, and certainly no one has given us such a sense of the possible nobility and beauty of a life of luxurious idleness dignified and polished by the love of art. He has the true portrait painter's love for costume, the true painter's love for rich colors and brilliant or gorgeous stuffs; and he has that mastery of instantaneous execution which has been the mark of portrait painters oftener than of other artists—which has characterized Velasquez and Hals rather than Raphael or Michelangelo. His handling is not so noticeable as that of these masters of the brush, but it is as sure and as rapid, and it plays with difficulties which have ceased to be difficulties for him—difficulties overcome so easily that unless you are painter enough to appreciate them you will not think of them at all and will miss the exhilaration of seeing them overcome. He will paint you a rich brocade of white and gold with every inch of its pattern clearly traceable as it wanders in and out among the folds, and he will do it so quietly, so rightly, so naturally, that you shall not even suspect that it is a hard thing to do; he will paint you a mantle of shot silk with every half-tone and every shadow right in depth and in color, and every fold true to the shape which the texture of the material gives it, and he will do it with the fewest possible touches, yet with no ostentation of cleverness. He will paint you armor, or jewels, or gold and silver plate, with the same ease and the same perfection, and he will cover with such things a canvas thirty feet long without haste as without fatigue. For sheer profusion and abundance there has been no one like him save Rubens, and Rubens had not his taste or his reticence. They are splendid figures that throng the



Key to the composition of "The Marriage in Cana."

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The Cuccina Family.

canvases of the master of Antwerp, but they seem splendid barbarians beside the grave citizens of the most cultivated city in Europe.

All the Venetian painters were landscapists, and Veronese not less so than the others, though his landscape is different in quality. Of the greater Venetians only Tintoretto was Venetian born, but the town-bred Veronese looked at nature differently from Giorgio of Castelfranco or Titian of Cadore. He had a fine sense of the growth of trees and the plumy massiveness of his foliage is superb, but he cared little for wild scenery and seldom introduced a mountain in his distances. He could do whatever he chose, and so when the subject demanded it he could paint a hill fortress or a bit of sea-shore, as in the "Europa," but by choice he seldom strays far into the country, and one of the most complete of his landscapes is the background of "The Finding of Moses," with its evident reminiscence of his native town upon the Adige. In general the elements of his landscape are architecture and sky—the landscape of cities—and no one has ever painted them so beautifully as he. Architecture plays an important part in almost every one of his pictures, from the columns which separate the heavenly from the earthly personages in the "Cuccina Family" to the grand setting of the great "Marriage in Cana." Even in the "Europa" he could not get on without a pyramid. In one of the ceiling panels of the ducal palace, though this is executed, likely enough, by a pupil, there is a literal representation of the Campanile of San Marco that is the likest thing to the real Venice of anything I know in painting. In general Veronese's architecture is more ideal, and I cannot say how far it may satisfy

The Marriage in Cana. (Dresden Gallery.)

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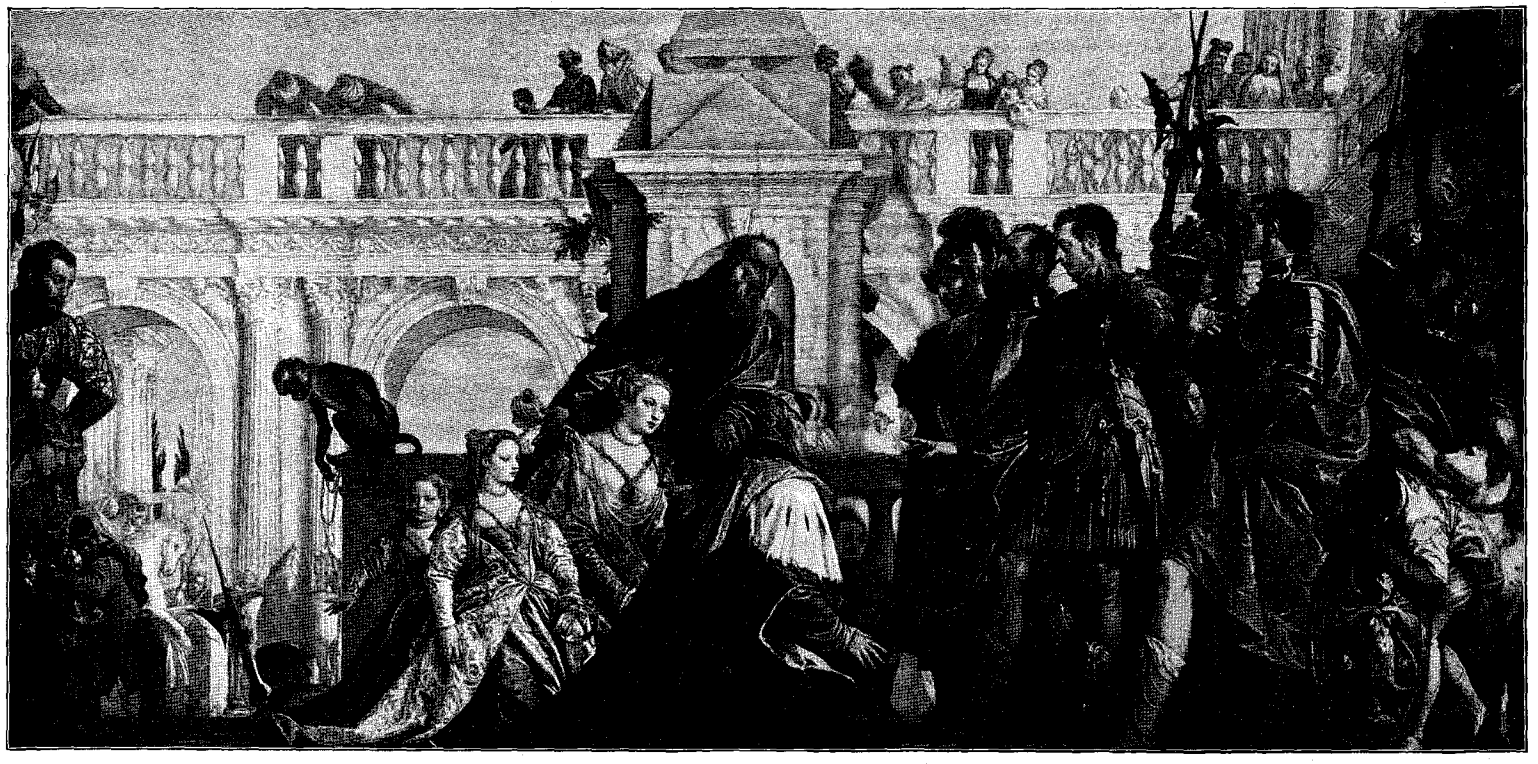

Alexander and the Family of Darius. (National Gallery, London.)

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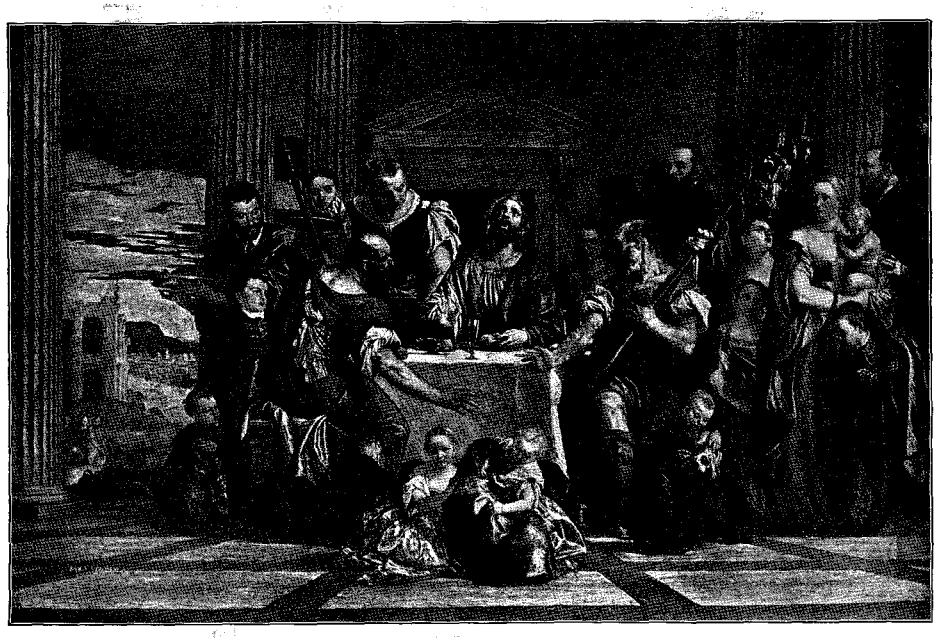

The Supper at Emmaus. (Louvre.)

an architect in its structure and design, but its exquisite lightness and the justness with which its silvery color relieves against the sky is beyond praise. To the sky itself he gave more variety and truth of form, I think, than any painter of his time and a beauty of color not to be excelled. His white towers and thronged balconies against the blue were never built in actual stone, but there is more of the spirit and beauty of Venice in them than any of her children have given us, or any of the countless artists that have since haunted her silent streets.

But it is, after all, in the large treatment of light and the unity of tone maintained throughout a vast composition that Veronese is most the landscape-painter, and as these great canvases of his are filled with figures it may almost be said that he is never so much the landscapist as in the painting of men and women. Each of his countless figures may have all the vitality of a portrait, each may be robed in splendid garments, perfectly rendered, but each will have its exact amount of light from the sky upon it, its exact distance marked from objects in front of or beyond it, its due amount of atmosphere enveloping it. His color can be deep and resonant on occasion, but it has not the twilight glow or stained-glass brilliancy of Titian; rather it has the silvery clearness of open daylight. He is fond of the play of light and shade, and uses cast shadows with almost the rich fantasy of Tintoretto, but there is never a space of obscurity in his pictures, never a hint of blackness; the light penetrates the deepest nooks and reverberates from corner to corner, and everywhere falls upon some definite object having a definite place. I know no other painter who, making the figure his principal subject and working on a monumental scale, has so nearly realized our modern ideal of the painting of natural light.

So far of Veronese's naturalism in depicting the life he saw about him, of his almost unequalled power and veracity as a mere painter. But he was far more than a painter of the pageant of life; he was a great painter of noble and heroic themes—a master of figure painting in the grand Italian manner. He was a draughtsman, a stylist, and a man of true and lofty feeling. In mastery of drawing he had no equal in Venice, unless it were Tintoretto, and no superior anywhere except one or two of the greatest Florentines. Now and then he is careless, or perhaps his pupils intervened; and there is a kind of meagreness in the attachment of the wrist which is a frequent

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The Finding of Moses. (Dresden Gallery.)

failing; but there is no difficult foreshortening into which he cannot throw the figure, no line he cannot make it take, and this with an entire absence of posturing or the Michelangelesque affectations of Tintoretto. Rather there is a large simplicity of gesture, one might almost say a divine awkwardness, which is inimitable. His men are superbly muscled, his women of the full-fleshed Venetian type, white and soft, with adorable golden heads, but with a firmness of line and modelling that is almost Greek. The attendants of Europa are nearly as grand as the women of Pheidias, while in the figure of Pharaoh's daughter, in the "Finding of Moses," he has combined a magnificent amplitude with an elegance prophetic of the eighteenth century. Always and everywhere his drawing has style, and his naturalism is never trivial or commonplace.

His range of subject and treatment is wide. In "The Finding of Moses" he is gay and familiar, in the "Europa" luxuriantly idyllic, while he can rise to great dignity and even to tragedy. He has all the Venetian sensuousness, but he never sinks to coarseness, as Titian sometimes does; he can be solemn and, to my feeling, profoundly religious, but he is never morbid or sentimental. Grave or playful, he is always manly, always serene, a great, frank, healthy, broad-minded, tender spirit. One feels that he was not only a genius one must admire, but a man one could have loved, and I know of few painters who awaken the kind of personal affection that Veronese inspires. Perhaps of all his qualities that with which he has been least often credited, since the day he was brought before the Inquisition on a charge of irreverence, is the possession or expression of religious emotion; yet I have always found his "Supper at Emmaus," with its family group at the side, one of the truest and most touching of religious pictures. To his broad charity neither the unconscious children nor the pet dogs were out of place in the presence of the Saviour, and the head of the Saviour himself is, with that of Rembrandt's in his picture of the same subject, the most nearly satisfactory in art. If Rembrandt has painted for us the "Man of Sorrows," Veronese has come near to giving us the God; if Rembrandt's Christ, who has been dead and is alive, gives us the thrill of the supernatural, Veronese's has about him some glory of the superhuman.

Perhaps no single picture by Veronese shows so many of his great qualities in such perfection as the glorious "Martyrdom of Saint George" in the Church of San Giorgio

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in Braida in Verona—a picture, comparatively little known, yet worthy of a high place among the world's greatest masterpieces, both for nobility of conception and perfection of execution. To the left is the statue of Apollo, to the right an officer on a great horse; between them, stripped to the waist, kneels the saint surrounded by guards. An aged priest stoops over him and points to the idol he is asked to worship; behind him, bare-armed and ready, the executioner leans upon his two-handed sword; but the saint pays no attention to either of them, for above him the heavens are opened and he sees the Madonna between Peter and Paul, the Theological Virtues, and a multitude of angels, making triumphal music. Faith intercedes for him, Hope looks down with encouragement, and between heaven and earth a cherub dashes headlong toward him bearing the martyr's crown and palm. He is no ascetic and no dreamer, this saint, but full-blooded, black-bearded, a man and a soldier, and this is his last and greatest victory. Lest, by any chance, you should miss the significance of it, the wings of the palm-bearing cherub, which alone unite the two halves of the picture, are almost black and cut sharp against the luminous sky—the most conspicuous dark in the composition.

The craftsmanship of this great painting is in every way worthy of its intellectual content. In drawing in characterization, in vigor of handling, it is Veronese at his best, but it is most wonderful, perhaps, in its treatment of color. The lower, or earthly, part of it is full and rich, approaching nearer than is common with Veronese to Titian's sombre splendor, but with a greater frankness of individual hue, the blue and red of the saint's garments approaching the purity of the absolute pigment. The upper part, though as firmly drawn and as completely modelled as the lower, is painted in the tones of sky—an opalescence of delicate tints that, without any sacrifice of realization, without a hint of vagueness, yet transforms it into a heavenly vision. Here, if ever, the harmonies of the palette may claim a place with those of poetry and music; here, if ever, the art of painting has proved its right to be considered a greal intellectual and emotional art. The picture is a splendid hymn of triumph, and the triumph is no less that of the painter than of the saint.

So far we have been considering the art of Veronese without special reference to its decorative purpose, and yet the instinct that has caused him to be called a decorator is a perfectly sound one. A decorator he was primarily, and the great intellectual and technical qualities we have been studying are, after all, only the equipment of the greatest of decorators. If, however, he could make all these things subservient to a decorative end, and could include in a thoroughly successful decoration so much which we have thought it necessary to eliminate, it is evident that there must be something wrong, or too limited, in our ideas of decoration. We have thought that respect for the flatness of the wall demanded of us the elimination of modelling and of light and shade, and here is a man who models perfectly and plays with cast shadows, and yet never loses the flatness of his wall. We have thought that decoration demanded the sacrifice of realism, yet here is a great decorator who is one of the greatest of naturalists. Does it not behoove those who are interested in the revival of decorative painting in this country to consult this master as to what are, in reality, the essentials of his art?

In this country our notions of decoration have been largely influenced by the great prestige of that true artist, Puvis de Chavannes, and we have, perhaps, too often forgotten that the peculiarities of his style are partly temperamental, partly conditioned on the destination of his best works for buildings of an austere and colorless type. In the Panthéon his paintings are admirably appropriate and successful, but in the more sumptuous setting of the Boston Public Library, surrounded by rich marbles, his compositions, noble as they are in themselves, always strike me as a little cold and thin. It is perhaps because others have felt this, and because the architecture our painters are called upon to decorate is often of precious material and richly ornamented, that another style has grown up, partly Byzantine, partly influenced by Pinturicchio—a style depending on bright colors and gilding, and even on the application of ornaments in relief—a style more brilliant and splendid, but, as it seems to me, unnecessarily archaic. In such a setting of sumptuous architecture as Veronese worked for we may safely employ Veronese's reali-

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Europa. (The Ducal Palace, Venice.)

zation and fulness of modelling if we can learn to employ it as he did. What keeps his work unfailingly decorative is, first of all, design, and then, not the elimination, but the subordination of light and shade and modelling.

This subordination Veronese accomplished in an exceedingly subtle manner. He models completely, but with infinite refinement of delicate light and shade, and he never allows his light and shadow to break up the broad local color of an object or to disguise its outline. A red drapery remains definitely red, a white one definitely white, through all its modifications, and tells as a simple mass of a certain shape, clearly separable by the eye from all other masses of different color, its boundaries apparent at a glance. This treatment is caused in part by that feeling for breadth of natural light already dwelt on, but its result is that every element in his picture is as visibly part of a great pattern of colored spaces, bounded by beautiful and interesting lines, as with the most shadeless of the primitives. The very perfection of science has attained a result which had before been conditioned on its absence, and with the utmost realization in the parts the picture as a whole achieves true decorative flatness.

There is nothing which so accents the extent and unity of a surface as the sense that it has been used for the display of a linear design, and it is in his mastery of design that Veronese is most consummately the decorator. In linear composition he has been surpassed by no one but Raphael, if even by him, yet it is this element of his art —perhaps the most important of all—that has been least recognized. His color is so entrancing, his execution is so superlative, his individual figures are so delightful, that the attention is distracted, as it was meant to be, from the plan on which everything is arranged. His personages move so naturally, are so intent on the business in hand, that it is hard to believe that each contour of their bodies, each fold of their draperies, has been carefully arranged to play its part in a rigidly established scheme of line. Even his pupils did not understand his system of composition and the pictures com-

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missioned of him, but painted by his heirs after his death, are even more markedly inferior to the real works of Veronese in design than in execution. They are filled with figures imitated from the types of the master but spotted here and there, without order, until the canvas is full; and they might be cut off anywhere and sold by the yard with no serious harm done. Every genuine picture by Veronese is an organized whole; and the larger the canvas, the greater the number of figures it contains, the more formal and symmetrical, as a rule, is the arrangement. At the risk of some dryness, therefore, and of calling attention to what was meant to be felt rather than seen, it becomes necessary to analyze his methods.

Like all true decorators, Veronese habitually composed in breadth rather than in depth. His principal figures are arranged nearly on one plane or are drawn as if seen from so great a distance that perspective differences are minimized, so that all are nearly of the same size. There will, likely enough, be subordinate figures in the background, but these also will be arranged on a plane parallel with the first, and there will be no connecting links between the two sets of figures and no lines leading into the picture. Generally there is no distance, the background being cut off by an architectural screen, so that while the room decorated is enlarged to the imagination, it is enlarged to a limited and measurable degree, and the sense of space is as carefully circumscribed as it is suggested. Look, for instance, at the way the figures are strung out across the canvas in the "Alexander and the Family of Darius" or in the smaller "Marriage in Cana," and at the absence, in the latter, of any difference in size between the figures on the two sides of the table and the sudden and marked diminution of the distant figures. In this case there is a third plane, still farther away, but there are almost no transitions. This principle Veronese observed, to some extent, even in his ceilings, where he was more willing to break through the surface of his picture, and he never observes it more entirely in spirit than in the great "Marriage in Cana," where the exigencies of his task seem to cause him to disregard it. Here the canvas was too vast, especially in its vertical dimension, to admit of his favorite arrangement. It was necessary to place the horizon higher than usual and to throw the principal figures farther back in order to gain height. This the artist has done, but in doing so he has deliberately falsified his perspective, making use of a number of different vanishing-points in order to avoid too great a convergence of lines and to diminish the difference in size between the nearer and farther figures; while he has made a sudden diminution of scale in the figures on the balcony, which is maintained, nearly unaltered, in those on the housetops beyond.

Still, there was some danger that the figure of the Christ might be lost in the crowd of subordinate figures. Veronese has, therefore, placed his head exactly at the theoretical point of sight, and while he has made most of his perspective lines vanish where he pleased, he has seen to it that the two most conspicuous of them, those of the cornices on either side, should point true. More important, however, are the lines traced by the positions and attitudes of the figures themselves. See how the background figures are arranged in a long, drooping curve, as of a necklace, of which the head of Christ should be the pendant; note how they are played about into groups of two and three, how their arms are so disposed as to echo and re-echo this falling curve; above all, how the figures at either extremity begin another, and lower, curve, which points directly to the head of Christ; you will find in this part of the picture alone, and on a much larger scale, all the science of the composition of Leonardo's "Last Supper." But the lower part of the picture is still more wonderful. The falling curve is still echoed, even to the corners, and many of these subordinate lines are, as it were, suspended from the centre, but the principal lines are a series crossing these—a series of convex curves made up of this man's head and that man's back or arm, and answering to each other on either side of the canvas with almost rigid symmetry, although the objects which trace them are constantly varied. Every smallest object in the great picture either forms a part of this system of curves, or sympathizes with it, or subtly contrasts it, and you could not change so much as a feather in a cap or the collar on a dog without harm to the whole; and, wherever your eye is first attracted, one of these lines leads it imperceptibly but

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The Martyrdom of St. George. (San Giorgio in Braida, Verona.)

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surely to that small head in the centre and fixes it there. That head dominates some six hundred square feet of canvas and, after a time, you can see nothing else.

No other of Veronese's pictures affords so astonishing an example of his power of design as this, but almost any of them might be analyzed in a similar way. The garlanded curves occur again and again, notably in the "St. George," "The Cuccina Family" and the smaller "Marriage in Cana." In this last the compositional centre is shifted to one side and the right-hand end of the canvas is a sort of foil to the symmetrical group which fills two-thirds of it. The extreme of picturesque fantasy and informality is reached in the "Finding of Moses"—a painting of no great size and in a lighter vein—but even here the irregularity is more apparent than real and the same care is taken to insure the dominance of the most important figure. It is only another kind of science that is displayed—the quantity is the same.

There is much more to be said of the art of Veronese, but as far as space would allow we have now examined it in every aspect, and have found him armed at all points, equipped with almost every quality of art. For a thorough and adequate knowledge of every part of his profession it would be impossible to name his equal, and if respect for the achievement in one or another direction of this or that mighty artist forbids us to call him the greatest of masters, we may yet, with assurance, proclaim him the completest master of the art of painting that ever lived.

THE SHADOW OF BEAUTY

By Arthur Davison Ficke

I KNOW you are not fair; no thousand ships
  Moved forth to search you in a foreign land;
  Nor did a hero bow to kiss your hand,
Nor gods come down to touch your honeyed lips.
Yet looking on you all my being slips
  Dreaming away from its accustomed bands
  Until in unknown worlds it naked stands
And by untrodden deeps the life-drink sips.

A thousand shadows gird you: all I know
  Or ever dreamed lingers in your deep eyes. . . .
Over the waters haunted breezes blow.
  Hear you the music? . . . The slow daylight flies. . . .
  I only feel a joy that never dies
And mists of dreams forgotten long ago.

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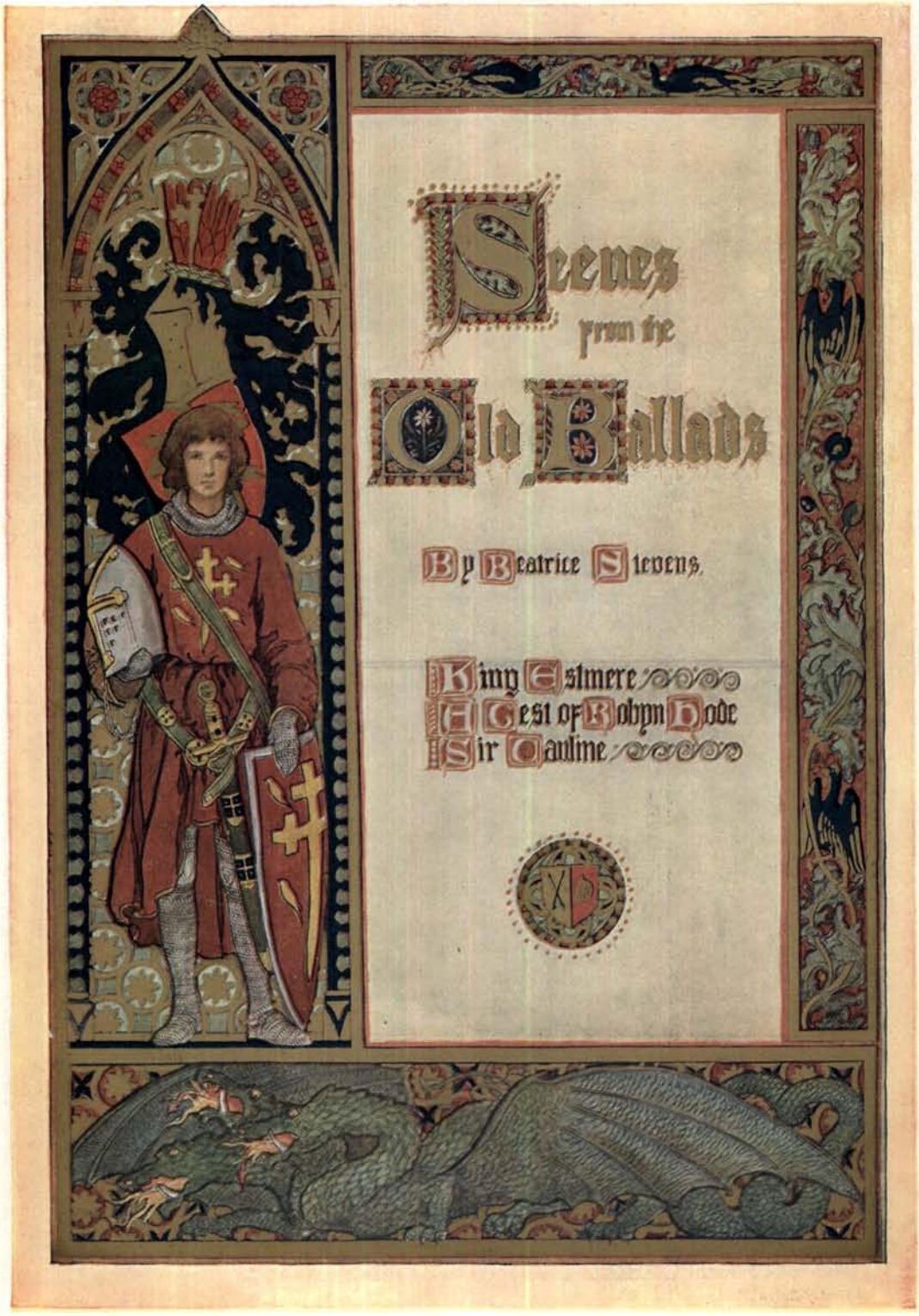

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Sir Richard of the Lee
The Lady of the Lee seeketh Succour
Whanne she cam in the Forest,
Vnder the Grene-wode Tree,
Fonde she there Robyn Hode,
And al his fayre Meyne.

A Gest of Robyn Hode.

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Of Robyn Hode and his Mery Men
The Sheryf of Nottyngham
God the save, gode Robyn,
And all thy company;
For Our dere Ladyes sake,
Thou graunte me.

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Downe then came that Mayden fayre,
With Ladyes lacede in pall.
And halfe a hondred of bolde Knightes
To bring her from Bowre to Hall,
And ehe as manye gentle Squieres,
To waite upon them all.

King Estmere.

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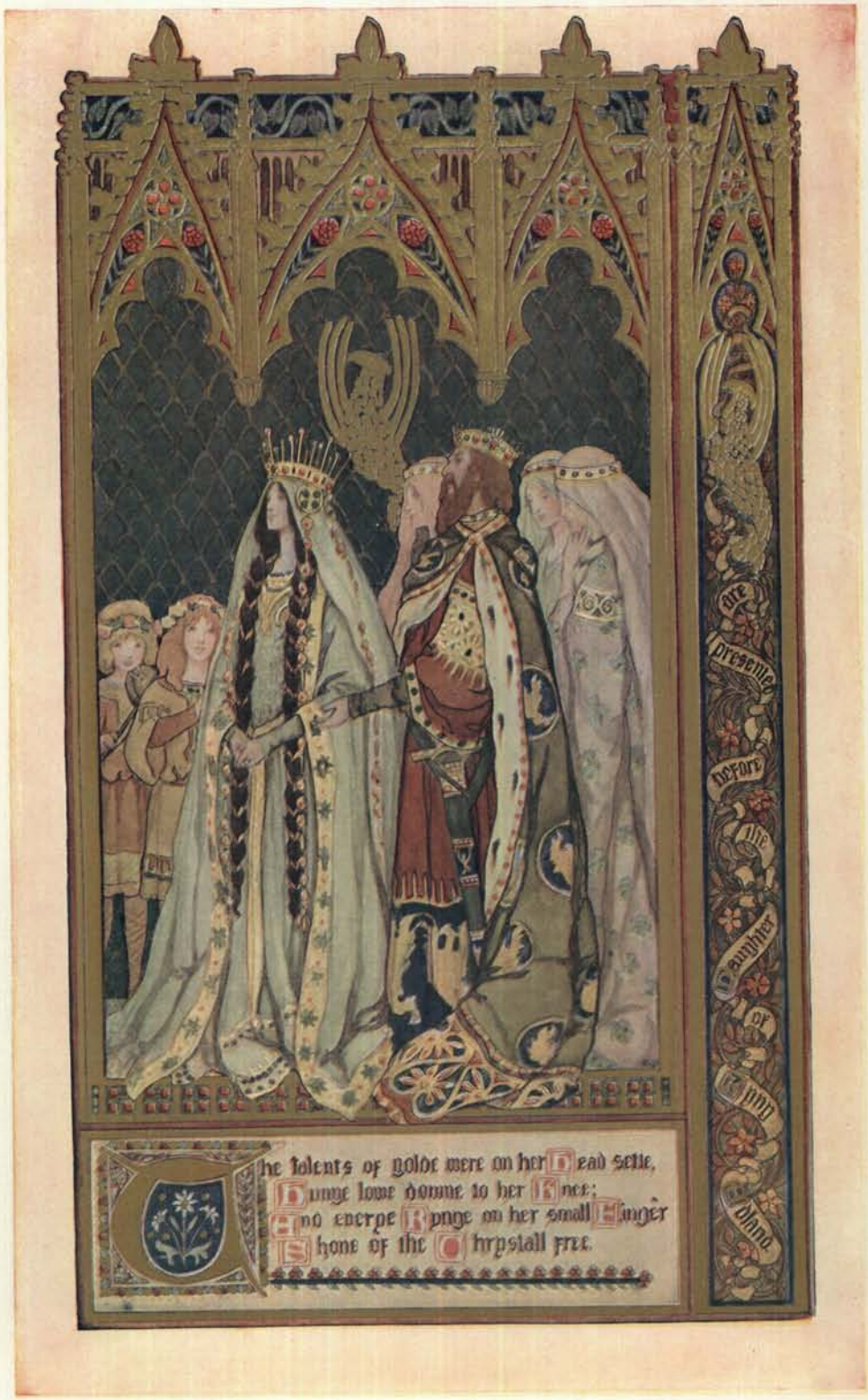
Ore presentes before the Lumpher of Kynge Diana
The talents of golde were on her Head sette,
Dunge lowe downe to her Knee;
And evere Kynge on her small Finger
Shone of the Orpstall free.

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Sir Cauline kneeleth before the Kynge Christabelle
The eldridge knave
When downe he knelt upon his knee,
Before that Ladye Gaye:
"O Ladye, I have bin on the
eldridge hills:
These tokens I bringe away."

Sir Cauline.

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"Now welcome, welcome, Sir Gauline,
Thrice welcome unto mee,
For now I perceive thou art a
True Knyghte,
Of valour bolde and free."

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MAKING FOR MANCHURIA

BY JOHN FOX, JR.

IT came at last—that order for the front. On the eighteenth day of July, the *Empress of China* swung out of Yokohama Harbor, with eighteen men on board, who had been waiting four months for that order, almost to the very day. During those four months there was hardly a day that some one of those men was not led to believe by the authorities in Tokio that in the next ten days the order would come, and never would the authorities say that during any ten days the order would not come; so that they had perforce to stay waiting in Tokio from the freezing rains of March until the sweltering days of midsummer. Many of those men had been in Japan for five months and more, and yet knew absolutely nothing of the land save of Tokio and Yokohama, which, tourists tell me, are not Japan at all.

The matter has been passing strange. We did not come over here at the invitation of the Japanese Government, but in simple kindness the authorities might have said, with justice:

"This is the business of Japan and of Russia alone. Over here we do not recognize the Occidental God-given right of the newspapers to divulge the private purposes of anybody. We believe that War Correspondents are harmful to the proper conduct of a war. Frankly, we don't want you, and to the front you can never go."

No just complaint could have been made to this. We should have seen beautiful Japan and, our occupation gone for this war, at least, we could have struck the backward trail of the Saxon—the correspondent for some trade of peace, the artist to "drawing fruits and flowers at home." And all would have been well.

Or:

"You gentlemen came over here at your own risk. You create a new and serious problem for us and we don't know how we are going to solve it. If you wish to stay on at your own risk until we have made up our minds—you are quite welcome."

For some this would have made an early homeward flight easy. Or again:

"Yes, we do mean to let you go to the front, but when we cannot say. While you are here, however, we shall be glad to have you see our country. Just now we are quite sure that you will not go for at least ten days: so you can travel around and come back. If we are sure that you can't go for another ten days, you may go away again and come back—and so on until you do leave."

Even this they might have said:

"You English are our allies. We are in trouble and we may draw you as allies into it. We, therefore, grant your right to know how we behave on the battle-field, where we may possibly have to fight, shoulder to shoulder. Therefore, you English correspondents, you English attachés, can go to the front, the rest of you cannot."

Nothing in all this could have given offence. All or any of it would have had at least the combined merits of frankness, consideration, honesty, and it is very hard for this Saxon to understand how any or all could possibly have any bearing on anybody's advantage or disadvantage, as far as this war is concerned.

The Japanese gave no open hint of unwillingness to have us go—no hint that we were not to go very soon. We were urged to get passes for ourselves, interpreters and servants at once. Most of the men obeyed at once, bought horses, outfits, provisions and wrote farewell letters—wrote them

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many times. This was the middle of March. Ever since we have staid at the Imperial Tomb in Tokio—the Imperial Hotel is the name it calls itself—under heavy expense to ourselves here and to the dear ones at home who sent us here; unable to go away; told every ten days that in the next ten days we would most likely go, and told on no day that within the next ten we should not go. Now it was soon—"very soon"—in English, and then it was "tadaima"—in Japanese.

Tadaima! That, too, meant "soon," when I first put stumbling feet on the tortuous path of Japanese thought and speech. The unwary stranger will be told to-day that it does mean "soon," and as such in dictionaries he shall find it. But I have tracked "tadaima" to its lair and dragged it, naked and ashamed, into the white light of truth. And I know "tadaima" at any time refers only to the season next to come. Early in March, for instance, it means literally—"next summer about two o'clock."

All this was something of a strain in the way of expectation, disappointment, worry, wasted energy—idleness. And so with a worried conscience over the expense to the above-mentioned dear ones at home, and the hope that some return might yet be made to them; through a good deal of weakness and a good deal of reluctance to go home and get "guyed," we stayed on and on. In May came the battle of Nanshan and the advance on Port Arthur. In June followed Tehlitzu. Both battles any man would have gladly risked his life to see, and I really think it would have been well for the Japanese, granting their accounts of the two battles as accurate—Russian atrocities in one, undoubted Japanese gallantry in both—if impartial observers had been there to confirm. As it stands, the Japanese say "you did"—the Russians say "we didn't"—and there the matter will end.

But we swung out of Yokohama Harbor at last—the Tokio slate for the time wiped clean and all forgiven. We were going to the front and that was balm to any wound. O-kin-san of the Tea House of the Hundred Steps—bless her—had made me turn my back while she struck sparks with flint and steel and made prayers for my safety, and from her kind hand I carried away a little ideographed block of wood in a wicker case which would preserve me from all bodily harm. Whither we were bound we knew not for sure, since by the same token you know nothing in this land for sure. But there were three men among us who had been guaranteed, they said, by the word of a Major-General's mouth, that they should see the fall of Port Arthur. So sure were they that they had made less important representatives of their papers stay behind in Tokio to await the going of the third column. Two others had got the same assurance indirectly, but from high authority, and the rest of us knew that where they went, there went we.

That day and that night and next day we had quiet seas and sunlight. The second night we were dining in Kobbe at a hotel to which Kipling once sang a just pæan of praise—Kobbe, which he knew at once, he said, was Portland, Maine, though his feet had not then touched American soil. He was quite right. Kobbe might be any town anywhere. The next daybreak was of shattered silver, and it found us sailing through a still sea of silver from which volcanic islands leaped everywhere toward a silver sky. We were in the Inland Sea. To the eye, it was an opal dream—that Inland Sea—and the memory of it now is the memory of a dream—a dream of magic waters, silvery light and forlorn islands—bleak and many-peaked above, and slashed with gloomy ravines that race each other down to goblin-haunted water caves, where the voice of the sea is never still. This sea narrowed by and bye into the Shimonoseki Straits, which turn and twist through rocks, islands, and high green hills. Through them we went into the open ocean once more. In the middle of the next afternoon we passed for a while through other mountain-bordered straits, and by and by there sat before the uplifted eye Nagasaki, with its sleepy green terraces, rising from water level to low mountain top—where the Madame Chrysanthème of Loti's fiction is a living fact to-day. Who was it that said, after reading that book, he or she would like to read Pierre Loti by Madame Chrysanthème? It must have been a woman—and justly a woman—sure. There is an English colony at Nagasaki and a few Americans who cling together and talk about going home some day—all exiles, all most hospitable to the stranger, and all unconsciously touched

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with the pathos of the exile wherever on earth you find him.

Between four and five o'clock these exiles take launches for a beach five miles away, since the Japanese regulations now forbid bathing at any nearer point. They carry out cakes and tea and other things to drink and I took one trip with them through one beautifully radiant late afternoon, but even in that way there was no evading the Japanese. Two of them, whether fishermen, sailors, officers or what not, calmly fixed their boat hooks to the launch and there they hung. The fact that the ladies of the launch were undressing and dressing in one end did not seem to disturb them at all, and to this day I am wondering what possible harm a man or a woman in a bathing dress among waves can do in time of war in a place that is impregnable and five hundred miles from the firing line. I found the Japanese as different in Nagasaki as is their speech. There they say "Nagasaki" with a hard g. In Tokio where the classics are supreme, they pronounce it "Nangasaki," almost—just as the Rickshaw men in the one place lose something of the samurai haughtiness that characterises them in the other. It is the difference between the flat and the broad "a" in our own land, and between the people who use the one and the people who use the other. Everybody left next morning, but I clung to Nagasaki as long as I could, and in consequence took an all-night ride on a wooden seat. Early next morning I was crossing the Shimonoseki Straits from Moji in a sampan. It was before sunrise. The mist on the sea was still asleep, but on the mountains it was starting its upward flight. Through it fishing boats were slipping like ghosts and here and there the dim shape of a transport or a little torpedo boat was visible. The flush in the East was hardly as deep as a pale rose before I was noiselessly oared to the stone quay of the little village whence we were to take transport at last for the front. The foreign hotel was full. Richard Harding Davis had gone to a Japanese hotel and had left word for me to follow. So in a rickety-rickshaw I rattled after him through the empty street. I found him in a Japanese room as big as the dining-room of an American hotel, covered with eighty mats, full of magic wood-work, and looking out where there were no walls (the walls in a Japanese house are taken out by day) for full fifty feet on mountain and sea and passing transports and sampans. Davis was unpacking. Hanging over the balcony was a yellow moth of a girl some fourteen years old, who smiled me welcome. On another balcony at the other end of the hotel, three other sister-moths were lighted, and among them I saw a correspondent beating a typewriter vigorously—they watching him with amazement and brushing him with their wing-like sleeves as they hovered about. Others still were fluttering fairy-like anywhere, everywhere. The latest occupant of our room had been the Marquis Ito—we found it quite big enough for two of us. Li Hung Chang had the same room when he came over to make peace-terms after the Japanese-Chinese war. We could see the corner of the street nearby where a Japanese tried then to assassinate that eminent Chinaman, and in that very room the great Shimonoseki treaty was signed. We had it two nights and a day, and we learned, when we went away, that we were not told the history of that room for nothing. First, our interpreters hinted that great men like Ito and Li Hung Chang and Our Honorable Selves were always expected to make a present to the hotel. It was the custom. We followed the custom to the extent of ten yen each, and an old lady came in and prostrated herself before each of us in turn. Now, when you are clothed only in pyjamas, seated in a chair and have your bare feet on a balcony in order to miss no vagrant wind, it is somewhat embarrassing to have a woman steal in without warning, smite her forehead to the mat several times and make many signs and much speech of gratitude. You won't smite yours in turn; you can't bow as you sit, and if you rise, it looks as though you were going to put foot on the neck of a slave. We looked very red and felt very foolish, but we did not exchange confidences. If there was any slumbering supposition in our minds that this was a polite Oriental method of dealing with guests who have doubtful luggage or a slumbering hope that the "present" might have a dwindling effect on our bill, there needn't have been. We had to pay in addition for that room and those eighty mats and that Fuji landscape of delicate woodwork; we had to pay for all the brilliant moths that fluttered in-

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cessantly about, for the chambermaids and the smiling scullery bronze-girl who looked in on us from the hallway; for the bath boy and the cook or cooks. Every junk and sampan that passed had apparently sent a toll for collection to that hotel. The gold of the one sunset and the silver of the one dawn were included in the turkey-tracked serpent-long bill that was unrolled before our wondering eyes. In fact, if Marquis Ito's breakfast and the biggest dinner that Li Hung Chang had there nine years before were not put down therein, it was a strange oversight on the part of the all-seeing eye that had swept the horizon of all creation during the itemization of that bill. That was business—that bill. The present had been custom. I cheerfully recommend the method to highway robbers that captain other palaces of extortion in other parts of the world. Get the present first—it's a pretty custom—and the rest is just as easy as it would have been any way.

Next day we went back again to Moji, where a polite and dapper little officer examined us and our passes and asked us many questions. Why he did I know not, since he seemed to know about us in advance, and every now and then he would look up from a pass and say, "Oh, you are so and so"—whereat "so and so" would look a bit uneasy. At two o'clock that day we set sail—correspondents, interpreters, servants, horses, a few soldiers and much ammunition—on the transport *Heijo Maru*. Every ship has that "Maru" after its name, and I have never been able to find out just what it means—except that literally it is "round in shape." We steamed slowly past a long, bleak, hump-backed little island that had been the funeral pyre for the Japanese dead in the war with China. For ordinarily the Japanese, after taking a lock of hair, a finger-nail or the *inkobo* (a bone in the throat) which they send back to relatives, burn their dead. But this funeral pyre was for those who died in the hospital, and the wounded and sick therein could see by the flames at night where next day their own ashes might lie. Thence we turned northward toward the goal of five months' hope on the part of those hitherto unhappy but now most cheerful eighteen men.

Fuji was on board. Fuji is my horse, and he had come down by rail. He is Japanese and a stallion—as most Japanese horses are. He has a bushy, wayward mane by the strands of which you can box the compass with great accuracy, and a bushy forelock that is just as wayward. His head, physiognomy and general traits will come in better when later they get an opportunity for display. All I knew then of Fuji was that he had nearly pulled the arms out of the sockets of several men, and had broken one man's leg back in Tokio. I was soon to learn that this was very little to know about Fuji.

Takeuchi also was aboard. Takeuchi is my interpreter and servant. He is tall and slender, and has a narrow intelligent face and general proportions that an American girl characterized as Greek. I call him the ever-faithful or the ever-faithless—just as his mood for the day happens to be. He keeps me guessing all the time. When I make up my mind that I am going to say harsh things next day I find Takeuchi tucking a blanket around me at three o'clock in the morning. He knows they are coming, and when I do say them Takeuchi answers —"I beg you my pardon" in a way that leads me to doubt which of us is the real offender after all. Sometimes my watch and money disappear, but Takeuchi turns up with them the next morning, shaking his head and with one wave of his hand towards the table.

"Not safe," he says, smiting his waistband, where both were concealed. "I keep him." He has both now all the time. His first account over-ran, to be sure, the exact amount of his salary for one month. For that amount I had him sign a receipt. Two hours later he said, in perplexity:

"I do not understand the receipt I give you."

I pointed out my willingness to be proven wrong. He worked for an hour on the account and sighed:

"You are right," he said. "I mistake. I beg you my pardon."

He had overlooked among other things one item—the funeral expenses of some relative, which he had charged to me. I made it clear that such an item was hardly legitimate and since then we have had less trouble. However, when he wishes anything, he says:

"I want you, etc., etc., etc.," and at the end of the sentence he will say "please," with great humility: but until that "please" comes

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I am not always sure which is servant and which is master. From Takeuchi I have learned much about Japanese character, especially about the Buschido spirit —the fealty of Samurai to Daimio, of retainer to Samurai, of servant to master. It is useless to be harsh with or to scold a Japanese servant. Just make your appeal to that traditional spirit of loyalty and all will be better—if not well. He may rob you himself in the way of traditional commissions, but you can be sure that he will allow the same privilege to nobody else. But of Takeuchi—as of Fuji—more anon.

We sailed along at slow speed until we came to the Elliott Group of Islands. We paid a yen apiece for each meal, and the captain and the purser—a nice little fellow who got autographs from all who could write and pictures from all who could draw —were the only officers with whom we came in contact. We had poker o' nights, and sometimes o' days, and now and then we "played the horses." Thus we reached the Elliott Group of Islands.

There we had company, transports coming in until there was a fleet of ten; other transports going back to Japan, and an occasional gun-boat hovering on the horizon. There we staid three wearing days—told each day that we should start on the next at daybreak. But there came one matchless sunset as a comfort—a sunset that hung for a while over a low jagged coast—a seething mass of flaming gold and vivid, quivering green; that smote the sea into sympathy, lent its colors to the mists that rose therefrom, and sank slowly to one luminous band of yellow, above which one motionless cloud of silver was, by some miracle, the last to deepen into ashes and darkness. And as it darkened in the West, some white clouds in the East pushed tumbling crests of foam over another range of hills, and above them the full moon soared. Thus, all my life I had waited to see at last, on a heathen coast, Turner doing the sunset, while Whistler was arranging colors in the place where the next dawn was to come.

Here we saw Chinamen for the first time on native heath. They came out to us in sampans, always with one or two children in the bow, to get scraps to eat at the portholes aft, or empty bottles which they much prized; or drifted past us on the swift tide, watching like birds of prey for anything that might be thrown overboard. And we saw the attitude of Japanese towards Chinamen for the first time, as well, and all the time one memory hung in my mind—the memory of a town-bred mulatto in a high hat with his thumbs in the arm-holes of a white waistcoat, and loftily talking to a country brother of deeper shade in the market place of a certain Southern town. One day a sampan with a very old man and a young one aboard, made fast to the gangway. They had fish to sell, and during the haggling that followed, a Japanese sprang aboard, dropped a coin or two, picked up the fish and tried to cast the sampan away —the Chinaman sputtering voluble but feeble protest meanwhile. In the confusion, the stern of the sampan struck a ship's boat that was swinging on a long hawser from the same gangway, the bow of it struck the ship's side and the racing tide did the rest. The boat was overturned, old man and young one disappeared and all under water shot away. We thought they were gone, but there were two lean yellow arms fastened by yellow talons to the keel, and in a moment the young man was dragging the old man to safety on the bottom of the boat. The ship's boat was cast away, the Japanese who had caused the trouble sprang aboard with the crew, gave chase to the bobbing wreck, caught it several hundred yards away, righted it, and later we saw the young Chinaman working it half-submerged toward the distant shore, and the shivering bedraggled old one being brought back to the ship. We were all indignant, for the officers of the ship, far from interfering, laughed during the whole affair, and laughing, watched the old man and the young one sweep away. But no sooner was the old man aboard than the servants and interpreters gave him rice, saki, empty bottles and clothes and took up a subscription for him: and when the young one got to the ship an hour later the old man climbed into the sampan, mellow and happy. It seemed a heartless piece of cruelty at first, but it was perhaps after all, only the cruelty of children, for which they were at once sorry and at once tried to make amends. To me, its significance was in the loftily superior, contemptuously patronizing attitude of the Japanese towards the yellow brother from whom he got civilization, art, classical models and a written speech.

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Later, I found the same bearing raised to the ninth degree in Manchuria. Knowing the grotesque results in the efforts of one imitative race to adopt another civilization in my own country, the parallelism has struck me forcibly over here in dress, Occidental manners, the love of interpreters for ponderous phraseology and quotations, rigid insistence on form and red tape and the letter thereof. Give a Japanese a rule and he knows no exception on his part, understands no variation therefrom on yours. For instance, every afternoon we went into the sea from that gangway, and Guy Scull diving from the railing of the upper deck and Richard Harding Davis diving for coins thrown from the same deck into the water (and getting them, too) created no little diversion for everybody on board. On the third afternoon, Davis in his kimono and nothing else, was halted by the first officer at the gangway. The Captain had found a transport rule to the effect that nobody should be allowed to go in bathing —the good reason being, of course, that some of several hundred soldiers in bathing might drown. Therefore, we eighteen men, though we were in a way the guests of the captain's government, in spite of the fact that we were paying for our own meals, and though for this reason a distinction might have been made, the rule was there, and like Japanese soldiers, we had to obey. It looked a trifle ominous.

We were only ten hours' sail now from Port Arthur, and one morning we did get away just before sunrise. The start was mysterious, almost majestic at that hour. For three days those transports had lain around us—filled, I was told, with soldiers, and yet not one soldier had I seen. Blacker and more mysterious than ever they looked in that dark hour before dawn—only the first flush in the East showing sign of something human in the column of black smoke that was drifting from the funnel of each. It showed, too, a gray mass lying low on the water, and near a big black rock that jutted from the sea. That gray mass gave forth one unearthly shriek and that was all. Instantly thereafterwards it floated slowly around that jutting rock; one by one the silent black ships moved ghostlike after it, and when the red sunburst came, that gave birth, I suppose, to the flag of Japan, all in single file were moving in a great circle out to sea—the prow of each ship turning towards one red star that looked down with impartial eyes where the brown children of the sun were in a death-struggle with the cubs of the Great White Bear. By noon there was great cheer. The Japanese word was good at last—we were bound for Port Arthur. The rocky shore of Manchuria was close at hand. A Japanese torpedo boat slipped by, its nose plunging through every wave and playful as a dolphin, tossing green water and white foam back over its whole black length. A signal station became visible on one gray peak, and then there was a thrill that took the soreness of five months from the hearts of eighteen men. The sullen thunder of a big gun moaned its way to us from Port Arthur. There was not a man who had not long dreamed of that grim easternmost symbol of Russian aggression, and each man knew that no matter what might happen on land, Port Arthur held place and would hold place for dramatic interest in the eyes of the world. Port Arthur we should see—stubborn siege and fierce assaults—and gather stories by the handful when it fell. Dalny was to our left, and it was rather curious that we did not turn towards Dalny. But no matter—we were going into Talienwan Bay, which was only a few miles farther away, and we could hear big guns: so we were happy. Talienwan—a thin curve of low gray stone buildings, hugging the sweep of the bay, spread the welcome that the officer of that Port came to speak in English—and we landed among carts, Chinese coolies, Japanese soldiers, Chinese wagons, mules, donkeys, horses, ponies, squealing stallions, ammunition, a medley of human cries. The bustle was terrific. A man must look out for himself in that apparent confusion. As it was an ever-faithful day for Takeuchi that day, I was serene and trustful. Davis was not, and beckoned to a cooly with a cart. The man came and Davis's baggage was piled on the cart. Along came a Japanese officer who, without a word, threw the baggage to the ground—including a camera and other things as fragile and hardly less precious. Davis turned to the Post Officer:

"Can I have one of these carts?"

"Certainly," he said.

Davis got another, but while his interpreter was loading his things again, the

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same officer came by and tossed them again to the ground. The interpreter protested and tried to explain that he had permission to use the carts, but he hadn't time. That officer turned on him. Now I had been told that there are no oaths and vile epithets in the Japanese tongue, but I know no English vile enough to report what the man said, and if I did I couldn't use it without blistering my tongue and blackening my soul more black than the hair of the blackguard who used it. But let me do the Colonel in command justice to say that when the outraged interpreter, taken to him by us afterward, repeated the insult, the courteous old gentleman looked shocked and deeply hurt, and said he would deal harshly with the man. I hope he did.

This was ominous but we were still cheerful. Yokoyama appeared and Yokoyama was ominous. He was to handle our canteen and charge us twice the prices that we had known at the Imperial Hotel, on the ground that he would transport our baggage for us. That meant that he was to charge us for the transport service that the Government was to give us—not to him—and furnish us chiefly with canned stuff that each man could have bought for himself for a dollar per day. We did not know this just then, but wily Yokoyama had gathered in 500 yen from each of us in Tokio, and he was ominous before we left Japan. I am putting this in because Yokoyama, too, is woven into the network that fate was casting about us that day. Still we were cheerful. Cannon were making the music we had waited five months to hear. Port Arthur would fall, doubtless, within ten days, and then—Home! The dream was shattered before we went to sleep. No officer came to tell us where we were bound—to explain the shattered word of a Major-General of his own army. It was Yokoyama who dealt the blow—Yokoyama who, in another land would have been branded as a traitor by his own people and could have been put behind the bars in ours. The truth was that we were not to go to Port Arthur at all. Next day we travelled—whither God only knew—with every boom of a big gun at the Russian fortress behind us sounding the knell of a hope in the heart of each and every man. But we were on the trail of Oku's army into the heart of Manchuria, though nobody knew it for sure, and there was yet before us another tragedy—Liao-Yang.

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PRIMAVERA

By George Cabot Lodge

SPIRIT immortal of mortality,
Imperishable faith, calm miracle
Of resurrection, truth no tongue can tell,
No brain conceive—now witnessed utterly
In this new testament of earth and sea,—
To us thy gospel! Where the acorn fell
The oak-tree springs: no seed is infidel!
Once more, O Wonder, flower and field and tree
Reveal thy secret and significance!—
And we who share unutterable things
And feel the foretaste of Eternity,
Haply shall learn thy meaning and perchance
Set free the soul to lift immortal wings
And cross the frontiers of infinity.

THE POT-BOILER

By Edith Wharton

ILLUSTRATIONS BY RAYMOND M. CROSBY

I

THE studio faced north, looking out over a dismal reach of roofs and chimneys, and rusty fire-escapes hung with heterogeneous garments. A crust of dirty snow covered the level surfaces, and a December sky with more snow in it lowered over them.

The room was bare and gaunt, with blotched walls and a stained uneven floor. On a divan lay a pile of "properties"—limp draperies, an Algerian scarf, a moth-eaten fan of peacock feathers. The janitor had forgotten to fill the coal-scuttle overnight, and the cast-iron stove projected its cold flanks into the room like a black iceberg. Ned Stanwell, who had just added his hat and great-coat to the miscellaneous heap on the divan, turned from the empty stove with a shiver.

"By Jove, this is a little too much like the last act of *Bohême*," he said, slipping into his coat again after a vain glance at the coal-scuttle. Much solitude, and a lively habit of mind, had bred in him the habit of audible soliloquy, and having flung a shout for the janitor down the seven flights dividing the studio from the basement, he turned back, picking up the thread of his monologue. "Exactly like *Bohême*, really—that crack in the wall is much more like a stage-crack than a real one—just the sort of crack Mungold would paint if he were doing a Humble Interior."

Mungold, the fashionable portrait-painter of the hour, was the favourite object of the younger men's irony.

"It only needs Kate Arran to be borne in dying," Stanwell continued with a laugh. "Much more likely to be poor little Caspar, though," he concluded.

His neighbour across the landing—the little sculptor, Caspar Arran, humorously called "Gasper" on account of his bronchial asthma—had lately been joined by a sister, Kate Arran, a strapping girl, fresh

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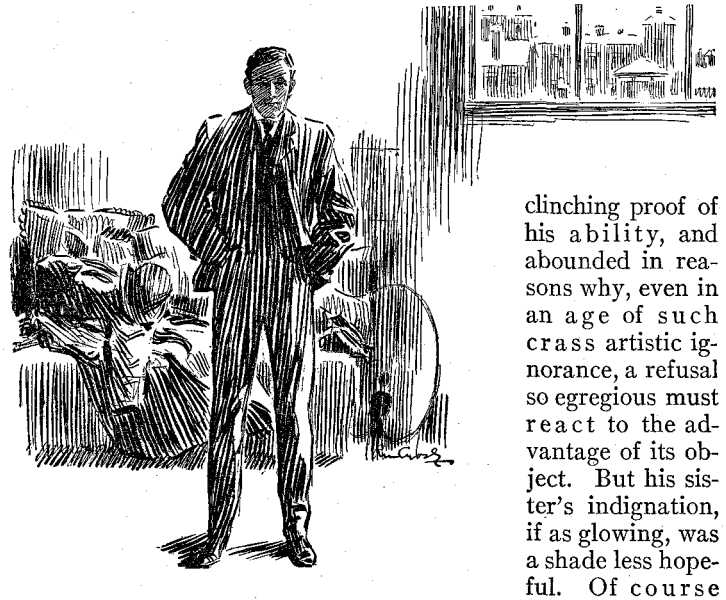
from the country, who had installed herself in the little room off her brother's studio, keeping house for him with a chafing-dish and a coffee-machine, to the mirth and envy of the other young men in the building.

Poor little Gasper had been very bad all the autumn, and it was surmised that his sister's presence, which he spoke of growlingly, as a troublesome necessity devolved on him by the inopportune death of an aunt, was really an indication of his failing ability to take care of himself. Kate Arran took his complaints with unfailing good-humour, darned his socks, brushed his clothes, fed him with steaming broths and foaming milk-punches, and listened with reverential assent to his interminable disquisitions on art. Every one in the house was sorry for little Gasper, and the other fellows liked him all the more because it was so impossible to like his sculpture; but his talk was a bore, and when his colleagues ran in to see him they were apt to keep a hand on the door-knob and to plead a pressing engagement. At least they had been till Kate came; but now they began to show a disposition to enter and sit down. Caspar, who was no fool, perceived the change, and perhaps detected its cause; at any rate, he showed no special gratification at the increased cordiality of his friends, and Kate, who followed him in everything, took this as a sign that guests were to be discouraged.

There was one exception, however: Ned Stanwell, who was deplorably good-natured, had always lent a patient ear to Caspar, and he now reaped his reward by being taken into Kate's favour. Before she had been a month in the building they were on confidential terms as to Caspar's health, and lately Stanwell had penetrated farther, even to the inmost recesses of her anxiety about her brother's career. Caspar had recently had a bad blow in the refusal of his *magnum opus*—a vast allegorical group—by the Commissioners of the Minneapolis Exhibition. He took the rejection with Promethean irony, proclaimed it as the clinching proof of his ability, and abounded in reasons why, even in an age of such crass artistic ignorance, a refusal so egregious must react to the advantage of its object. But his sister's indignation, if as glowing, was a shade less hopeful. Of course Caspar was going to succeed—she knew it was only a question of time—but she paled at the word and turned imploring eyes on Stanwell. *Was there time enough?* It was the one element in the combination that she could not count on; and Stanwell, reddening under her look of interrogation, and cursing his own glaring robustness, would affirm that of course, of course, of course, by everything that was holy there was time enough—with the mental reservation that there wouldn't be, even if poor Caspar lived to be a hundred.



Turned from the empty stove with a shiver.—Page 696.

"Vos that you yelling for the shanitor, Mr. Sdanwell?" inquired an affable voice through the doorway; and Stanwell, turning with a laugh, confronted the squat figure of a middle-aged man in an expensive fur coat, who looked as if his face secreted the oil which he used on his hair.

"Hullo, Shepson—I should say I *was* yelling. Did you ever feel such an atmosphere? That fool has forgotten to light

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the stove. Come in, but for heaven's sake don't take off your coat."

Mr. Shepson glanced about the studio with a look which seemed to say that, where so much else was lacking, the absence of a fire hardly added to the general sense of destitution.

"Vell, you ain't as vell fixed as Mr. Mungold—ever been to his studio, Mr. Sdanwell? De most ex*qui*site blush hangings, and a gas-fire, choost as natural——"

"Oh, hang it, Shepson, do you call *that* a studio? It's like a manicure's parlour—or a beauty-doctor's. By George," broke off Stanwell, "and that's just what he is!"

"A peauty-doctor?"

"Yes—oh, well, you wouldn't see," murmured Stanwell, mentally storing his epigram for more appreciative ears. "But you didn't come just to make me envious of Mungold's studio, did you?" And he pushed forward a chair for his visitor.

The latter, however, declined it with an affable motion. "Of gourse not, of gourse not—but Mr. Mungold is a sensible man. He makes a lot of money, you know."

"Is that what you came to tell me?" said Stanwell, still humorously.

"My gootness, no—I was downstairs looking at Holbrook's sdained class, and I shoost thought I'd sdep up a minute and take a beep at your vork."

"Much obliged, I'm sure—especially as I assume that you don't want any of it." Try as he would, Stanwell could not keep a note of eagerness from his voice. Mr. Shepson caught the note, and eyed him shrewdly through gold-rimmed glasses.

"Vell, vell, vell—I'm not prepared to commit myself. Shoost let me take a look round, vill you?"

"With the greatest pleasure—and I'll give another shout for the coal."

Stanwell went out on the landing, and Mr. Shepson, left to himself, began a meditative progress about the room. On an easel facing the improvised dais stood a canvas on which a young woman's head had been blocked in. It was just in that happy state of semi-evocation when a picture seems to detach itself from the grossness of its medium and live a wondrous moment in the actual; and the quality of the head in question—a vigorous dusky youthfulness, a kind of virgin majesty—lent itself to this illusion of vitality. Stanwell, who had re-entered the studio, could not help drawing a sharp breath as he saw the picture-dealer pausing with tilted head before this portrait: it seemed, at one moment, so impossible that he should not be struck with it, at the next so incredible that he should be.

Shepson cocked his parrot-eye at the canvas with a desultory "Vat's dat?" which sent a twinge through the young man.

"That? Oh—a sketch of a young lady," stammered Stanwell, flushing at the imbecility of his reply. "It's Miss Arran, you know," he added, "the sister of my neighbour here, the sculptor."

"Sgulpture? There's no market for modern sgulpture except tombstones," said Shepson disparagingly, passing on as if he included the sister's portrait in his condemnation of her brother's trade.

Stanwell smiled, but more at himself than Shepson. How could he ever have supposed that the gross fool would see anything in his sketch of Kate Arran? He stood aside, straining after detachment, while the dealer continued his round of exploration, waddling up to the canvases on the walls, prodding with his stick at those stacked in corners, prying and peering sideways like a great bird rummaging for seed. He seemed to find little nutriment in the course of his search, for the sounds he emitted expressed a weary distaste for misdirected effort, and he completed his round without having thought it worth while to draw a single canvas from its obscurity.

As his visits always had the same result, Stanwell was reduced to wondering why he had come again; but Shepson was not the man to indulge in vague roamings through the field of art, and it was safe to conclude that his purpose would in due course reveal itself. His tour brought him at length face to face with the painter, where he paused, clasping his plump gloved hands behind his back, and shaking an admonitory head.

"Gleffer—very gleffer, of course—I suppose you'll let me know when you want to sell anything?"

"Let you know?" gasped Stanwell, to whom the room grew so glowingly hot that he thought for a moment the janitor must have made up the fire.

Shepson gave a dry laugh. "Vell, it

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doesn't sdrike me that you want to now—doing this kind of thing, you know!" And he swept a comprehensive hand about the studio.

"Ah," said Stanwell, who could not keep a note of flatness out of his laugh.

"See here, Mr. Sdanwell, vot do you do it for? If you do it for yourself and the other fellows, vell and good—only don't ask me round. I sell pictures, I don't theorize about them. Ven you vant to sell, gome to me with what my gustomers vant. You can do it—you're smart enough. You can do most anything. Vere's dat bortrait of Gladys Glyde dat you showed at the Fake Club last autumn? Dat little thing in de Romney sdyle? Dat vas a little shem, now," exclaimed Mr. Shepson, whose pronunciation became increasingly Semitic in moments of excitement.

Stanwell stared. Called upon a few months previously to contribute to an exhibition of skits on well-known artists, he had used the photograph of a favourite music-hall "star" as the basis of a picture in the pseudo-historical style affected by the popular portrait-painters of the day.

"That thing?" he said contemptuously. "How on earth did you happen to see it?"

"I see everything," returned the dealer with an oracular smile. "If you've got it here let me look at it, please."

It cost Stanwell a few minutes' search to unearth his skit—a clever blending of dash and sentimentality, in just the right proportion to create the impression of a powerful brush subdued to mildness by the charms of the sitter. Stanwell had thrown it off in a burst of imitative frenzy, begining for the mere joy of the satire, but gradually fascinated by the problem of producing the requisite mingling of attributes. He was surprised now to see how well he had caught the note, and Shepson's face reflected his approval.

"By George! Dat's something like," the dealer ejaculated.

"Like what? Like Mungold?" Stanwell laughed.

"Like business! Like a big order for a bortrait, Mr. Sdanwell—dat's what it's like!" cried Shepson, swinging round on him.

Stanwell's stare widened. "An order for me?"

"Vy not? Accidents *vill* happen," said Shepson jocosely. "De fact is, Mrs. Archer Millington wants to be bainted—you know her sdyle? Well, she prides herself on her likeness to little Gladys. And so ven she saw dat bicture of yours at de Fake Show she made a note of your name, and de udder day she sent for me and she says: 'Mr. Shepson, I'm tired of Mungold—all my friends are done by Mungold. I vant to break away and be orishinal—I vant to be done by the bainter that did Gladys Glyde.'"

Shepson waited to observe the result of this overwhelming announcement, and Stanwell, after a momentary halt of surprise, brought out laughingly: "But this *is* a Mungold. Is that what she calls being original?"

"Shoost exactly," said Shepson, with unexpected acuteness. "That's vat dey all want—sonething different from what all deir friends have got, but shoost like it all de same. Dat's de public all over! Mrs. Millington don't want a Mungold, because everybody's got a Mungold, but she wants a picture that's in the same sdyle, because dat's *de* sdyle, and she's afraid of any oder!"

Stanwell was listening with real enjoyment. "Ah, you know your public," he murmured.

"Vell, you do, too, or you couldn't have painted dat," the dealer retorted. "And I don't say dey're wrong—mind dat. I like a bretty picture myself. And I understand the way dey feel. Dey're villing to let Sargent take liberties vid them, because it's like being punched in de ribs by a King; but if anybody else baints them, they vant to look as sweet as an obituary." He turned earnestly to Stanwell. "The thing is to attract their notice. Vonce you got it they von't gif you dime to sleep. And dat's why I'm here to-day—you've attracted Mrs. Millington's notice, and vonce you're hung in dat new ball-room—dat's vere she vants you, in a big gold panel—vonce you're dere, vy, you'll be like the Pianola—no home gompleat without you. And I ain't going to charge you any commission on the first job!"

He stood before the painter, exuding a mixture of deference and patronage in which either element might predominate as events developed; but Stanwell could see in the incident only the stuff for a good story.

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"My dear Shepson," he said, "what are you talking about? This is no picture of mine. Why don't you ask me to do you a Corot at once? I hear there's a great demand for them still in the West. Or an Arthur Schracker—I can do Schracker as well as Mungold," he added, turning around a small canvas at which a paint-pot seemed to have been hurled with violence from a considerable distance.

Shepson ignored the allusion to Corot, but screwed his eyes at the picture. "Ah, Schracker—vell, the Schracker sdyle would take first rate if you were a foreigner—but, for goodness sake, don't try it on Mrs. Millington!"

Stanwell pushed the two skits aside. "Oh, you can trust me," he cried humorously. "The pearls and the eyes very large—the extremities very small. Isn't that about the size of it?"

"Dat's it—dat's it. And the cheque as big as you vant to make it! Mrs. Millington vants the picture finished in time for her first barty in the new ball-room, and if you rush the job she won't sdickle at an extra thousand. Vill you come along with me now and arrange for your first sitting?"

He stood before the young man, urgent, paternal, and so imbued with the importance of his mission that his face stretched to a ludicrous length of dismay when Stanwell, administering a good-humoured push to his shoulder, cried gaily: "My dear fellow, it will make my price rise still higher when the lady hears I'm too busy to take any orders at present—and that I'm actually obliged to turn you out now because I'm expecting a sitter!"

It was part of Shepson's business to have a quick ear for the note of finality, and he offered no resistance to Stanwell's friendly impulsion; but on the threshold he paused to murmur, with a regretful glance at the denuded studio: "You could haf done it, Mr. Sdanwell—you could haf done it!"

Prodding with his stick at those stacked in corners.—Page 698.

II

KATE ARRAN was Stanwell's sitter; but the janitor had hardly filled the stove when she came in to say she could not sit. Caspar had had a bad night: he was depressed and feverish, and in spite of his protests she had resolved to fetch the doctor. Care sat on her usually tranquil features, and Stanwell, as he offered to go for the doctor, wished he could have caught in his picture the wide gloom of her brow. There was always a kind of Biblical breadth in the expression of her emotions, and today she suggested a text from Isaiah.

"But you're not busy?" she hesitated, in the full voice which seemed tuned to a solemn rhetoric.

"I meant to be—with you. But since that's off I'm quite unemployed."

She smiled interrogatively. "I thought perhaps you had an order. I met Mr. Shepson rubbing his hands on the landing."

"Was he rubbing his hands? Well, it was not over me. He says that from the style of my pictures he doesn't suppose I want to sell."

She looked at him superbly. "Well, do you?"

He embraced his bleak walls in a circular gesture. "Judge for yourself!"

"Ah, but it's splendidly furnished!"

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"With rejected pictures, you mean?"

"With ideals!" she exclaimed in a tone caught from her brother, and which would have been irritating to Stanwell if it had not been moving.

He gave a slight shrug and took up his hat; but she interposed to say that if it didn't make any difference she would prefer to have him go and sit with poor Caspar, while she ran for the doctor and did some household errands by the way. Stanwell divined in her request the need of a brief respite from Caspar, and though he shivered at the thought of her facing the cold in the scant jacket which had been her only wear since he had known her, he let her go without a protest, and betook himself to Arran's studio.

She came in to say she could not sit.—Page 700.

He found the little sculptor dressed and roaming fretfully about the melancholy room in which he and his plastic off-spring lodged together. In one corner, where Kate's chair and work-table stood, a scrupulous order prevailed; but the rest of the apartment had the dreary untidiness, the damp grey look, which the worker in clay usually creates about him. In the centre of this desert stood the shrouded image of Caspar's disappointment: the colossal rejected group as to which his friends could seldom remember whether it represented Jove hurling a Titan from Olympus or Science Subjugating Religion. Caspar was the sworn foe of religion, which he appeared to regard as indirectly connected with his inability to sell his statues.

The sculptor was too ill to work, and Stanwell's appearance loosed the pent-up springs of his talk.

"Hullo! What are you doing here? I thought Kate had gone over to sit to you. She wanted a little fresh air? I should say enough of it came in through these windows. How like a woman, when she's agreed to do a certain thing, to make up her mind at once that she's got to do another! They don't call it caprice—it's always duty: that's the humour of it. I'll be bound Kate alleged a pressing engagement. Sorry she should waste your time so, my dear fellow. Here am I with plenty of it to burn—look at my hand shake; I can't do a thing! Well, luckily nobody wants me to—posterity may suffer, but the present generation isn't worrying. The present generation wants to be carved in sugar-candy, or painted in maple syrup. It doesn't want to be told the truth about itself or about anything in the universe. The prophets have always lived in a garret, my dear fellow—only the ravens don't always find out their address! Speaking of ravens, though, Kate told me she saw old Shepson coming out of your place—I say, old man, you're not meditating an apostasy? You're not doing the kind of thing that Shepson would look at?"

Stanwell laughed. "Oh, he looked at them—but only to confirm his reasons for rejecting them."

"Ha! ha! That's right—he wanted to refresh his memory with their badness. But how on earth did he happen to have any doubts on the subject? I should as soon have thought of his coming in here!"

Stanwell winced at the analogy, but replied in Caspar's key: "Oh, he's not as sure of any of us as he is of you!"

The sculptor received this tribute with a joyous expletive. "By God, no, he's sure of me, as you say! He and his tribe know that I'll starve in my tracks sooner than make a concession—a single concession. A fellow came after me once to do an angel on

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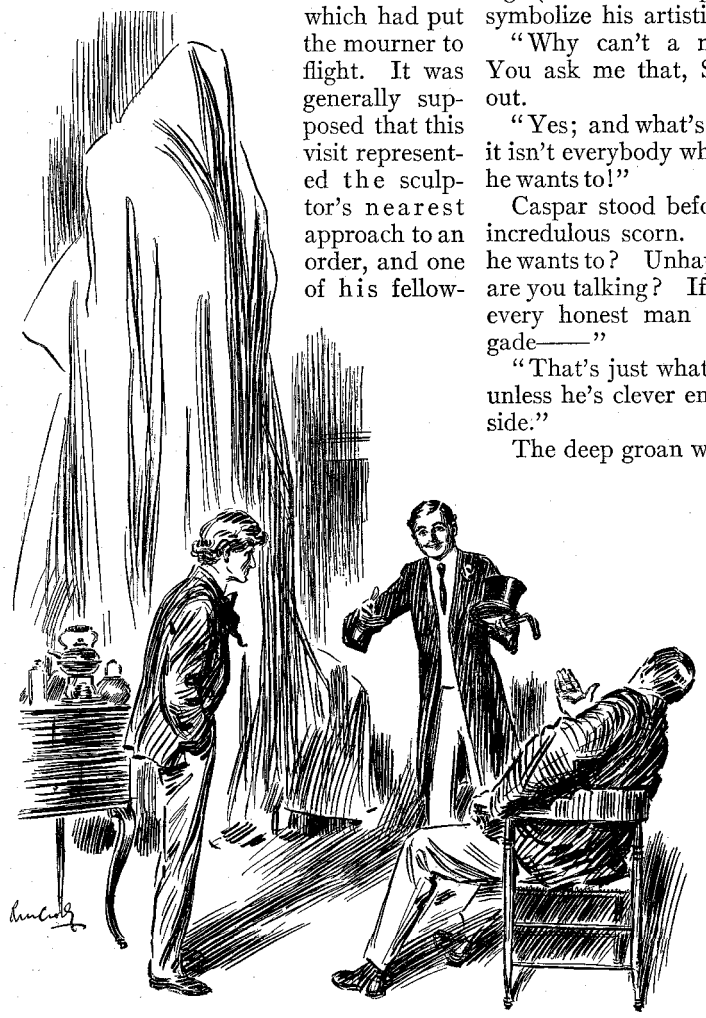
a tombstone—an angel leaning against a broken column, and looking as if it was waiting for the elevator and wondering why in hell it didn't come. He said he wanted me to show that the deceased was pining to get to heaven. As she was his wife I didn't dispute the proposition, but when I asked him what he understood by *heaven* he grabbed his hat and walked out of the studio. *He* didn't wait for the elevator."

Stanwell listened with a practised smile. The story of the man who had come to order the angel was so familiar to Arran's friends that its only interest consisted in waiting to see what variation he would give to the retort which had put the mourner to flight. It was generally supposed that this visit represented the sculptor's nearest approach to an order, and one of his fellow-craftsmen had been heard to remark that if Caspar *had* made the tombstone, the lady under it would have tried harder than ever to get to heaven. To Stanwell's present mood, however, there was something more than usually irritating in the gratuitous assumption that Arran had only to derogate from his altitude to have a press of purchasers at his door.



With a neat glaze of gentility extending from his varnished boot-tips to his glossy hat.—Page 703.

"Well—what did you gain by kicking your widower out?" he objected. "Why can't a man do two kinds of work—one to please himself and the other to boil the pot?"

Caspar stopped in his jerky walk—the stride of a tall man attempted with short legs (it sometimes appeared to Stanwell to symbolize his artistic endeavour).

"Why can't a man—why can't he? You ask me that, Stanwell?" he blazed out.

"Yes; and what's more, I'll answer you: it isn't everybody who can adapt his art as he wants to!"

Caspar stood before him, gasping with incredulous scorn. "Adapt his art? As he wants to? Unhappy wretch, what lingo are you talking? If you mean that it isn't every honest man who can be a renegade——"

"That's just what I do mean: he can't unless he's clever enough to see the other side."

The deep groan with which Caspar met this casuistry was cut short by a knock at the studio door, which thereupon opened to admit a small dapperly-dressed man with a silky moustache and mildly-bulging eyes.

"Ah, Mungold," exclaimed Stanwell, to cover the gloomy silence with which Arran received the new-comer; whereat the latter, with the air of a man who does not easily believe himself unwelcome, bestowed a sympathetic pressure on the sculptor's hand.

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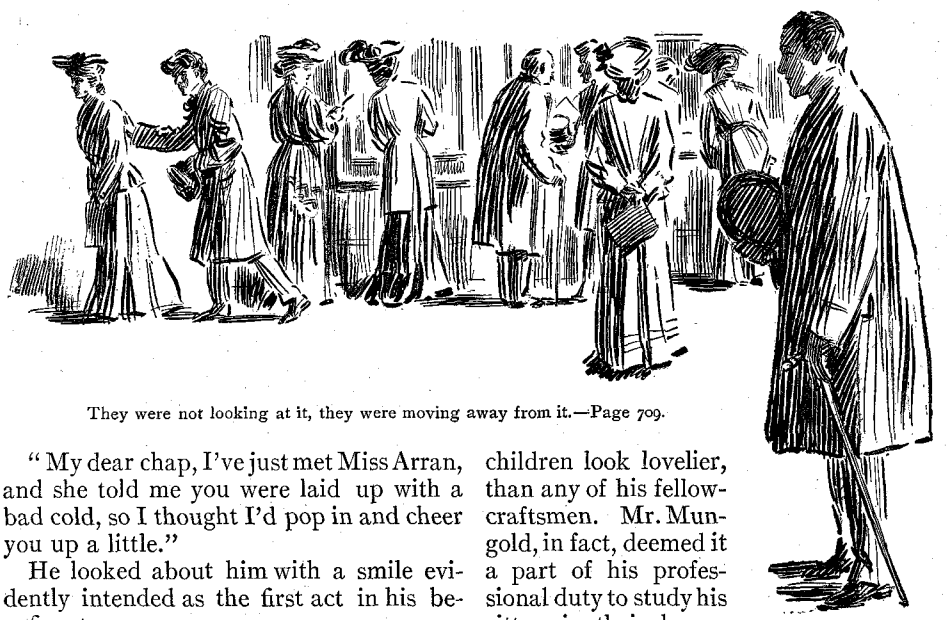

They were not looking at it, they were moving away from it.—Page 709.

"My dear chap, I've just met Miss Arran, and she told me you were laid up with a bad cold, so I thought I'd pop in and cheer you up a little."

He looked about him with a smile evidently intended as the first act in his beneficent programme.

Mr. Mungold, freshly soaped and scented, with a neat glaze of gentility extending from his varnished boot-tips to his glossy hat, looked like the "flattered" portrait of a common man—just such an idealized presentment as his own brush might have produced. As a rule, however, he devoted himself to the portrayal of the other sex, painting ladies in syrup, as Arran said, with marsh-mallow children leaning against their knees. He was as quick as a dressmaker at catching new ideas, and the style of his pictures changed as rapidly as that of the fashion-plates. One year all his sitters were done on oval canvases, with gauzy draperies and a background of clouds; the next they were seated under an immemorial elm, caressing enormous dogs obviously constructed out of door-mats. Whatever their occupation they always looked straight out of the canvas, giving the impression that their eyes were fixed on an invisible camera. This gave rise to the rumour that Mungold "did" his portraits from photographs; it was even said that he had invented a way of transferring an enlarged photograph to the canvas, so that all that remained was to fill in the colours. If he heard of this charge he took it calmly, but probably it had not reached the high spheres in which he moved, and in which he was esteemed for painting pearls better, and making unsuggestive children look lovelier, than any of his fellow-craftsmen. Mr. Mungold, in fact, deemed it a part of his professional duty to study his sitters in their home-life; and as this life was chiefly led in the homes of others, he was too busy dining out and going to the opera to mingle much with his colleagues. But as no one is wholly consistent, Mr. Mungold had lately belied his ambitions by falling in love with Kate Arran; and with that gentle persistency which made him so wonderful in managing obstreperous infantile sitters, he had contrived to establish a precarious footing in her brother's studio.

Part of his success was due to the fact that he could not easily think himself the object of a rebuff. If it seemed to hit him he regarded it as deflected from its aim, and brushed it aside with a discreet gesture. A touch of comedy was lent to the situation by the fact that, till Kate Arran's coming, Mungold had always served as her brother's Awful Example. It was a mark of Arran's lack of humour that he persisted in regarding the little man as a conscious apostate, instead of perceiving that he painted as he could, in a world which really looked to him like a vast confectioner's window. Stanwell had never quite divined how Mungold had won over the sister, to whom her brother's prejudices were a religion; but he suspected the painter of having united a deep belief in Caspar's gifts with the occasional offer of opportune delicacies—the port-wine or game which Kate had no other means of procuring for her patient.

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Stanwell, persuaded that Mungold would stick to his post till Miss Arran's return, felt himself freed from his promise to the latter and left the incongruous pair to themselves. There had been a time when it amused him to see Caspar submerge the painter in a torrent of turbid eloquence, and to watch poor Mungold sputtering under the rush of denunciation, yet emitting little bland phrases of assent, like a gentleman drowning correctly, in gloves and eye-glasses. But Stanwell was beginning to find less food for gaiety than for envy in the contemplation of his colleague. After all, Mungold held his ground, he did not go under. Spite of his manifest absurdity he had succeeded in propitiating the sister, in making himself tolerated by the brother; and the fact that his success was due to the ability to purchase port-wine and game was not in this case a mitigating circumstance. Stanwell knew that the Arrans really preferred him to Mungold, but the knowledge only sharpened his envy of the latter, whose friendship could command visible tokens of expression, while poor Stanwell's remained gloomily inarticulate. As he returned to his overpopulated studio and surveyed anew the pictures of which Shepson had not offered to relieve him, he found himself wishing, not for Mungold's lack of scruples, for he believed him to be the most scrupulous of men, but for that happy mean of talent which so completely satisfied the artistic requirements of the inartistic. Mungold was not to be despised as an apostate—he was to be congratulated as a man whose aptitudes were exactly in line with the taste of the persons he liked to dine with.

At this point in his meditations, Stanwell's eye fell on the portrait of Miss Gladys Glyde. It was really, as Shepson said, as good as a Mungold; yet it could never be made to serve the same purpose, because it was the work of a man who knew it was bad art. That at least would have been Caspar Arran's contention—poor Caspar, who produced as bad art in the service of the loftiest convictions! The distinction began to look like mere casuistry to Stanwell. He had never been very proud of his own adaptability. It had seemed to him to indicate the lack of an individual standpoint, and he had tried to counteract it by the cultivation of an aggressively personal style. But the cursed knack was in his fingers—he was always at the mercy of some other man's sensations, and there were moments when he blushed to remember that his grandfather had spent a laborious life-time in Rome, copying the Old Masters for a generation which lacked the facile resource of the camera. Now, however, it struck him that the ancestral versatility might be a useful inheritance. In art, after all, the greatest of them did what they could; and if a man could do several things instead of one, why should he not profit by the multiplicity of his gifts? If one had two talents why not serve two masters?

III

STANWELL, while seeing Caspar through the attack which had been the cause of his sister's arrival, had struck up a friendship with the young doctor who climbed the patient's seven flights with unremitting fidelity. The two, since then, had continued to exchange confidences regarding the sculptor's health, and Stanwell, anxious to waylay the doctor after his visit, left the studio door ajar, and went out when he heard a sound of leave-taking across the landing. But it appeared that the doctor had just come, and that it was Mungold who was making his adieux.

The latter at once assumed that Stanwell had been on the alert for him, and met the supposed advance by affably inviting himself into the studio.

"May I come and take a look around, my dear fellow? I have been meaning to drop in for an age—" Mungold always spoke with a girlish emphasis and effusiveness—"but I have been so busy getting up Mrs. Van Orley's tableaux—English eighteenth century portraits, you know—that really, what with that and my sittings, I've hardly had time to think. And then you know you owe me about a dozen visits! But you're a savage—you don't pay visits. You stay here and *piocher*—which is wiser, as the results prove. Ah, you're very strong—immensely strong!" He paused in the middle of the studio, glancing about a little apprehensively, as though he thought the stored energy of the pictures might result in an explosion. "Very original—very striking—ah, Miss Arran! A powerful head; but—excuse the suggestion—isn't there

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just the least little lack of sweetness? You don't think she has the sweet type? Perhaps not—but could she be so lovely if she were not intensely feminine? Just at present, though, she is not looking her best—she is horribly tired. I am afraid there is very little money left—and poor dear Caspar is so impossible: he won't hear of a loan. Otherwise I should be most happy——. But I came just now to propose a piece of work—in fact to give him an order. Mrs. Archer Millington has built a new ballroom, as I daresay you may have seen in the papers, and she has been kind enough to ask me for some hints—oh, merely as a friend: I don't presume to do more than advise. But her decorator wants to do something with Cupids—something light and playful, you understand. And so I ventured to say that I knew a very clever sculptor—well, I *do* believe Caspar has talent—latent talent, you know—and at any rate a job of that sort would be a big lift for him. At least I thought he would regard it so; but you should have heard him when I showed him the decorator's sketch. He asked me what the Cupids were to be done in—lard? And if I thought he had had his training at a confectioner's? And I don't know what more besides—but he worked himself up to such a degree that he brought on a frightful fit of coughing, and Miss Arran, I'm afraid, was rather annoyed with me when she came in, though I'm sure an order from Mrs. Archer Millington is not a thing that would annoy most people!"

Mr. Mungold paused, breathless with the rehearsal of his wrongs, and Stanwell said with a smile: "You know poor Caspar is terribly stiff on the purity of the artist's aim."

"The artist's aim?" Mr. Mungold stared. "What is the artist's aim but to please—isn't that the purpose of all true art? But his theories are so extravagant. I really don't know what I shall say to Mrs. Millington—she is not used to being refused. I suppose I had better put it on the ground of ill-health." The artist glanced at his handsome repeater. "Dear me, I promised to be at Mrs. Van Orley's before twelve o'clock. We are to settle about the curtain before luncheon. My dear fellow, it has been a privilege to see your work. By the way, you have never done any modelling, I suppose? You're so extraordinarily versatile—I didn't know whether you might care to undertake the Cupids yourself."

Stanwell had to wait a long time for the doctor; and when the latter came out he looked grave. Worse? No, he couldn't say that Caspar was worse—but then he wasn't any better. There was nothing mortal the matter, but the question was how long he could hold out. It was the kind of case where there is no use in drugs—he had just scribbled a prescription to quiet Miss Arran.

"It's the cold, I suppose," Stanwell groaned. "He ought to be shipped off to Florida."

The doctor made a negative gesture. "Florida be hanged! What he wants is to sell his group. That would set him up quicker than sitting on the equator."

"Sell his group?" Stanwell echoed. "But he's so indifferent to recognition—he believes in himself so thoroughly. I thought at first he would be hard hit when the Exhibition Committee refused it, but he seems to regard that as another proof of its superiority."

His visitor turned on him the penetrating eye of the confessor. "Indifferent to recognition? He's eating his heart out for it. Can't you see that all that talk is just so much whistling to keep his courage up? The name of his disease is failure—and I can't write the prescription that will cure that complaint. But if somebody would come along and take a fancy to those two naked parties who are breaking each other's heads, we'd have Mr. Caspar putting on a pound a day."

The truth of this diagnosis became suddenly vivid to Stanwell. How dull of him not to have seen before that it was not cold or privation which was killing Caspar—not anxiety for his sister's future, nor the ache of watching her daily struggle—but simply the cankering thought that he might die before he had made himself known! It was his vanity that was starving to death, and all Mungold's hampers could not appease that hunger. Stanwell was not shocked by the discovery—he was only the more sorry for the little man, who was, after all, denied that solace of self-sufficiency which his talk so noisily pro-

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She sat motionless, with a stricken face.—Page 711.

claimed. His lot seemed hard enough when Stanwell had pictured him as buoyed up by the scorn of public opinion—it became tragic if he was denied that support. The artist wondered if Kate had guessed her brother's secret, or if she were still the dupe of his stoicism. Stanwell was sure that the sculptor would take no one into his confidence, and least of all his sister, whose faith in his artistic independence was the chief prop of that tottering pose. Kate's penetration was not great, and Stanwell recalled the incredulous smile with which she had heard him defend poor Mungold's "sincerity" against Caspar's assaults; but she had the insight of the heart, and where her brother's happiness was concerned she might have seen deeper than any of them. It was this last consideration which took the strongest hold on Stanwell—he felt Caspar's sufferings chiefly through the thought of his sister's possible disillusionment.

IV

WITHIN three months two events had set the studio building talking. Stanwell had painted a full-length portrait of Mrs. Archer Millington, and Caspar Arran had received an order to execute his group in marble.

The name of the sculptor's patron had not been divulged. The order came through Shepson, who explained that an American customer living abroad, having seen a photograph of the group in one of the papers, had at once cabled home to secure it. He intended to bestow it on a public building in America, and not wishing to advertise his munificence, had preferred that even the sculptor should remain ignorant of his name. The group bought by an enlightened compatriot for the adornment of a civic building in his native land! There could hardly be a more complete vindication of unappreciated genius, and Caspar made the most of the argument. He was not exultant, he was sublimely magnanimous. He had always said that he could afford to await the Verdict of Posterity, and his unknown patron's act clearly shadowed forth that impressive decision. Happily it also found expression in a cheque which it would have taken more philosophy to await. The group was paid for in advance, and Kate's joy in her brother's recognition was deliciously mingled with the thrill of ordering him some new clothes, and coaxing him out to dine succulently at a neighbouring restaurant. Caspar flourished insufferably on this régime: he began to strike the attitude of the recognized Great Master, who gives advice and encouragement to the struggling neophyte. He held himself up as an example of the reward of disinterestedness, of the triumph of the artist who clings obstinately to his convictions.

"A man must believe in his star—look at Napoleon! It's the dogged trust in one's convictions that tells—it always ends by forcing the public into line. Only be sure you make no concessions—don't give in to any of their humbug! An artist who lis-

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tens to the critics is ruined—they never have any use for the poor devils who do what they tell them to. Run after fame and she'll keep you running, but stay in your own corner and do your own work, and by George, sir, she'll come crawling up to you and ask to have her likeness done!"

These exhortations were chiefly directed to Stanwell, partly because the inmates of the other studios were apt to elude them, partly also because the rumours concerning Stanwell's portrait of Mrs. Millington had begun to disquiet the sculptor. At first he had taken a condescending interest in the fact of his friend's receiving an order, and had admonished him not to lose the chance of "showing up" his sitter and her environment. It was a splendid opportunity for a fellow with a "message" to be introduced into the tents of the Philistine, and Stanwell was charged to drive a long sharp nail into the enemy's skull. But presently Arran began to suspect that the portrait was not as comminatory as he could have wished. Mungold, the most kindly of rivals, let drop a word of injudicious praise: the picture, he said, promised to be delightfully "in keeping" with the decorations of the ball-room, and the lady's gown harmonized exquisitely with the window-curtains. Stanwell, called to account by his monitor, reminded the latter that he himself had been selected by Mungold to do the Cupids for Mrs. Millington's ball-room, and that the friendly artist's praise could, therefore, not be taken as positive evidence of incapacity.

"Ah, but I didn't do them—I kicked him out!" Caspar rejoined; and Stanwell could only plead that, even in the cause of art, one could hardly kick a lady.

"Ah, that's the worst of it. If the women get at you you're lost. You're young, you're impressionable, you won't mind my saying that you're not built for a stoic, and hang it, they'll coddle you, they'll enervate you, they'll sentimentalize you, they'll make a Mungold of you!"

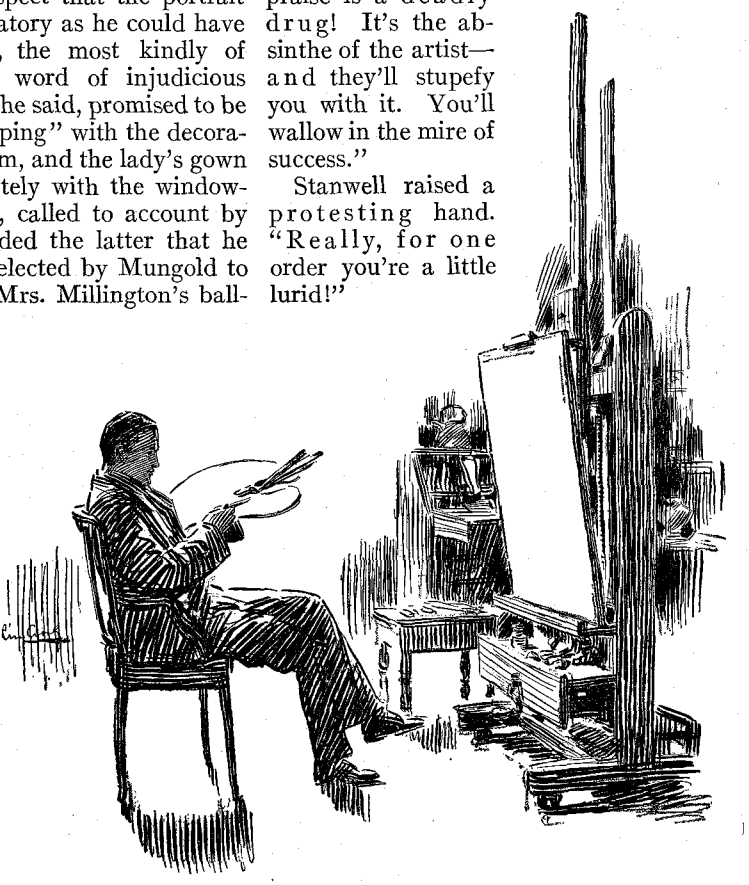
"Ah, poor Mungold," Stanwell laughed. "If he lived the life of an anchorite he couldn't help painting pictures that would please Mrs. Millington."

"Whereas you could," Kate interjected, raising her head from the ironing-board where, Sphinx-like, magnificent, she swung a splendid arm above her brother's shirts.

"Oh, well, perhaps I shan't please her; perhaps I shall elevate her taste."

Caspar directed a groan to his sister. "That's what they all think at first—Childe Roland to the Dark Tower came. But inside the Dark Tower there's the Venusberg. Oh, I don't mean that you'll be taken with truffles and plush footmen, like Mungold. But praise, my poor Ned—praise is a deadly drug! It's the absinthe of the artist—and they'll stupefy you with it. You'll wallow in the mire of success."

Stanwell raised a protesting hand. "Really, for one order you're a little lurid!"



Sat down before it with a grim smile.—Page 712.

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"One? Haven't you already had a dozen others?"

"Only one other, so far—and I'm not sure I shall do that."

"Not sure—wavering already! That's the way the mischief begins. If the women get a fad for you they'll work you like a galley-slave. You'll have to do your round of 'copy' every morning. What becomes of inspiration then? How are you going to loaf and invite the soul? Don't barter your birthright for a mess of pottage! Oh, I understand the temptation—I know the taste of money and success. But look at me, Stanwell. You know how long I had to wait for recognition. Well, now it's come to me I don't mean to let it knock me off my feet. I don't mean to let myself be overworked; I have already made it known that I will not be bullied into taking more orders than I can do full justice to. And my sister is with me, God bless her; Kate would rather go on ironing my shirts in a garret than see me prostitute my art!"

Kate's glance radiantly confirmed this declaration of independence, and Stanwell, with his evasive laugh, asked her if, meanwhile, she should object to his investing a part of his ill-gotten gains in theatre tickets for the party that evening.

It appeared that Stanwell had also been paid in advance, and well paid; for he began to permit himself various mild distractions, in which he generally contrived to have the Arrans share. It seemed perfectly natural to Kate that Caspar's friends should spend their money for his recreation, and by one of the most touching sophistries of her sex she thus reconciled herself to the anomaly of taking a little pleasure on her own account. Mungold was less often in the way, for she had never been able to forgive him for proposing that Caspar should do Mrs. Millington's Cupids; and for a few radiant weeks Stanwell had the undisputed enjoyment of her pride in her brother's achievement.

Stanwell had "rushed through" Mrs. Millington's portrait in time for the opening of her new ball-room; and it was perhaps in return for this favour that she consented to let the picture be exhibited at a big Portrait Show which was held in April for the benefit of a fashionable charity.

In Mrs. Millington's ball-room the picture had been seen and approved only by the distinguished few who had access to that social sanctuary; but on the walls of the exhibition it became a centre of comment and discussion. One of the immediate results of this publicity was a visit from Shepson, with two or three orders in his pocket, as he put it. He surveyed the studio with fresh disgust, asked Stanwell why he did not move, and was impressed rather than downcast on learning that the painter had not decided whether he would take any more orders that spring.

"You might haf a studio at Newport," he suggested. "It would be rather new to do your sitters out of doors, with the sea behind them—showing they had a blace on the gliffs!"

The picture produced a different and less flattering effect on the critics. They gave it, indeed, more space than they had ever before accorded to the artist's efforts, but their estimate seemed to confirm Caspar Arran's forebodings, and Stanwell had perhaps never despised them so little as when he read their comments on his work. On the whole, however, neither praise nor blame disquieted him greatly. He was engrossed in the contemplation of Kate Arran's happiness, and basking in the refracted warmth it shed about her. The doctor's prognostications had come true. Caspar was putting on a pound a week, and had plunged into a fresh "creation" more symbolic and encumbering than the monument of which he had been so opportunely relieved. If there was any cloud on Stanwell's enjoyment of life, it was caused by the discovery that success had quadrupled Caspar's artistic energies. Meanwhile it was delightful to see Kate's joy in her brother's recovered capacity for work, and to listen to the axioms which, for Stanwell's guidance, she deduced from the example of Caspar's heroic pursuit of the ideal. There was nothing repellent in Kate's borrowed didacticism, and if it sometimes bored Stanwell to hear her quote her brother, he was sure it would never bore him to be quoted by her himself; and there were moments when he felt he had nearly achieved that distinction.

Caspar was not addicited to the visiting of art exhibitions. He took little interest in any productions save his own, and was moreover disposed to believe that good pictures, like clever criminals, are apt to go

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unhung. Stanwell therefore thought it unlikely that his portrait of Mrs. Millington would be seen by Kate, who was not given to independent explorations in the field of art; but one day, on entering the exhibition—which he had hitherto rather nervously shunned—he saw the Arrans at the end of the gallery in which the portrait hung. They were not looking at it, they were moving away from it, and to Stanwell's quickened perceptions their attitude seemed almost that of flight. For a moment he thought of flying too; then a desperate resolve nerved him to meet them, and stemming the crowd, he made a circuit which brought him face to face with their retreat.

The room in which they met was momentarily empty, and there was nothing to intervene between the shock of their interchanged glances. Caspar was flushed and bristling: his little body quivered like a machine from which the steam has just been turned off. Kate lifted a stricken glance. Stanwell read in it the reflexion of her brother's tirade, but she held out her hand in silence.

For a moment Caspar was silent too; then, with a terrible smile: "My dear fellow, I congratulate you; Mungold will have to look to his laurels," he said.

The shot delivered, he stalked away with his seven-league stride, and Kate moved tragically through the room in his wake.

V

SHEPSON took up his hat with a despairing gesture.

"Vell, I gif you up—I gif you up!" he said.

"Don't—yet," protested Stanwell from the divan.

It was winter again, and though the janitor had not forgotten the fire, the studio gave no other evidence of its master's increasing prosperity. If Stanwell spent his money it was not upon himself.

He leaned back against the wall, his hands in his pockets, a cigarette between his lips, while Shepson paced the dirty floor or halted impatiently before an untouched canvas on the easel.

"I tell you vat it is, Mr. Sdanwell, I can't make you out!" he lamented. "Last vinter you got a sdart that vould have kept most men going for years. After making dat hit vith Mrs. Millington's picture you could have bainted half the town. And here you are sitting on your divan and saying you can't make up your mind to take another order. Vell, I can only say that if you take much longer to make it up, you'll find some other chap has cut in and got your job. Mrs. Van Orley has been waiting since last August, and she dells me you haven't even answered her letter."

"How could I? I didn't know if I wanted to paint her."

"My goodness! Don't you know if you vant three thousand tollars?"

Stanwell surveyed his cigarette. "No, I'm not sure I do," he said.

Shepson flung out his hands. "Ask more den—but do it quick!" he exclaimed.

Left to himself, Stanwell stood in silent contemplation of the canvas on which the dealer had riveted his reproachful gaze. It had been destined to reflect the opulent image of Mrs. Alpheus Van Orley, but some secret reluctance of Stanwell's had stayed the execution of the task. He had painted two of Mrs. Millington's friends in the spring, had been much praised and liberally paid for his work, and then, declining several orders to be executed at Newport, had surprised his friends by remaining quietly in town. It was not till August that he hired a little cottage on the New Jersey coast and invited the Arrans to visit him. They accepted the invitation, and the three had spent together six weeks of seashore idleness, during which Stanwell's modest rafters shook with Caspar's denunciations of his host's venality, and the brightness of Kate's gratitude was tempered by a tinge of reproach. But her grief over Stanwell's apostasy could not efface the fact that he had offered her brother the means of escape from town, and Stanwell himself was consoled by the reflection that but for Mrs. Millington's portrait he could not have performed even this trifling service for his friends.

When the Arrans left him in September he went to pay a few visits in the country, and on his return, a month later, to the studio building he found that things had not gone well with Caspar. The little sculptor had caught cold, and the labour and expense of converting his gigantic off-

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spring into marble seemed to hang heavily upon him. He and Kate were living in a damp company of amorphous clay monsters, unfinished witnesses to the creative frenzy which had seized him after the sale of his group; and the doctor had urged that his patient should be removed to warmer and drier lodgings. But to uproot Caspar was impossible, and his sister could only feed the stove, and swaddle him in mufflers and felt slippers.

Stanwell found that during his absence Mungold had reappeared, fresh and rosy from a summer in Europe, and as prodigal as ever of the only form of attention which Kate could be counted on not to resent. The game and champagne reappeared with him, and he seemed as ready as Stanwell to lend a patient ear to Caspar's homilies. But Stanwell could see that, even now, Kate had not forgiven him for the Cupids. Stanwell himself had spent the early winter months in idleness. The sight of his tools filled him with a strange repugnance, and he absented himself as much as possible from the studio. But Shepson's visit roused him to the fact that he must decide on some definite course of action. If he wished to follow up his success of the previous spring he must refuse no more orders: he must not let Mrs. Van Orley slip away from him. He knew there were competitors enough ready to profit by his hesitations, and since his success was the result of a whim, a whim might undo it. With a sudden gesture of decison he caught up his hat and left the studio.

On the landing he met Kate Arran. She too was going out, drawn forth by the sudden radiance of the January afternoon. She met him with a smile which seemed the answer to his uncertainties, and he asked abruptly if she had time to take a walk with him.

Yes; for once she had time, for Mr. Mungold was sitting with Caspar, and had promised to reman till she came in. It mattered little to Stanwell that Mungold was with Caspar as long as he himself was with Kate; and he instantly soared to the suggestion that they should prolong the painter's vigil by taking the "elevated" to the Park. In this too his companion acquiesced after a moment of surprise: she seemed in a consenting mood, and Stanwell augured well from the fact.

The Park was clothed in the double glitter of snow and sunshine. They roamed the hard white alleys to a continuous tinkle of sleigh-bells, and Kate brightened with the exhilaration of the scene. It was not often that she permitted herself such an escape from routine, and in this new environment, which seemed to detach her from her daily setting, Stanwell had his first complete vision of her. To the girl also their unwonted isolation seemed to create a sense of fuller communion, for she began presently, as they reached the leafless solitude of the Ramble, to speak with sudden freedom of her brother. It appeared that the orders against which Caspar had so heroically steeled himself were slow in coming: he had received no commission since the sale of his group, and he was beginning to suffer from a reaction of discouragement. Oh, it was not the craving for popularity—Stanwell knew how far above that he stood. But it had been exquisite, yes, exquisite to him to find himself believed in, understood. He had fancied that the purchase of the group was the dawn of a tardy recognition—and now the darkness of indifference had set in again, no one spoke of him, no one wrote of him, no one cared.

"If he were in good health it would not matter—he would throw off such weakness, he would live only for the joy of his work; but he is losing ground, his strength is failing, and he is so afraid there will not be time enough left—time enough for full recognition," she explained.

The quiver in her voice silenced Stanwell: he was afraid of echoing it with his own. At length he said: "Oh, more orders will come. Success is a gradual growth."

"Yes, *real* success," she said, with a solemn note in which he caught—and forgave—a reflection on his own facile triumphs.

"But when the orders do come," she continued, "will he have strength to carry them out? Last winter the doctor thought he only needed work to set him up; now he talks of rest instead! He says we ought to go to a warm climate—but how can Caspar leave the group?"

"Oh, hang the group—let him chuck the order!" cried Stanwell.

She looked at him tragically. "The money is spent," she said.

He coloured to the roots of his hair.

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"But ill-health—ill-health excuses everything. If he goes away now he will come back good for twice the amount of work in the spring. A sculptor is not expected to deliver a statue on a given day, like a package of groceries! You must do as the doctor says—you must make him chuck everything and go."

They had reached a windless nook above the lake, and, pausing in the stress of their talk, she let herself sink on a bench beside the path. The movement encouraged him, and he seated himself at her side.

"You must take him away at once," he repeated urgently. "He must be made comfortable—you must both be free from worry. And I want you to let me manage it for you——"

He broke off, silenced by her rising blush, her protesting murmur.

"Oh, stop, please; let me explain. I'm not talking of lending you money; I'm talking of giving you—myself. The offer may be just as unacceptable, but it's of a kind to which it's customary to accord it a hearing. I should have made it a year ago—the first day I saw you, I believe!—but that, then, it wasn't in my power to make things easier for you. But now, you know, I've had a little luck. Since I painted Mrs. Millington things have changed. I believe I can get as many orders as I choose—there are two or three people waiting now. What's the use of it all, if it doesn't bring me a little happiness? And the only happiness I know is the kind that you can give me."

He paused, suddenly losing the courage to look at her, so that her pained murmur was framed for him in a glittering vision of the frozen lake. He turned with a start and met the refusal in her eyes.

"No—really no?" he repeated.

She shook her head silently.

"I could have helped you—I could have helped you!" he sighed.

She flushed distressfully, but kept her eyes on his.

"It's just that—don't you see?" she reproached him.

"Just that—the fact that I could be of use to you?"

"The fact that, as you say, things have changed since you painted Mrs. Millington. I haven't seen the later portraits, but they tell me——"

"Oh, they're just as bad!" Stanwell jeered.

"You've sold your talent, and you know it: that's the dreadful part. You did it deliberately," she cried with passion.

"Oh, deliberately," he interjected.

"And you're not ashamed—you talk of going on."

"I'm not ashamed; I talk of going on."

She received this with a long shuddering sigh, and turned her eyes away from him.

"Oh, why—why—why?" she lamented.

It was on the tip of Stanwell's tongue to answer, "That I might say to you what I am just saying now—" but he replied instead: "A man may paint bad pictures and be a decent fellow. Look at Mungold, after all!"

The adjuration had an unexpected effect. Kate's colour faded suddenly, and she sat motionless, with a stricken face.

"There's a difference—" she began at length abruptly; "the difference you've always insisted on. Mr. Mungold paints as well as he can. He has no idea that his pictures are—less good than they might be."

"Well——?"

"So he can't be accused of doing what he does for money—of sacrificing anything better." She turned on him with troubled eyes. "It was you who made me understand that, when Caspar used to make fun of him."

Stanwell smiled. "I'm glad you still think me a better painter than Mungold. But isn't it hard that for that very reason I should starve in a hole? If I painted badly enough you'd see no objection to my living at the Waldorf!"

"Ah, don't joke about it," she murmured. "Don't triumph in it."

"I see no reason to at present," said Stanwell drily. "But I won't pretend to be ashamed when I'm not. I think there are occasions when a man is justified in doing what I've done."

She looked at him solemnly. "What occasions?"

"Why, when he wants money, hang it!"

She drew a deep breath. "Money—money? Has Caspar's example been nothing to you, then?"

"It hasn't proved to me that I must starve while Mungold lives on truffles!"

Again her face changed and she stirred uneasily, and then rose to her feet.

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"There is no occasion which can justify an artist's sacrificing his convictions!" she exclaimed.

Stanwell rose too, facing her with a mounting urgency which sent a flush to his cheek.

"Can't you conceive such an occasion in my case? The wish, I mean, to make things easier for Caspar—to help you in any way you might let me?"

Her face reflected his blush, and she stood gazing at him with a wounded wonder.

"Caspar and I—you imagine we could live on money earned in *that* way?"

Stanwell made an impatient gesture. "You've got to live on something—or he has, even if you don't include yourself!"

Her blush deepened miserably, but she held her head high.

"That's just it—that's what I came here to say to you." She stood a moment gazing away from him at the lake.

He looked at her in surprise. "You came here to say something to me?"

"Yes. That we've got to live on something, Caspar and I, as you say; and since an artist cannot sacrifice his convictions, the sacrifice must—I mean—I wanted you to know that I have promised to marry Mr. Mungold."

"Mungold!" Stanwell cried with a sharp note of irony; but her white look checked it on his lips.

"I know all you are going to say," she murmured, with a kind of nobleness which moved him even through his sense of its grotesqueness. "But you must see the distinction, because you first made it clear to me. I can take money earned in good faith —I can let Caspar live on it. I can marry Mr. Mungold; because, though his pictures are bad, he does not prostitute his art."

She began to move away from him slowly, and he followed her in silence along the frozen path.

When Stanwell re-entered his studio the dusk had fallen. He lit his lamp and rummaged out some writing-materials. Having found them, he wrote to Shepson to say that he could not paint Mrs. Van Orley, and did not care to accept any more orders for the present. He sealed and stamped the letter and flung it over the banisters for the janitor to post; then he dragged out his unfinished head of Kate Arran, replaced it on the easel, and sat down before it with a grim smile.

BY THE EVENING FIRE

By E. S. Martin

If mothers by their failings were condemned,
Oh, what an orphaned planet this would be!
That's not its fate. Their loving makes amend
For all the tale of their deficiency.
Though tempers by the long day's cares are tried,
And sharp words sometimes fall, and tears ensue;
Though hasty tongues unseasonably chide,
And little faults look bigger than is true—
Comes evening and anew with strength equips
Love's steady current strenuous to bless.
Smoothed, then, Care's lines by childish finger-tips;
Cured the heart's pangs by childhood's warm caress.
Clasped in the mother's arms, close to her breast,
Wrapped in her love, the restful child finds rest.

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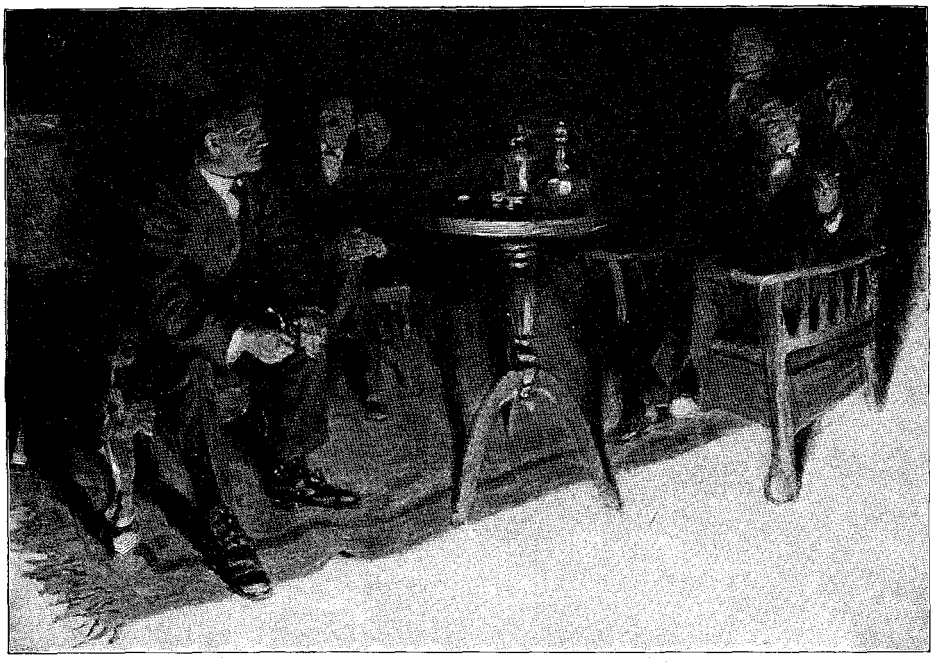

The old friends sat about the fireplace and told stories.—Page 714.

TOMMY

By Charles Belmont Davis

ILLUSTRATIONS BY N. C. WYETH

EVER since its formation the Cinderella Club had held its annual dinner on Christmas Eve. That this time-honored custom had been established and had been maintained with the full consent of the five wives, who were content to remain at home and decorate their Christmas trees unaided spoke volumes for the high standing of the five members.

Years before they had been schoolmates and had played on the ball team together against the rival nine of the academy from the neighboring town. And when the school-days were over three of them had gone to Princeton and one to Harvard and another to Yale. But the span of four years of separation was quickly over, and although when they returned to their native town each wore a different fraternity pin on his waistcoat, the five old chums were soon bonded together again with a tie which required no solemn oath of secrecy nor a tinsel emblem.

The days of play and text-books were over now, and each of the five took up the serious work of life—one became a lawyer, another a merchant, another a broker, and the last two started together on the lowest rung of the ladder in a banking-house and in time one sat in the president's chair and financed great sums of money and pushed an electric button when he wished to consult his old friend, who had been appointed receiving-teller after much difficulty, although backed by great influence.

In the case of the five men, the story of the Scriptures had been somewhat reversed, for it was the one who had received the ten talents who had buried his treasure and had done the least to profit by his opportunities.

"Tommy" Carter, as he had always been

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and was still familiarly called by his associates, belonged to that type of boy who could have easily stood at the head of his class but preferred to devote his time to base-ball and the extermination of all the rabbits and trout in the neighboring territory. Again, when graduation day came at the end of his college career he was content to be the lowest of his class to receive a degree and bore no malice to the young man who delivered the valedictory address, although Tommy, as well as the professors, knew that it was he who should have had that privilege. It was at Class-Day that he received his reward, for the college student regards laziness as no sin and hates a "grind." And so when Tommy came on the platform that day to close his college life with a few jocular remarks about the president and the professors of his Alma Mater he received such an ovation as the campus had never known before. It was that kind of an ovation that lasts a very long time, and begins with hand-clapping and ends with the men standing on their chairs and cheering and throwing hats high in the air, and the old ladies who have sons of their own and the young ladies who have brothers and sweethearts alternately waving their handkerchiefs aloft and drying their eyes. There were even gray-haired professors that day who were afterward accused of having joined in a college yell. For four years Tommy Carter had stood for all that was honest and clean in sport and out of it. On the field he was all grit and fight, but when the game was over there seemed to be nothing left but a woman's heart and a hand that was forever being held out to someone. Whatever the stress and however heavy the weather, the sun, at least for Tommy, was always shining. He joked about the bad coffee at breakfast, and in the classroom a problem in trigonometry was not without its element of humor, and at night he turned low the wick of his midnight oil and went about from room to room, staying just long enough to smoke a pipe, tell a few stories, and thoroughly corrupt any idea of serious study.

The Cinderella Club held their Christmas Eve dinner at a rather elaborate shooting-box several miles from the town. The event was so well known that no other member would have visited the club-house that night even had he felt inclined to do so, and so the five men always had the whole place to themselves, and used it entirely as they saw fit. Of course the dinner itself was the chief event. The table was spread in the hall, which formed the body of the house, and the steward always arranged that the feast should be worthy of the occasion. The menu never varied—there was a special lot of oysters from Massachusetts and a crate of terrapin from Maryland, while the clear soup and the roast pig were of home production. And then to top off with there was a blazing pudding carried in by the chief steward, who proudly held himself responsible for its being. As an accompaniment to all this, there were special vintages of wines carefully sought out by four of the members during the year and subscribed to the feast as personal offerings. The fifth member was Tommy, and to him was allowed the honor of supplying the punch —a most wonderful concoction of his own brew and a fitting climax to a feast worthy of the club and the Yuletide season, when all else must give way to good cheer.

After the dinner was over and the room had become sufficiently dense with gray-blue tobacco smoke and the servants had been dismissed, each member made a little speech in which was combined all the humor he had accumulated during the past year and each ended with a toast, usually of an intimate and sentimental quality. This function over, the members adjourned to the end of the room, where a curtain was withdrawn, disclosing a miniature Christmas tree laden with more or less humorous gifts from each of the members to the four others, and in addition there were real gifts for the wives at home which came in sealed packages and which were carried home unbroken. The tree was the last of the formalities, and this once ended, the old friends sat about the fireplace and told stories or followed Tommy Carter to the piano and joined in the choruses of their college life or listened to him sing the comic songs of the present day. And so for a few hours the men of business forgot their cares and responsibilities and for the nonce became boys again. But as the town clock struck midnight the sleighs were ordered (for this was one of those happy towns where they always have a white Christmas) and the five friends said their good-nights and started for their homes. That the

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members had never failed to bring their reunion to a happy close at twelve o'clock was their proudest boast and was the tradition which had given the club its present name.

The meeting just ended had been voted by all to have been the most entirely successful celebration the club had ever known. The spirit of good-fellowship and loyalty had seemed just a little more evident than ever before and merriment ran high from the very first of the dinner until Tommy had finished his last song and closed down the piano on the stroke of midnight. Always the chief merrymaker and the real life of the meetings, he had on this occasion far outshone any of his previous efforts. His speech, which was always the last because it was sure to be the best, was full of the wit and anecdote and gentle satire which had made him famous at college and had given him his present unique position as an after-dinner speaker, and when he came to his toast, which was to the ladies, he turned from humor to a certain sweet pathos—a gentle appreciation of the wives at home who had in their hearts a blind confidence in the significance of Christmas Day, and who were even then decorating the trees and making such preparations that their sleeping children should awake on the morrow and learn to look upon it as the one day of all the year. And after dinner was over it was Tommy who told the best of the stories and led the choruses and sang the latest songs in his own inimitable way. One of the members, the President of the bank in which Tommy was employed, believed that he, at least, could account for the great exuberance of his receiving teller. The bank happened to be one of those institutions which pay moderate salaries and give large Christmas presents to their employees. The past year had been one of unusual prosperity, and the directors had decided to give the employees a whole year's salary as a gift instead of the twenty-five or fifty per cent. which had always been the custom. And so just before the dinner had been served the President had called Tommy aside and had presented him with an envelope containing four crisp one thousand dollar notes, which in itself seemed to the President to supply ample excuse for Carter's excess of high spirits.

On his return home Tommy had told his young wife of the unexpectedly large gift from the bank directors, and then after a brief description of the events of the annual banquet had gone to bed, apparently as happy and content as he had ever been in his life. The next morning after breakfast the Carters exchanged their Christmas gifts, and among the rest Tommy gave his wife two of the four thousand-dollar notes and asked her to deposit them to her own account and to spend it when and how she saw fit. They had no children of their own, but Mrs. Carter always dressed a tree for some of the poorer children in the neighborhood and Tommy acted as master of ceremonies at the distribution of the candy and toys. This he did as usual, but when once his duty had been performed he complained of not feeling well and protested that the noisy excitement of the children annoyed him. He put on his hat and overcoat, and having kissed his wife, told her that he was going out for a long walk in the cool air.

Mrs. Carter could not understand why her husband did not come back to lunch, and after waiting for his return until late in the afternoon she sent for one of his men friends who had been with him the night previous and told him of her husband's unaccountable disappearance. The clubs and every resort where Tommy was known were searched, but no trace of him could be found. That night there was a meeting of the Cinderella Club at his home, and Mrs. Carter took the place of her husband. Women who are brought up in ease and comparative luxury and who always have had everything done for them all their lives have occasionally a way of rising to a crisis in a way that surprises and dumfounds men who have been trained to take the initiative. That is the kind of woman Mrs. Carter proved herself to be, and she rose to the crisis of her life with all the strength that often lies so long dormant in the fibre of a fine woman. It was the wife who arranged the conduct of the search for her husband; it was she who requested that an immediate investigation be made of his affairs at the bank, and it was she who demanded that the police confine their operations to the limits of the town in which he had lived. Under ordinary circumstances, she argued that he would not have left the city without telling her, and if he had met

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with foul play the act must have occurred in his own town. If, on the other hand, he had voluntarily left his home, then it was not for her to ask to have him brought back. That he was laboring under any delusion or that his mind was in any way affected was not for a moment considered, by either his wife or his friends. He had not led the life of the man who becomes insane and the idea of suicide would be the last to have occurred to him.

Tommy Carter had disappeared from his home and apparently from the face of the earth just as completely as if he had died and been buried. The police could find no clue and his friends and family no possible reason for his absence. His books at the bank were in perfect order and his home life was without a flaw. If he had not made a great deal of money in his short business career, it had been largely due to the fact that he found so much happiness and contentment in life without riches. His loss in a social way, at least, was of much import in his own town, for he was a man who was beloved by everyone who knew him, and there were very few, rich or poor, who did not know him. There were many theories advanced and denied and refuted, and several times there came reports of his having been seen in different cities in the East, but the rumors were never authenticated and Mrs. Carter always refused to have them investigated. If she had a theory herself it is quite certain she had never told anyone—not even her husband's best friends, who had proved her best friends, too, and who had watched over her with the care of a father for his own child. Carter's place at the bank had been temporarily taken by another and the honorary positions he held in the city life had gradually become filled. But everyone knew that there was one place that was not filled and never would be, and that was Tommy's place in his own home. They called her "the Widow" now, and even although she never spoke of Tommy they knew that every night and every morning she hoped and longed and prayed that he would come back and with a word explain it all away and begin life over again, not a better life, but just the same old life he had broken off that Christmas morning.

And so the weeks and months passed on, and there came another Christmas Eve and the Cinderella Club met once more at the shooting-box, and for the first time, although there were places at the table for five, only four of the members sat down to the dinner. It may have been the stormy weather that had affected the spirits of the members, or it may have been the empty chair at the table, but whatever it was, the dinner lacked the spontaneous gayety and the unrestrained laughter of former years. Had the four members been quite sure that Tommy Carter was dead and decently buried by the side of his forefathers, it might have been different, but it was the thought that he might still be alive that made the sight of the empty glasses hurt. Outside the wind whistled through the deserted piazzas and through the windows they could see the snow driven along in great clouds across the open country. Inside there came from the broad stone fireplace a splendid warmth and a fine orange light which filled the room from the heavy rafters to the polished floor, and the shaded candles on the table threw a warm glow over the heavy damask and the disordered mass of silver and glass of the finished dinner.

The men were sipping their coffee and had lit their cigars when the president of Tommy's bank rose to make his little speech and propose a toast. As if by mutual consent not a word had been spoken all evening of the absent member, but now the servants had left the room and it was in the air that the silence on the subject so near to all their hearts would be broken.

"We have all done our best," began the bank president, "to carry off this annual dinner with the good-will and the fun which have always added so much to the previous efforts of our little club. And, as we all know deep down in our hearts, we have signally failed, and we have failed through no fault of our own. No dinner without Tommy Carter could be quite the same as one with him. Were we at all certain that he is no longer among the living I am quite sure that the one toast of the evening would be to his memory. But we are not sure that he is dead. I, at least, wish I were sure of it. I have tried very hard to imagine circumstances which would make the desertion of his wife and his friends possible, even excusable, and I have failed. But my lost love and admiration for the man, and I am sure I speak for all of you,

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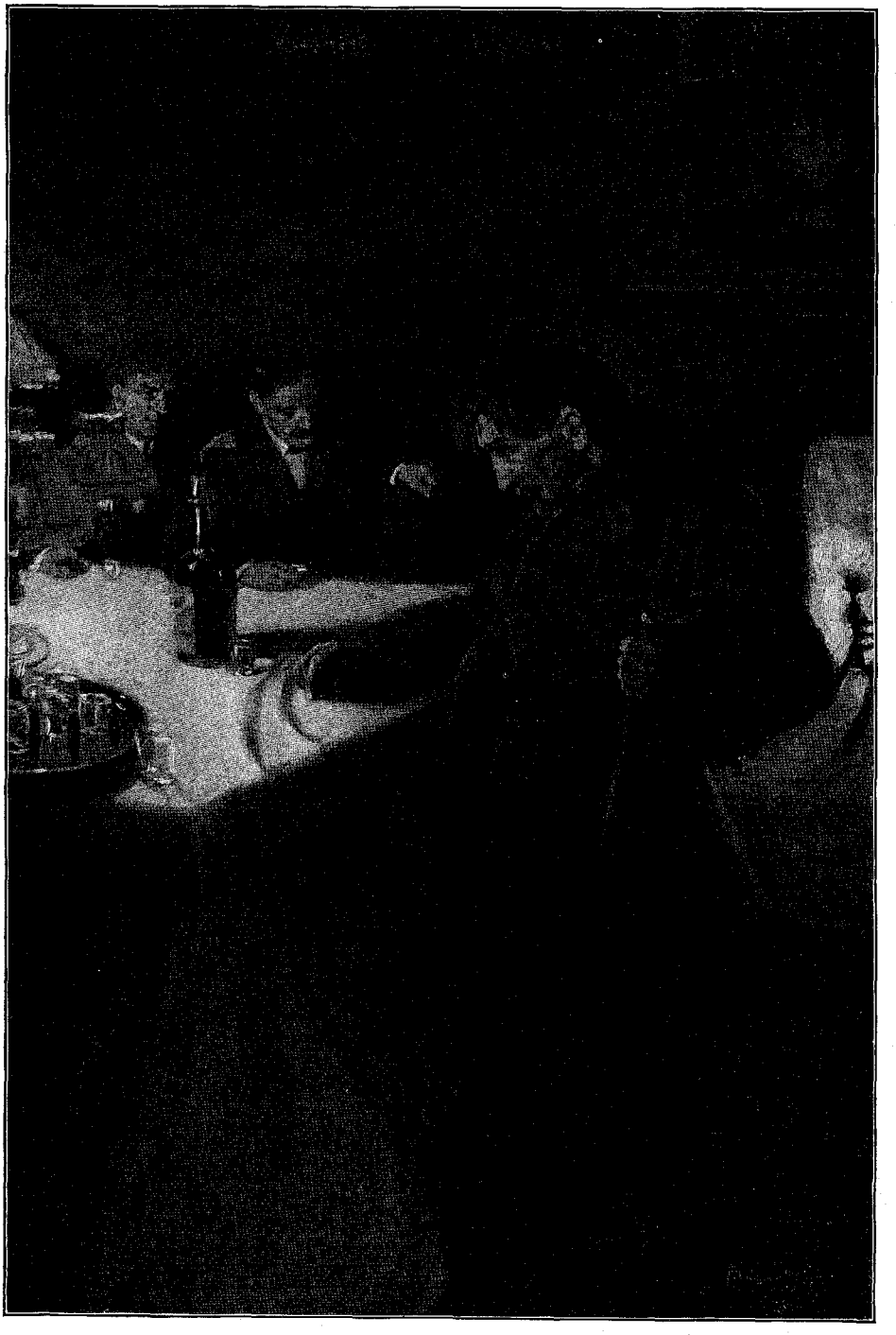

Drawn by N. C. Wyeth.

He glanced furtively at the faces of the four men about him.—Page 718.

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has but been added to my devotion and love for 'the Widow.' There is no act of kindness and sympathy of which the old friends of her husband could be capable which she has not proved to be her rightful inheritance. As we have missed him to-night, so has she suffered every day and every night, and so my toast is to the best of women—'the Widow.'"

The men pushed back their chairs and rising lifted their glasses, and as they did so the door was pushed wide open and Tommy Carter shuffled in.

For a moment he stopped to close the door against the piercing wind and the flying snow of the storm. Then he walked over to the fireplace and stood there shivering in the light of the burning logs. There seemed to be little left of the Tommy Carter they had known of old. His ragged clothes hung limply on the shrunken figure, and in place of the clean-shaven smiling face there was a rough, uncouth beard, and his skin was parched and tightly drawn.

The four men resumed their seats and watched the miserable figure at the fireplace gradually thaw out and return to a semblance of the living. With a shambling gait, Tommy approached the table and dropped into the vacant chair. One of the men shoved a bottle of whiskey in front of him and he poured out half a tumbler of the liquor and partly raised it to his parched lips. Some of the old light came into his eyes as he looked into the tumbler and his features broke into the ghastly semblance of a smile. Then he nodded his head, and putting the glass on the table, he glanced furtively at the faces of the four men about him.

"I guess I won't drink that yet," he whispered.

"Carter," said the bank president, "we were just about to drink the health of one who in the time of unusual adversity has proved herself a very remarkable woman. I mean your wife."

Carter nodded and pushed the glass of whiskey a little farther from him. For a few moments there was silence, which was finally broken by the president.

"Have you anything to tell us, Carter?"

"I know what you mean," said Tommy; "you mean has the prisoner anything to say before you pass sentence. I understand. I'm the prisoner, and you are the judge and jury. Well, that's why I'm here. I've given myself up and I want to tell my story; but don't make any mistake—it's not a defence."

Carter, with his elbows resting heavily on the table, began to talk in a whisper, but as he continued his voice gained in volume and power, and as the huskiness disappeared there came back the old tones in the voice his friends had loved so well.

"A year ago to-night," he began, "I drove home from here in one of your sleighs, and when the owner got out at his place the coachman took me to my cottage around the corner. I don't know why, but for the first time in my life I resented the use of another man's horse and I resented his fine house. My own little place seemed absurdly small and inadequate, and after my wife had gone to bed I sat alone smoking and hating everything about me. I hated the things actually in the room, and I hated even the vacant spaces because I wanted to fill them with things I couldn't afford to buy. I hated the poor growing plants I had bought for my wife for Christmas and I could have wrung the neck of the canary who kept singing cheerfully although he was in a cage. For five hours I had been making you all happy; for five hours I had been master, and I imagined I knew the thought that had been in every one of your minds that night. You all wondered that in my life I had not taken advantage of the brains that God had given me instead of being left behind by every fool that wanted to pass me. There was never a man who all through his life has had greater success predicted for him than I have had, and there is no one who has failed so absolutely. You know how it was at school, and you know how it was at college, and you know, God help me, how it has been since then. It was I who was to have the success; and yet when the race began it was I who stood by and watched you all pass me one by one and leave me far behind. Away from my own home I had known success—when I lived in the outside world I had been somebody—at least so it seemed to me that night—and I decided that I would go away into a world that knew my worth and where I should get my deserts. The love of my wife and my friends had left me, and in its place had come a great longing to play a big part in the big world. Before I went to bed I

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Drawn by N. C. Wyeth.

"And I cursed the men who grinned at me across the table."—Page 720.

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prayed that God would take away this ambition and that I would wake on the morrow with only the old spirit of happiness and content.

"It was not the first time; the same thought had come to me before; but it never took hold as it did that night. It gripped me like a vise and urged me on to make good the unfilled promise of the past. I chafed under my own failure and I was jealous of your success—yes, the success of you four—the best friends a man ever had. I wanted to be to you in all things—as I had been that Christmas Eve—your master."

Carter pulled himself to his feet and a strange light burned in his fevered eyes—the same light that had flamed up a year before and driven him out into the world.

"And the next day," he ran on, "the hatred of the things about me was still strong, and the thought uppermost in my mind was to get away—away to the broad life that was waiting for me. And so I left my home, as you know, and I went in search of something big and great, and yet something I could not define even in my own mind—perhaps it was power, or it may have been fame or great wealth—I don't know—but it was something which my life lacked and something that a new spirit in me craved."

Carter suddenly broke into a violent fit of coughing, and falling back into his chair laid his head on his arms, which were stretched out on the table in front of him. The four men sat silent and pityingly watched the emaciated frame shake convulsively under the folds of the ragged suit of clothes. The man sitting at his right put the glass of whiskey in front of Carter, but he pushed it away and started in again, very slowly, to finish his story.

"And what did I find? What did I find? I found the freedom of the escaped convict. Money, I had in plenty, and everything I touched turned into gold. I tried stocks and I went to the races and I gambled, and I bet my money like a drunken sailor, and I always won. That was good, because I needed a great deal of money those days. I was forever travelling—always moving on in the hope that I would find the big life—the high place that was waiting for me. I had never known what it was to have 'easy' money before, but now my pockets were bulging with it, and I spent it as freely as it came, and yet it brought me nothing. I chased on from town to city, and afterward from one country to another—my eyes were blinded by the colors of the rainbow always in front of me and my dogged brain hurried me on in my search for the pot of gold. And then one night the good luck which had been my evil companion through all my travels suddenly left me—left me alone, friendless and miserable. Budapest was the name of the place. I had lost heavily all day at the races, and I tried to win it back at night at a gambling club, and I lost and lost. The cards were human things, cruel human things, that reached out and took my money from me and laughed at me. The damned things had no mercy and they took it away from me—everything. And then I cursed them and I cursed the men who grinned at me across the green table. They were poor foreign things with short pointed beards and turned-up mustaches and little decorations in the lapels of their coats, and their fingers were covered with jewels, the fingers that took my money from me, and I cursed them out for thieves and blackguards. They threw me into the street, and I groped my way along until I came to a café where there was a regular blaze of lights and the men and women were sitting about little tables and laughing loud and singing with the band. For a time I sat with them, and in the cool night air my brain got clearer, and I saw things as they really were. In place of beauty I found paint and powder and rouge, and the women smiled like monkeys and the poor wizened men showed their gold and their bank-notes as if to prove they were really men, and the music itself was tainted with the desire for things which are only material. The whole place breathed of passion and excess and unrest, and it seemed as if the world had returned to the state of animals.

"The next day, with the help of the consul, I got light work on a boat that started me in the direction of my own land. The rainbow had gone—and in its place there was nothing left but a great desire for home and rest and the peace and the content which could never again be mine. There is no use in telling you what happened after this—you can see for yourselves.

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It was bad enough to suffer as I have suffered, but it isn't the body that hurts—it's the mind—I tell you it's the mind."

Carter put his hand to his head and slowly pulled himself out of his chair.

"I don't want any of you to think I came here for your sympathy, or your aid, but I just wanted you to know. If there was one place in the world where I might find an empty chair waiting for me I knew that it would be here. If I had opened that door to-night and had found this place filled—— I thank you for that, boys, anyhow."

"I think you had better have that drink now," said one of the men.

Carter stopped on his way to the door and held up his hand protestingly, "Not yet," he said, "not yet. I've got something else to do. I'm going to town." He slowly shuffled to the door and went out in the storm. The four men silently rose from the table and looked out of the windows on the great white landscape. The road marked by the heavy drifts lay deep in snow, and along it they watched the solitary figure of Carter fighting against the storm on his way to the town.

At the stroke of twelve the annual outing of the club was officially brought to an end and the four remaining members climbed into their sleigh and started to plough their way back home over the snow-filled roads. The bank president held the reins, and no one expressed surprise or curiosity when he turned into the street at the end of which stood "the Widow's" cottage. It was not necessary to go all the way, for from afar off they saw that the little house was aglow with the light of welcome and good cheer, and they knew that the prodigal had returned. The bank president suddenly turned the horses and drew the long whip sharply across their backs. "God bless her!" he said; "and Tommy too—damn him!"

It does not take good or bad news very long to reach the farthermost quarters of a small city, and by ten o'clock the next day everyone in town was talking of Tommy Carter's return. And although it was Christmas Day, and no one seemed to have very much in particular to do, there were no visitors at "the Widow's" cottage. There seemed to be a general understanding that the day and Tommy belonged just to her. As a matter of fact, the bank president did drop in during the evening, but it was only for a moment—just long enough to tell Carter his place was waiting for him at the bank. And the next day there was a long line of depositors which all through the morning passed slowly in front of the receiving-teller's window. There were old business men with a pocket full of checks and young clerks with little black satchels and poor old ladies and rich young ladies and many little children, all with gold pieces and crisp bank-notes which the real Santa Claus or just some modern Kriss Kingle had given them the day before. And as everyone in that long line approached Carter's desk they rehearsed the few remarks they had prepared, but it so happened that not one of these little speeches of welcome was ever made. But as a compromise each old man or young woman or little child just reached through the window and squeezed Tommy's hand.

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WILLIAM, ALFY, AND HENRY JOHN

By Guy Wetmore Carryl

ILLUSTRATIONS BY MAY WILSON PRESTON

THE big house stands upon a rise of ground, commanding a tolerable stretch of country; the gardener's cottage is back of its imposing neighbor, and further down the slope, and impresses even an unimaginative observer as having a deprecatory air, the air of a dependent—which, indeed, it is.

I have travelled a good bit, and seen a number of people who are or have been counted famous, and, among these, not a few who, by reason of an exalted position, a lofty manner, or a brilliant dress, were signally impressive; but even so, I found Mrs. Enoch Blake imposing at the first glance, and never met her thereafter without a sensation of respect. It was not remarkable, therefore, that upon William, Alfy, and Henry John that lady's presence should have produced an effect nothing short of stupefying. Mrs. Enoch Blake was a charming and sufficiently wealthy widow of my acquaintance, who lived in the big house aforementioned, and William, Alfy, and Henry John were her gardener's sons.

To emphasize the superb hauteur of her demeanor.

There were so many good points about Mrs. Blake that it would be sheer folly to attempt their enumeration; but she had no eye for her inferiors. Other people, and, in particular, your scientist, your author, and your painter, pride themselves upon the amount of things they contrive to see in going through the world; but Mrs. Enoch Blake plumed herself upon the people she managed *not* to see—a curious vanity! Her use of an elaborate gold lorgnette was so constant that she might fairly have been said to wear, rather than simply to carry, it, and was not, as might be surmised, designed primarily to reënforce a defective vision, but, quite as much, to emphasize the superb hauteur of her demeanor. It was only the envious among her acquaintances who compared her on this account to a basilisk or Gorgon, although I not infrequently heard it done. Not the least of her good points were two daughters so charming that I should infallibly have made an offer for the pair if I had been so fortunate as to be born twins, but between whom, as it was, I was unable to decide; a miniature Eden of a country-place; three capital saddle-horses; and a thoroughly initiated, if somewhat formal, theory and practice of hospitality. In short, Mrs. Enoch Blake was a lady whose tolerance (since I hardly expected to get much farther) I thought it very well worth a bachelor's while to cultivate. I had done so assiduously for close upon six years, and was regularly invited, once a quarter, to spend Sunday, and, at Thanksgiving, to pass a week.

I have more than once reflected upon the incongruity of the supposition that Mrs. Blake and her dozen or more servants were created equal. That she in person should ever have engaged them; that from time to time she should instruct, command, or reprove them, in the performance of their duties; that, in brief, she was so much as aware in any respect of their existence,

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I should infallibly have made an offer for the pair if I had been so fortunate as to be born twins.—Page 722.

seemed to me to be the least logical of human relations, so monumental was the contrast between the magnificent reserve of her attitude and the timid inconspicuity of theirs. They seemed to, and I think they did, regard her with almost superstitious awe, but the manner of none was so instinct with mute reverence and admiration as was that of William, Alfy, and Henry John.

From the moment when first I clapped eyes on them this infant trio exercised upon me the strangest and most powerful magnetism. Their ages I should have taken to be, respectively, five, four, and two. All three were solidly built, and distinguished by a stupendous gravity of expression, as well as by their gregarious habit of travelling heavily about in company. From the first, they vaguely suggested to my mind a group which I seemed to remember in Biblical history—I should be at a loss to place them—who "stood afar off, gazing," or something of the kind. As we were strolling about the place, or starting for a walk, we would suddenly espy them in the middle distance, motionless, staring, seemingly entranced. The elder Miss Blake proposed to draw from them a resemblance to buffalo, disturbed in their grazing, upon the crest of a prairie-swell. There was something in that. The younger Miss Blake was reminded of the natives of San Salvador observing the landing of Columbus from the slopes back of the beach. There was something in that also. But so far as I am concerned, I have only to whisper to myself, "They stood afar off, gazing," and I have called up the most vivid imaginable picture of William, Alfy, and Henry John.

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A nearer approach resolved the group into three distinct identities, somewhat imperfectly endowed with speech, and with faces possessing rudimental traits of features. William and Alfy, as being practically of an age and size, went, for the most part, hand-in-hand. I seem always to have seen them in surprisingly heavy clothing, or else they were amazingly great of girth—but I think it was the former. Their hats came lower down about their ears than is usual, their sleeves more amply over their hands, their boots higher above their ankles, and their trousers further below their knees. Beyond this, their dress was not remarkable, save for the manner in which their coats were buttoned—the first button in the second hole, the second in the third, and so to the end—which lent their appearance a curious suggestion of imminent disintegration, akin to that of an unskilfully constructed sandwich. It was reserved for Henry John to startle the eye by the wholly unexpected—and, I submit, the wholly illogical—eccentricity of his attire. He wore, unless my memory scurvily tricks me, a red flannel dolman and a white turban, the year around. I am bound to confess that there was always something, not only about the personality, but about the very name, of Henry John, which charmed me irresistibly. In the former he was strikingly unique, and in the latter I think that he was hardly less so. So many have been called John Henry!

As I have said, Henry John was, approximately, two. I have some diffidence in endeavoring to make clear his chief peculiarity. The task calls not only for precision, but for a certain delicacy of reference, as well. However, one can do no more than try.

Mrs. Enoch Blake was a lady whose tolerance I thought it very well worth a bachelor's while to cultivate.—Page 722.

The salivary glands, then, of Henry John were abnormally active in the performance of their function, and his swallowing powers limited to a degree. Resulted, upon his countenance, certain insufficiently drained tracts of territory, which knew no such thing as a dry season. To be added to this, as a factor contributory to his habitual appearance, was a notable instability of equipoise, whereby it is probable that he passed full fifty per cent. of his waking existence in a recumbent position, face downward, on the ground. For the majority of us, the fall of man is no more than an imperfectly substantiated incident in ancient history; for Henry John it was an ever-present need of

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They seemed to regard her with almost superstitious awe.—Page 723.

help in time of trouble. His sole salvation lay in the support afforded by the fraternal hand of William or of Alfy. United, he stood: divided, he fell—and copiously wept! Given this superfluity of facial moisture, and given, as well, this tendency to abrupt collapse, and it was but natural, I conceive, that Henry John should have uniformly, if ingenuously, displayed the dirtiest face that I have ever seen.

It remains only to speak, with necessarily incompetent eloquence, of the trio's drawl. If I did not thereby risk misapprehension, I should content myself with saying simply that they spoke at length. So, indeed, they did, but in the respect of quality, not quantity. As we passed them, starting for our walk or drive, the ceremony of greeting would run as follows:

The Elder Miss Blake: "Hello, William!"

William (with rising inflection): "Hair-lo-o-oh!"

The Younger Miss Blake: "Hello, Alfy!"

Alfy (with rising inflection): "Hair-lo-o-oh!"

The Misses Blake: "How are you to-day?"

William and Alfy: "Aw-w-l w-i-i-i-ite."

Myself: "Hello, Henry John!"

Henry John: "– – – – "

Myself: "How are you to-day?"

Henry John (falling heavily to the earth): "Wa-a-a-*ah!* Hoo-oo-oo-*oo!* Wa-*ah*-a-ah!"

Only once did I mention William, Alfy, and Henry John to Mrs. Enoch Blake. She raised her lorgnette languidly.

"Has Saunders children?" she inquired. "How disgusting! It must be something new."

Yes, it was evident that she prided herself upon what she did not see.

In all, from visit to visit, I may have seen the trio thirty times. I do not remember that they ever grew in stature, changed in appearance, or altered their form of address, from first to last, until that famous Hallowe'en, and even then the transformation was fleeting. They reverted, almost instantly, to type.

I spent a Sunday in August with the Blakes, and, as I drove away from the big house on Monday morning, saw and hailed the three infants in front of the cottage. There was no audible reply. Henry John tottered giddily for an instant, under the unexpected shock of my salutation, and

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then plunged forward and buried his face in the dusty driveway. His "Wa-a-a-*ah!* Hoo-oo-oo-*oo!* Wa-*ah*-a-ah!" came faintly to my ears, as the runabout swerved into the main road. I returned about noon, on the last day of October, to find the face of Nature changed.

A half-mile from the big house, I passed the country school, and, perhaps fifty feet further on, an open, grassy space, upon which an astonishing spectacle met my eyes. Along the edge of the green-sward, in the warm Indian summer sunlight, were seated on a row of stones a score or so of children, intently observant. Before this assemblage, with eyes closed and arms outstretched, William and Alfy were heavily turning round and round, acquiring dizziness. As I watched them, amazed at this evidence of intelligent purpose, they suddenly collapsed and fell, amid shrieks of rapture from the spectators. Immediately the whole company were on their feet and in motion, turning and turning, after the pattern set them, reeling, falling, rising, and repeating the experiment with tireless enthusiasm. In the midst of this I was aware of the eyes of William fixed upon me, and recalled the drollery of his accustomed replies.

"Hello, William!" said I. "How are you to-day?"

To my consternation William retorted with a gesture which for the first time in our acquaintance called my attention to the fact that he possessed a nose.

"Oh, *fur*-dge!" said he in a loud, bold voice, and

"Oh, *fur*-dge!" echoed Alfy and the twenty constituents in chorus, imitating to perfection their chief's contemptuous drawl.

I resumed my way, reflecting upon the benefits of education. For to my experienced mind it was at once evident, not only that William and Alfy had begun to go to school, but that, in their new environment, they had immediately assumed that commanding position to which their personality and talents undoubtedly entitled them. I was wondering, also, whether they had as yet arrived at the point of saying "Oh, fudge!" to the stately Mrs. Blake!

On the driveway leading up to the big house, I observed that the autumn leaves had fallen. So, also, Henry John. I set him on his feet, as I passed, and with my glove removed from his convulsed face a tithe of its accumulated grime.

"Hello, John Henry!" I said. "How are you to-day?"

"Wa-a-a-*ah!* Hoo-oo-oo-*oo!* Wa-*ah*-a-ah!" quoth Henry John.

I went on, comforted. It was a heartening thing to find at least one unchanged reminder of simpler times.

The afternoon passed pleasantly. The weeks had but served to render Mrs. Blake the more magnificent, and she plied her lorgnette with a mastery which rendered me frankly uneasy on the score of an interview to come. The younger Miss Blake found fault with my scarf, during the ten minutes which I managed to snatch alone with her before tea, but, in some fashion which I will leave those who think they can guess at the relationship between us to divine, her scolding afforded me more satisfaction than another's commendation.

"It's too large and pudgy," said she. "I should think it would feel awfully uncomfortable, under your chin there."

"There is something," I suggested, "which I can imagine would feel awfully comfortable, just *over* my chin here!"

And, having obtained it, I contentedly gave my scarf to the butler next morning!

When we came to the tea-leaves and the last slice of marmaladed toast, I had a word in the patrician ear of Mrs. Blake:

"Will you come for a little walk outside?"

"*I?*" she inquired.

"Please!" I answered. "It's really important—very!"

Outside, the blue-black October evening, wind-blown, was full of the lisp of falling leaves and the distant booming of the sea. The smell of pines and red cedars was in the air. As the magnificent Mrs. Blake and I paced the piazza in silence, I searched for words which, somehow, did not come. Far off, to the right, little dots of yellow winked against the dark.

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"Fire-flies," thought I. But they were not fire-flies. I am too thoroughly city-bred to be wholly familiar with the phenomena proper to the seasons in the country.

"Mrs. Blake," I said at last, "there comes a time in the life of every man when he begins to suspect that perhaps the manner in which he has seen fit to arrange his existence is not an unqualified success. That time has come in mine. I've been thinking in what way I can best put the case before you, and I've about concluded that I cannot do better than to come directly to the point. Mrs. Blake, I've been a single man too long."

Mrs. Blake made no reply.

"This afternoon," I continued, unabashed, "I had a little talk with your daughter Katharine, and I was glad to find that her views coincide with mine."

"Ah?" observed the lady, coolly.

"I hasten to add," I went on, "that I have also had a conference with your daughter Isabel, and that she is precisely of the same opinion."

Mrs. Blake glanced at me inquiringly, and then deliberately turned her back and stepped out upon the driveway. It had clouded over, and was very dark. I followed her, and we strolled on together.

"I suppose," said she, "that you do not add Mormonism to your other accomplishments. You don't propose to marry them both?"

"I have found no possible means of choosing between them," I answered.

"In either case," objected Mrs. Blake, "there is some disparity in age. Katharine is only eighteen, and Isabel is not yet twenty, while you——"

"While I," I put in courageously, "shall never have another look at fifty-two."

"So you see—" began Mrs. Blake.

Here we came to a curve in the driveway, and, as if by arrangement, turned toward the house again. Then we halted abruptly.

What at a distance I had taken for fire-flies were, in reality, the features, rudely carved, of infant pumpkins. They were now so near at hand that we could perceive the attempted symmetry of their relation—the round eyes, triangular noses, and widely gaping mouths. They moved, to be sure, but at so grotesquely inadequate an elevation from the ground as to hint that the bodies connected with them must indeed be those of the goblins which these uncouth visages suggested. As I reflected upon this, suddenly the solution became apparent. Surely, in all that country-side, there were no rational beings so short of stature as William, Alfy, and Henry John!

"These," said I, "will be the babes of Saunders."

"Has Saunders children?" asked Mrs. Blake again. "How revolting! But—children with illuminated heads?"

"It is Hallowe'en, dear lady," I ventured soothingly. "These are but Jack o' lanterns—the pranks of infancy."

But, even as I thus pleaded extenuating circumstances, I was appalled to notice the unwonted boldness of William, Alfy, and Henry John. They had wheeled into line, close to the window of the room where, by all the laws of logic, I should, at that very moment, have been donning evening dress, and before my last remark had died upon my lips, the voices of the trio rose in unison upon the evening air, in a wailing, long-drawn, and supposedly terrifying cry:

"*Borr-r-r-r-r!*"

Here was progress! The three, who had formerly "stood afar off, gazing," had formed a conspiracy to frighten me, and were now deliberately carrying it out!

"Suppose I were to charge upon them," I suggested.

"By all means, do!" said Mrs. Enoch Blake. "The little imps! I wish you were a squadron of cavalry!"

Forthwith I charged, and, in the excite-

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The younger Miss Blake found fault with my scarf.—Page 726.

ment of charging, uttered a sound which, both in volume and in blood-curdling unearthliness, surpassed my fondest expectations. I have since endeavored, on several occasions and in private, to reproduce it, but in vain. It was an inspiration of the moment, and the knack of making it, like that of quarrying a monolithic obelisk, is a lost art, a secret buried in the past.

The three illuminated heads plunged instantly to the ground. One, at least, of them was shattered by the shock, and split into a dozen fragments, the candle-end it had contained rolling out and flaring for an instant in the grass, before it was extinguished. The young trespassers fled without a sound, without even giving me the proof of actual vision to confirm my suspicions of their identity. I cut across a corner of the lawn, in the hope of heading them off, but the darkness, which was now intense, had swallowed them completely. I was retracing my steps, chuckling amusedly to myself, when two things happened simultaneously. Mrs. Enoch Blake was suddenly precipitated out of the deep shadows surrounding the house, landing full and fairly in my arms, and the silence was as abruptly rent by a piteous wail—

"Wa-a-a-*ah!* Hoo-oo-oo-*oo!* Wa-*ah*-a-ah!"

"My *dear* Mrs. Blake!" I exclaimed, holding her somewhat more firmly than was absolutely necessary, "whatever is all this?"

"I'm sure *I* don't know," said she, with less self-possession than I had ever noted in her voice. "I was following you over the grass, when suddenly something—something soft—fell down in front of me, and I stumbled over it."

Then she laughed.

"I think I've come about twenty feet," she added, "trying to recover my balance, and—well, here I am!"

So that was it. In their panic William and Alfy had foully deserted Henry John!

I need not dwell upon what immediately followed. Mrs. Enoch Blake was ten years my junior, and—if I may be permitted the expression—as charming as her two daughters rolled into one. (Which was precisely what I was upon the point of telling her, when we turned and saw the illuminated heads.)

The following morning we took a long walk, and on our return, came suddenly, at a little distance from the house, upon

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William, Alfy, and Henry John, standing by the roadside in a row. They had a chastened air. One glance at their preternaturally serious countenances was enough to inform me that the rout of the previous evening had left its mark. I was convinced that they would not say "Oh, fudge!" on this occasion.

"Hello, William! Hello, Alfy!" said I.

"Hair-lo-o-oh," they murmured, with a rising inflection, in reply.

"How are you to-day?" I asked.

"Aw-w-l wi-i-i-ite," said they.

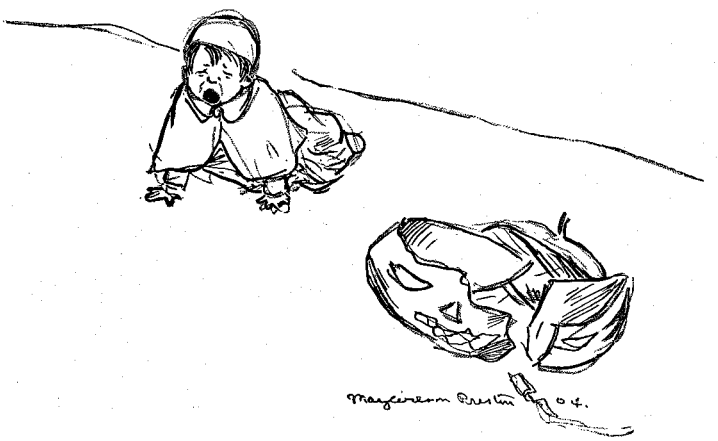
"Hello, Henry John!"

For a breath Henry John surveyed us, his face convulsed with immature emotions. He was emitting little clumps of bubbles from the corners of his mouth, like a crab suddenly disturbed in his meditations underneath a stone. His turban had settled low over his eyes, partially blinding him, I think, and his scarlet dolman, buttoned tightly over his heavy winter clothing, gave him an air of almost perfect sphericity. Of a sudden he swayed toward us, and fell massively on his face in the dust. The next instant his wailing smote the air.

"It seems to me," said the most charming woman in the world, "that I have somewhere heard that sound before. Do you know, if this top-heavy child hadn't absolutely flung me into your arms, I believe you would have proposed for one of the girls, after all?"

"Perhaps," I answered. "All the same, God bless you, Henry John!"

"Wa-a-a-*ah!* Hoo-oo-oo-*oo!* Wa-*ah*-a-ah!" said Henry John.



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STAINS

By Theodosia Garrison

THE three ghosts on the lonesome road
Spake each to one another,
"Whence came that stain about your mouth
No lifted hand may cover?"
"From eating of forbidden fruit,
Brother, my brother."

The three ghosts on the sunless road
Spake each to one another,
"Whence came that red burn on your foot
No dust or ash may cover?"
"I stamped a neighbor's hearth-flame out,
Brother, my brother."

The three ghosts on the windless road
Spake each to one another,
"Whence came that blood upon your hand
No other hand may cover?"
"From breaking of a woman's heart,
Brother, my brother."

"Yet on the earth clean men we walked,
Glutton and Thief and Lover;
White flesh and fair it hid our stains
That no man might discover."
"Naked the soul goes up to God,
Brother, my brother."

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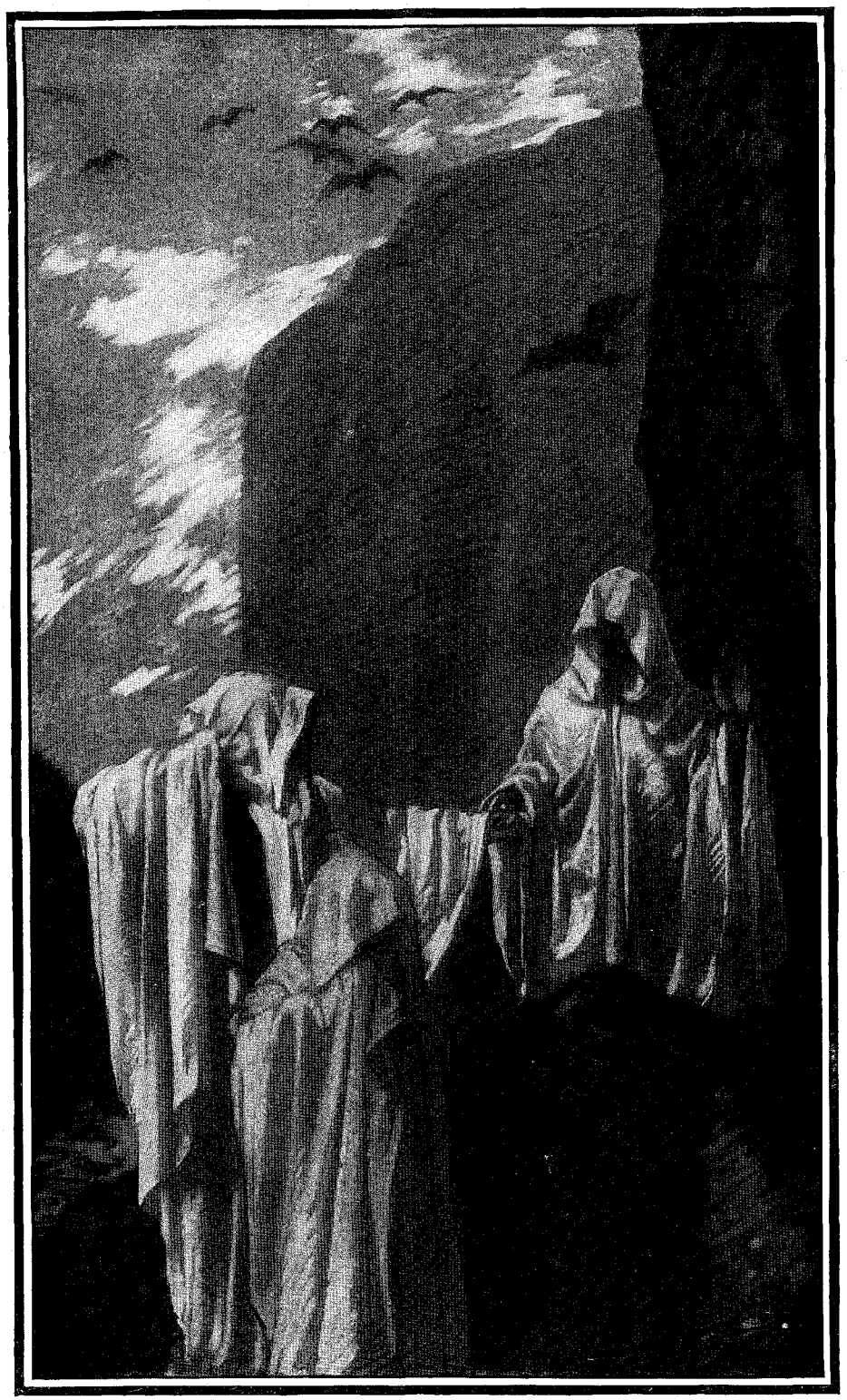

Drawn by F. Walter Taylor.

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THE CORNER-CUPBOARD MAN

By Sydney Preston

Illustrations by Edwin B. Child

IT was part of Geoffrey Alison's pleasure-loving inconsequence to be content with the material comforts he enjoyed from day to day, and, somehow, his mind had never grasped the possibility that the time might come when he would be compelled to take thought for the morrow. But as he stood on the road opposite The Jephson House and gazed after the stage that carried the last remnant of summer people from Quinn's Landing, he realized with a rush of impotent indignation that he was stranded. His frown deepened as he saw the vehicle reach the bend of the road, then he caught his breath sharply as a tiny handkerchief fluttered for an instant before it vanished around the curve.

Mr. Snowberry.

It was Kitty Burger's, he knew, in spite of her casual, indifferent good-by; but whether it meant the pity she might fling to a strayed dog, or a token of encouragement, he could not guess. It was two weeks since she had refused him, and though in that time, by no word or look, had she shown that he was regarded as anything more than a passing acquaintance, was it not possible—just barely possible, of course—that her indifference, like his, had been assumed, and that at the end her real self had got the upper hand?

Alison's eyes suddenly smarted; with an abrupt movement he pulled his straw hat forward so that the brim shadowed his face, thrust his hands deep into his pockets, and strode, with bent head, along the road; while the landlord and his wife, lingering at their gate, followed his dejected figure with speculative interest as he diverged into the leaf-strewn path that led to the lake among the trees.

"Looks kinder lonesome and down on his luck," remarked the man, as they turned toward the house; "but perhaps it'll cheer him up a bit to lie down there on the beach and listen to the little waves come wish-wash among the gravel." He sighed sympathetically and stroked the straggling reddish side-whiskers that failed to hide the good-natured placidity of his countenance.

The woman had kept pace in short steps to his ambling gait, her round, plump figure briskly energetic in every movement, and a preoccupied expression accounting for her unusual silence. "Look here, Jephson!" she burst forth suddenly, with an effect of smouldering irritation, "I've no patience with such talk. It seems to me that a grown-up man ought to have something else to do than to lie round listenin' to waves at this time of the year, when other folks is up to their necks in work. That's the way with all of you men: the minute anything goes wrong, down you flop in the comfortablest place you can find to think about it. Suppose Mr. Alison *is* down on his luck; what's the use of him sprawlin' round here when he might be doin' something useful to mend things? Here it is the first of October, and after some of the boarders hangin' on for nearly a month later than last year, I'm to have him layin' round in hammocks and stretchin' and yawnin' and lookin' lonesome,

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while other folks is scrabblin' and scratchin' to get the fall housecleanin' done before winter."

They had reached the veranda, and Jephson, with a fleeting regretful glance at the empty hammocks and chairs that swayed in the wind, sat down gingerly on the edge of the floor and heaved a prodigious sigh.

"For my part, Maria," he replied, shifting himself back a little as he saw her mechanically follow his example, "it seems to me that it'd be no more natural for some men that didn't need to work to go huntin' for it, than it'd be for rabbits to go huntin' for little boys with guns. There's enough poor critters scrabblin' for a livin', without a young man like Mr. Alison tryin' to take their jobs from them. If Providence had meant him to grub along like me, would his daddy have been let grow rich in the leather business?"

Mrs. Jephson eyed him keenly. "You didn't make that up out of your own head," she accused him; "you got it second-handed—didn't you now?"

Jephson chuckled, shifted himself toward the support of the post, and put his feet on the veranda steps; his wife's interest being aroused, he could count on a comfortable chat, instead of being hurried off to work.

"Well," he admitted, "I did hear Mr. Alison get off something like that one day last week, when I rowed him up the lake to the black bass fishin' ground. We had quite a chat that day, and he told me a few odds and ends that sort of relieved his mind. 'The fact is, Jephson,' he says to me, 'the old man hasn't used me right. I don't mind tellin' you,' says he, 'that if he spent a hundred dollars a day for the rest of his life, he'd have plenty over for a fine funeral; but he's that close he gredges me the allowance that's mine by right, bein' an only son. Actually, Jephson, he wants to make me go into the leather warehouse and learn the business, on a wage that'd scarcely pay for my neckties, instead of enjoyin' the income and privileges of a gentleman.'"

"And why should he get money that he's too lazy to earn—I'd like you to tell me that?" his wife broke in.

"And why, as he put it to me," retorted Jephson, "should he fill up the place that many a poor devil would jump at to keep body and soul together and keep his family from want?"

"Tut!" ejaculated Mrs. Jephson, slightly staggered.

"It'd be different," went on Jephson triumphantly, "if he was like some. As he says to me, 'Jephson,' says he, raisin' his hand up solemn, 'if I wasted his substance on husks and swine, I wouldn't say a word; but considerin' I never harmed man nor woman in my life, I ain't tret right. All I asked,' says he, 'was two or three thousand a year to spend in the innocent diversions of a blameless life; and when I was refused my pride was touched, and I packed up my summer duds and——'"

"But he wasn't too proud to live all summer on the fat of the land with them millionnaire Mingleys," she interjected. "It was all the same whose money paid for things, as long as there was French cooks and horses and yachts."

"Them Mingleys didn't use him right, neither," urged Jephson, on the defensive.

"Well," she commented judicially, "they had a right to go off of a sudden if they wanted to; and they wasn't bound to give him notice or take him with them. All the same, as far as I've heard, he was that good natured and obligin' and handy about doin' things, that perhaps he gave as much as he got, and I don't see no reason for all them people givin' him the go-by as if they was afraid of bein' sponged on."

Jephson's voice trembled with indignation: "And all the time, while there was picnics and boatin' and drivin' parties to get up, and tennis courts to lay out, and play-actin' goin' on, it was Mr. Alison this and Mr. Alison that, jest as sweet as pie the whole blame time!"

"He took his room here last Thursday, the day the Mingleys closed up, and didn't that pryin' little Mrs. Drinkwater that sings hymns all Sunday, make an excuse to come into my kitchen when dinner was on, to whisper confidential that I ought to get the money in advance. 'Mrs. Drinkwater,' says I, 'I've no doubt it's for my good, as you say, but I couldn't bring myself to do it.' 'Why not?' says she. 'Well,' says I, 'self-respect is the first law of *my* nature, and I ain't got none to spare; in the second place,' says I, 'I don't want to be took in, and I've noticed that in this

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world it's the suspicious folks that gets left; in the third place,' says I—and mebbe I wouldn't have said it but for bein' het up with brownin' gravy—'Jephson'll tell you that I'd sooner board ninety-nine sinners that'd keep out of my kitchen than one saint that didn't.'"

"It wasn't me that got it that time," grinned Jephson.

"I won't say I wasn't a bit hasty; but I can't stand havin' even a man round when dinner's bein' dished, and I do hate to have my peace of mind disturbed premature. Mr. Alison may turn out poor pay, but I don't want to know any sooner than I have to, no more than I'd want to be told that a burgular was goin' to break into the house. Besides, I don't deny that, in spite of not doin' the things people thinks he ought to do—well, I'm sorry for the young man; and I couldn't be sorry for anything that happened to young Mr. Snowberry, for instance, that used to set up prim and proper on the veranda, gossipin' with the old maids and married women when the others was playin' tennis. I declare, there's many a time when I've seen him settin' there with that long upper lip pulled down tight and the lower one bulgin', that I've tried to think up some way of lettin' a flat-iron drop plumb on his big toe. But if I had the chance, I wouldn't do it, I know—I couldn't be that intimate with him!"

"It beats all how a woman don't like a man to be too perfect," laughed Jephson. "Seems almost as if she couldn't get along without havin' a hand in the trainin' of him. Now it's different with a man; the perfecter a woman is——"

"Mathew Jephson," cried his wife, rising with a sudden access of energy, "I don't mind settin' down to have a chat once in a while, so long as you talk sensible; but once you begin moralizin', I'd sooner get at something useful than set still and listen. Now, instead of studyin' over the difference between men and women, which you can't better, you might set a while longer by yourself and wonder if them potatoes will be dug before frost."

Alison, after a prolonged meditation by the lake, rose at last with an air of desperate resolution, pausing a moment as he turned toward the path for a final sweeping glance at the shimmering water, from the cluster of shuttered cottages and locked boat-houses near at hand, to the dominating towers and turrets of the Mingley's, at the far end of the lake. With moody intentness he pictured the slowly changing landscape as the days grew shorter and the nights long and frosty, the green of the grass turning to a faded brown, and the trees showing gaunt and naked against gray skies, the rippling water hardening to crystal and whirling clouds of snow turning the scene into a wintry waste that would make one resigned to even the dull cheer of the baseburner in the bare living-room of The Jephson House. It was this prospect he faced when he strode along the road and found the landlord in the potato field.

"Jephson," he announced abruptly, 'I'm strapped."

Jephson glanced up, plunged his fork into the ground as a prop and leaned on it as he thoughtfully surveyed the speaker, then grinned amiably. "You don't look it," he commented.

"Fact," Alison insisted; "I haven't a dollar to my name."

Jephson's mouth puckered with concern, then he chuckled. "Sounds bad," said he, "but I can go you one worse. I'm in for makin' a kitchen cupboard for the missis."

Alison laughed. "So you call that worse?" he asked.

"Well, I should say so," returned Jephson fervidly, "for it's out of my line. But women, I've noticed, look on places to stow things, as they look on hats and bonnets; they've got to have 'em, and the more they get the more they want—and by Ginger! they know what to do with 'em, too, every time!—like they know the front of a new hat from the back. And the things a man jest naturally leaves layin' round where they'll be handy to find, women jam into cupboards."

"All the same," Alison argued, "you're going to be fed and made comfortable while you're making it—but that doesn't help me. I'm clean strapped, I tell you, and the governor declines to shell out. Now, what are you going to do about it?"

"I ain't goin' to do nothin', for it ain't none of my business."

"But it is. You see, I'm going to stay on here and make a break to find out if it's such a fine thing for a man to work for his bread and butter as some people say."

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Jephson's incredulous gaze travelled over the young man's athletic figure, from tennis shoes to boating hat. "Cricky!" he ejaculated.

"Yes," continued Alison, "I've got to do something, and it has just struck me you might be willing to let me work out my board. Don't you want me to dig those potatoes, for example?"

"Jeeruslem, no!" Jephson shook his head vigorously. "No, no, Mr. Alison—you jest lay round and take things easy for awhile: time enough to lend a hand when something extra turns up, for handlin' potatoes ain't no job for the likes of you. To tell the honest truth, it'd give me the creeps to see you workin' with roots or things that don't come natural to you. If it was forkin' hay, I'd say pile in, and be thankful; but potato diggin'—no sir-ee! But if you like to lay round, as I said, when any extra job turns up that needs brains, I'll ask you to lend a hand. It's the extra jobs that knock a man out, like that there cupboard. Cricky, Tommy! what's chasin' you?"

A small boy, panting and agitated, was running toward them. "Dad's kicked!" he shrieked—"the gray mare done it—fetched him on the leg. He's swearin' to beat—the band!" he added breathlessly.

"Then it ain't broke?"

"No, it ain't; but he had to stand on t'other one to lam the gray mare—says you got to get someone to drive the stage."

"There—I knowed it!" complained Jephson; "them careless fellows like Jerry Wedge is bound to make trouble for other people. Now, who in thunder can I get to drive the afternoon stage, with the mail-bag due at Longbury for the 5.30 train?"

Through Alison's brain flashed a vision of his father, the opulent leather merchant, learning that his son had become a country stage-driver in the effort to earn an honest livelihood. "Hitch up, and I'll do it," he volunteered.

Jephson stared, then laughed. "Guess you don't want to drive through Longbury in them duds?" he said.

"They're all I've got," returned Alison; "and if I don't mind, other people needn't worry."

Thus it happened that the Quinn's Landing stage, a rather dilapidated vehicle, drawn by a team of horses that had jogged their daily course over the same route until life became void of hope or fear, jiggeted noisily down the business street of Longbury in charge of a young man who would have attracted less attention on the box-seat of a coach. But Alison sat on the driver's perch with an air of jaunty unconcern, like the skipper of a trim yacht who unexpectedly finds himself steering an unwieldy barge, apparently oblivious to the curious glances that followed his progress. October was rather late for tennis flannels and straw hats, he admitted, and a warm suit would not be out of place in such cool weather; but what did mere outward apparel matter to a man deserted by his friends and driven to earn his bread by the sweat of his brow? People might stare if they chose: potato-digging was out of his line, but stage-driving wasn't.

As he drew up at the shop where his two women passengers wanted to get off, a small crowd gathered and looked on with amused interest as he helped them to alight, an animated buzz of comment following when he lifted his hat and climbed to the seat once more. In spite of his resolution, Alison's equanimity was ruffled; he drove to the station in a hostile frame of mind, mentally anathematizing the people who stared at him. "Confounded idiots!" he ejaculated, as he flung the mail-bag on the platform and jumped after it. He came down with a resounding thump, conscious before he raised his eyes that someone half screened behind a pile of trunks suddenly stood up with a startled exclamation.

"I beg your—" he began, then stared in mute bewilderment; for the face was Kitty Burger's, and in her wondering eyes he read a look of frank pleasure that made the blood rush to his face.

"Miss—Burger," he stammered, with a lump in his throat: not until that moment had he quite realized his loneliness.

Kitty laughed, a happy, half-hysterical laugh. "Oh, I'm so glad to see you!" she cried. "It seems like a month since this morning, for I've been here alone for hours."

"Why, I thought you were going on the morning train?"

"I meant to," she replied, with a smile, "but Wedge had to stop twice to tie up the harness, and when we got to Longbury Aunt Emily was in a panic about missing

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the train; then, just as those old horses were making up time on Main Street, my hat blew off and was crushed under a passing wagon. Well, I couldn't go hatless, and Aunt Emily was fussing so, that I made them drive on to the station while I went to a milliner's on the chance of getting through in time; and of course I was too late. But how—where did you drop from?" She looked around in puzzled inquiry.

Alison's joy turned to embarrassment. It was one thing to drive a stage among strangers whose opinion you ignored; it was another to be discovered in a menial occupation by Kitty Burger.

"The fact is," he began, averting his eyes, "I—I came in *that* thing!" He made a gesture of repulsion toward the dilapidated vehicle and blinking horses.

"Then you're going on this train, too?" she asked cheerfully.

Alison straightened himself; the flush of mortification was in his face, but he looked at her squarely. "No," he returned, "I'm driving the stage. Wedge got kicked by the gray, so I'm taking his place."

"Why, Mr. Alison, how good of you!" her eyes sparkled with interest and approval.

Alison hesitated. "You don't understand," he explained. "I'm not doing it for Wedge, but for myself: a dollar and a half a day, and incidentals. But I never dreamed of meeting anyone who—who would care what I did."

"Oh, Mr. Alison, do you really mean you've begun to work for your living?"

There was an incredulous note in her tone that cut Alison to the quick. "There's no use denying it," he admitted desperately. "The governor has gone back on me—offered me a beggarly five dollars a week. I'm clean strapped, so I jumped at the first thing that turned up, after declining his offer. Besides, I thought if he heard that I——"

"I'm so glad!" she interrupted, with a long breath of satisfaction.

"You're *glad!*" echoed Alison—"glad that I'm strapped—that I've come down to stage-driving to earn my bread and butter?"

A dubious look clouded her face. "I couldn't regret anything that—that spurred you to work," she said earnestly. "Isn't even stage-driving better than idleness?"

Alison stood gazing at her in stupefied amazement.

"Isn't it a privilege to earn one's living, instead of something to be ashamed of?" she demanded, with heightened color, and something like scorn flashing in her eyes.

Still Alison gazed in dumb admiration; then he drew a long breath, passed one hand across his eyes as if dazzled, and sat down beside her.

"I never thought of such a thing," he said helplessly, after a pause. "You—*you* think so?" he asked.

"Oh, I know it!" she cried. "That's why I couldn't bear to see you frittering away your life, when you might be doing something to justify your existence. I didn't mean to tell you"—her voice became a little tremulous—"but there—I have!"

Alison's heart leaped with the unconscious wistfulness in her glowing eyes; his face lit up with the reverent exaltation of the neophyte to whom hidden mysteries are revealed; at that instant he realized that somewhere beyond lay a higher plane that he must reach.

"I understand!" he exclaimed. "Why it's—it's like a revelation—the dignity of labor and all that sort of thing. I never knew the meaning of it before, but now—why, it's as clear as day!" And he looked with such fervid adoration into the eyes that had taught him to see, that Kitty became suddenly intent upon tracing a random pattern on the platform with her parasol. "I've been a dolt!" he ejaculated," but now I feel as if I could move a mountain in a wheelbarrow, just for the pure joy of doing it."

Kitty broke into a happy, light-hearted laugh. "Don't you think you'd better begin with something more practical?" she asked, with a glance at his light apparel. "The weather is beginning to get chilly," she added, drawing her cape closer with a little shiver.

Alison smiled ruefully. "I've been holding off with the expectation that the governor would come to terms, and it wasn't till this morning I accepted the fact that I would have to wear these duds until I earn some money. But when I made up my mind I would go to work and dig ditches or break stones, I suddenly realized that even these humble occupations must be

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permanently filled by elderly persons with grizzled chins, clay pipes, and one or more green patches about the eyes."

"But you'll find something!" insisted Kitty. "I know you will. And you must take the first thing you can find, instead of waiting for something better—that's the way to get on!"

"I'll do anything!" asserted Alison, inspired with ardent confidence, his eyes kindling with enthusiasm. "Tell me," he burst forth impetuously, "was it because I was that—that other sort of creature you wouldn't—give me any hope?"

Kitty's cheeks burned crimson, her eyes sought the distant horizon down miles of straight track. "I hope I don't seem the sort of girl who could care—much—for an idler," she said softly.

"But now," he urged, his face radiant with hope,—"now that I'm changed, and all that's in the past—don't you think—couldn't you——"

Kitty raised her clear eyes to his, eyes that shone with earnestness yet quivered with laughter. "I think," she said, "that next summer would be a better time to—to think of such things. Don't you see that it's only a few minutes since you—began to change?"

"It seems like years," cried Alison, crestfallen. Then hope returned: "I'll wait," he went on buoyantly, "till your faith is justified."

The distant rumble of the train crossing a bridge reached them. Kitty remained silent, a soft ebb and flow of color in her cheeks.

Alison sighed. "This morning," he said, "I felt like a desert islander, until I saw the flutter of your handkerchief."

"I couldn't help it," she said; "you looked so forlorn." The train thundered nearer. She gave him her hand. "Till next summer," she said, her eyes shining,—"good-by."

II

"Well, I do declare!—don't that jest beat the Dutch!—and do you mean to say, Mrs. Jephson, that the young feller in the white flannels made that out of his own head?"

Mrs. Wedge, who had run over just for a minute to say that her husband would be ready to drive the stage the next day, sank into a chair and clasped her hands in ecstasy.

"Certainly I do, Mrs. Wedge; and he put it together jest in no time, you may say." The speaker visibly swelled with pride as she noted her neighbor's admiring survey.

"Well, I wouldn't never have thought he could make as much as a pig trough, supposin' he tried. Of course, he drove the stage for a few days; but there ain't no real work about that. How ever did you get him at it?"

"Now to tell the honest truth, Mrs. Wedge, I didn't!" Mrs. Jephson drew a chair close to her visitor, and beamed in pleased anticipation of the effect of her disclosure. "The fact is," she went on, "he got at it himself, and he was that keen for the job that he made me think of a thrashin'-mill ingine with a full head of steam. It was the day after the gray mare kicked Jerry, that he walks down to breakfast when we was settin' at the table at seven o'clock, instead of comin' down at ten or eleven as usual. 'For the land's sake, Mr. Alison,' says I, 'are you sick?' 'No, Mrs. Jephson,' he says, 'I ain't. In fact, I'm feelin' particlerly well,' says he. And really, Mrs. Wedge, he was that full of sperrits I begun to think there was something wrong; but after breakfast it wasn't five minutes till Jephson come in from the woodshed slappin' his leg and laughin'. 'Maria,' says he, 'I ain't goin' to make your cupboard. Don't look so fierce,' he says, 'for it's took off my hands. Mr. Alison 'll bust if I don't let him do it.' Well, I was that took aback I didn't make no objection, and I knew he couldn't be a poorer hand than Jephson, who'd be more likely to bust doin' a job than not doin' it. So presently along comes Mr. Alison, and first thing he asks me, jokin' like, if I know there's two sides of a cupboard in that there corner. 'Where?' says I. 'Well,' he says, 'if you say the word, I'll put three-sided shelves in there from the floor to the ceilin', and then all that's to be done is to put doors on the front, and you have a corner cupboard. The fact is,' says he, 'it don't take much lumber, and there's none too much on hand, and I know jest how to do it, for I made a locker in the Mingley's boat-house like that.'"

"That was real cute of him now," put

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in Mrs. Wedge. "And I guess you didn't raise no objection!"

"Of course," Mrs. Jephson went on, restraining the too obvious exultation that crept into her tone, "of course it was a *corner* cupboard I wanted all the time, but I knew Jephson never could put together anything but a plain square one, and them Longbury carpenters charge ten prices for doin' things the way you don't want 'em done. Look inside, Mrs. Wedge."

"I declare to goodness"—Mrs. Wedge's voice came forth in muffled tones from the inner recesses—"if you ain't got things stowed jest as if they was cut to fit!"

"Certainly," the possessor assented, breathing hard in the effort to appear perfectly calm; "but it was the shelves that was made to fit the things that goes on them, though I wouldn't have thought of such a thing if it hadn't been for Mr. Alison. 'Mrs. Jephson,' says he to me, 'what's the biggest article you want to keep in this cupboard?' 'Well,' says I, 'the biggest is that there firkin of sugar. For the life of me,' I says, 'I can't keep Jephson from settin' on it to take off his boots.' 'Then,' says he, chucklin', 'I'll put it on the bottom and fix the lowest shelf so's nothin' taller than a potato bug can set on it. Now,' says he, 'let me see the next biggest thing.' 'Well,' I says, 'if that there big brass preservin' kettle could be got in, it'd be a mighty comfort to have it away from the flies.' 'Jest so,' says he; 'then I'll set this next shelf up to clear it, and the others to suit what you want to keep on 'em; for waste room,' says he, 'is worse than no room.'"

"I've got to have one!" cried Mrs. Wedge, in an excited tremulous falsetto, "I'll have one in my kitchen, if it takes all my butter-and-egg money from now till Christmas. Why, it don't take no room, you may say, and look what you got in it! I declare if this kitchen don't look bigger than it did before!"

"Of course it does—as Mr. Alison says to me, 'Mrs. Jephson,' says he, 'you've a wonderful head for arrangin' things. A man wouldn't never have thought of puttin' all them other pots inside the brass kettle, or made them jelly moulds look so tasty on the top. As for me, I begin to feel,' says he, jokin' like, 'that I'm about as useful as the man who plants a tree, or the one that makes two blades of grass grow where one grew before. What do you think about it, Mrs. Jephson?' he says."

"'Any booby can plant a tree,' says I; 'and as for the two blades of grass, I never seen that trick done; but it ain't a circumstance, I'm sure,' I says, 'to makin' one corner cupboard grow where there wasn't none before. There's only one thing, to my mind, to beat that,' says I, lookin' mighty knowin'. 'What is it?' says he. '*Two* of 'em,' says I."

Mrs. Wedge gasped. "You're never goin' to have *two*," she cried, her eyes dilating. "Maria Jephson, you *ain't!*"

"I am," nodded Mrs. Jephson, in shrill triumph. "I'm goin' to have another with glass in the doors, in the dinin'-room, for the blue-and-white tea-set."

Mrs. Wedge flopped back in her chair and eyed her neighbor's beaming countenance searchingly, her voice dropping to a pitch of solemn adjuration. "Well then," she said, decisively, "you're goin' to get him to make one for me."

Mrs. Jephson's frank complacence changed to a neutral smile. "Oh, I don't know as Mr. Alison would care to work for anyone else," she replied guardedly.

"Maria Jephson"—Mrs. Wedge's tone became a trifle strident—"you're goin' to get him to do mine. Of course, I know it ain't the same as if he was a common carpenter; but *you* can get him to do it, I know you can," she insinuated pleadingly.

"I'm willin' to ask him about it, of course," relented Mrs. Jephson, "but you know how it is, Mrs. Wedge—he's a gentleman, is Mr. Alison, and I'm jest expectin' that some of these days a letter will come from his pa with a thousand dollars in it; then off he'll go."

"Then you'll hurry him up. Tell him I'm your particler friend, and that I may die sudden, and—oh, my, but that's a nice wash-basin stand you got over there!"

"That's something I made myself," said Mrs. Jephson proudly; "and it's like them can-openers that's also a glass-cutter and a putty knife, for it ain't only a basin-stand. Lift up the valance, Mrs. Wedge."

"Sakes alive—his boots!"

"Yes, them's his Sunday ones and carpet slippers in the top part; his long boots goes below. You see it's jest two soap boxes nailed together, the lowest one on end and the other sideways."

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"My, ain't that cute!—but how ever do you get him to put 'em there?"

"Oh, that ain't hard. 'Jephson,' says I, the day I finished it, when he set down to take 'em off, 'the barn's the place for your boots.' 'Jee-ruslem!' says he, 'what do you mean?' 'I mean,' says I, 'that I ain't goin' to have no more dirty boots layin' round this kitchen. You can take 'em off to the barn, or else,' says I, 'you've got to take the trouble to put 'em in this boot cupboard. Now, which are you goin' to do?' I asks."

"But don't he forget?"

"No; he pretended he did, two nights hand-runnin', but he won't try that again. The first time I didn't take no notice, for I suspected he was playin' off to see what I'd do, but the next night I jest set 'em outside before I went to bed. Well, along about midnight the rain begun to pour, and when I heard it I thought of them boots set well under the drip, and I begun to snicker; and the harder the rain come down the harder I shook, till Jephson woke up and I could sort of feel the hair beginnin' to rise on his head; and that sent me off into a whoop so's I couldn't stop. At that Jephson lept out of bed with a sort of groan like a scared rabbit, and the first thing I knew he was standin' over me with a candle, and then I could do nothin' but roll and screech, he did look so ridiculous. 'Heaven help us, Maria!' he says, 'what ails you?' 'Your—boots,' says I, with another screech, and at that he begun to tremble, and I could see from the way he eyed the foot of the bed that he thought I thought I had 'em on. 'What about—my boots?' says he at last, holdin' on tight to the foot-board as if he was preparin' for the worst. 'They ain't—in the cupboard,' I says; 'I'm afeard they'll—get wet!' 'Tush!' says he, soothin' like, the roof's tight—go to sleep, Maria.' 'They haven't got no roof,' I shrieks, holdin' my sides. Then off I went again at the thought of how funny they'd look full all the way up the legs and leanin' over like tipsy leather buckets."

"I'll bet he swore in the mornin'," laughed Mrs. Wedge.

"Lor' no! Jephson's a church member, and I ain't heard a strong word out of him for two years back, come next month, when we put up the base-burner in the settin'-room. That time says I to him, 'Jephson, if I ever hear such language from you again I'll not give you so much as a look, but the next time the minister comes and the whole family of us is waitin' for him to put up the petition, I'll ask him plump and plain to plead special for a church member and the father of a family that's addicted to swearin'. Of course,' I says, 'he won't know who's meant, nor them two innocent children neither.'"

"My sakes!—what *did* he say to that?"

"He jest shook his head mournful and looked at me; then says he, 'Woo-man, woo-man!'"

Mrs. Wedge broke into a shrill laugh. "It beats all," she cackled, "the difference in men! If I said a thing like that to Jerry he'd jest raise the roof with his language." She tossed her head, like a mettlesome steed proud of its rider. "Of course," she added condolingly, "it must be fine to have your man mind what you say."

"Mind what I say, indeed!" flashed Mrs. Jephson. "I can tell you Jephson jest twists me round his little finger. But then there's some men that can take a hint that certain things ain't respectful to women, and Jephson's one of them, I'm glad to say."

Mrs. Wedge colored, glanced swiftly toward the cupboard, then smiled amiably. "Oh, well," she returned, "men's as different as women, and that's all there is about it. There'd be no use in me worryin' the life out of Jerry about things that come natural to him. 'For better or for worse,' says I when I married him, and as long as he ain't no worse, I don't see as I've any call to try to better him. I've often thought that, with Jerry, it's like puttin' up fruit: mebbe his feelin's wouldn't be as clear and sweet down below if 'twasn't for the scum that comes to the top. Well, I must be goin', Mrs. Jephson, and you'll be sure to speak to that young man for me? You could have knocked Jerry over with a milk-weed pod when he heard about him drivin' the stage; says he wouldn't have been more surprised to see a frog that was blinkin' on a lily-pad in the sun get down and begin to turn a barrel churn. My! I hope that thousand dollars won't come till he makes my cupboard."

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III

"WELL, he's gone!" sighed Jephson. He shaded his eyes to catch a final view of the receding wagon as it neared the turn of the road, then suddenly gesticulated wildly, with a sweeping wave of his arm. "Look, Maria," he shouted, "he's took off his hat!"

In an instant Mrs. Jephson was beside him, frantically flapping her apron over her head as a parting salute to Alison, who had pulled up his horses before finally disappearing around the curve.

"He's gone!" she echoed, furtively wiping one cheek with the corner of her apron,—"and if he was my own son I couldn't feel no worse." She turned with a sigh, and followed her husband in silence up the path to the house, and though it was nearly mid-day and the spring work in full swing, she made no protest when he sat down on the veranda steps and leaned idly against the post.

"I'd jest like to let Mrs. Drinkwater know," she resumed, sitting down beside him, "that I never had a more honorabler boarder in the house than Mr. Alison; but I don't suppose after what I said to her last fall, she'll come back this summer to give me the chance."

"I never seen a man so particler about keepin' square," Jephson assented. "Why, the ground was hard froze before he left off wearin' them white flannel suits, jest because he wouldn't keep back the board money and buy himself something warm. 'No, Jephson, I won't,' he says to me. 'I'll wear silk socks and a straw hat all winter, even if they ain't quite in fashion, unless I earn money enough to buy cheaper raiment."

"And then," mused Mrs. Jephson, "after me expectin' to see him lay round in hammocks, he flings off his coat and rolls up his sleeves and builds that there cupboard."

"It was a corker the way he piled in," ruminated Jephson; "it certainly was a corker! You'd most think he'd got wound up to go, like a machine, and jest couldn't stop, only for the high sperrits of him. There was one day I went into the woodshed when he was whistlin' and singin' knee-deep in shavin's, and he jest flung up his arms and shouted, 'Jephson, the joy of doin'!—there ain't nothin' like it!' 'The which?' I says, took aback, and eyein' him close. 'The joy of doin',' says he—'of feelin' that you're makin' use of man's privilege to work.' 'Um,' I says, 'never heard of it! I have heard,' says I, 'of the joy of *not* doin', and I know considerable about the pain of *un*doin', but Jeeruslem! I can't see no privilege in bein' poor enough to have to grub for a livin'. But I'm blamed if he didn't make out he'd sooner earn two dollars a day than have twenty give to him."

"Here comes Jerry Wedge," interrupted his wife.

The stage stopped at the gate, and a short, thick-set man with a broad smile on his weather-beaten face ambled up the path toward them.

"I jest dropped off to hear about your corner-cupboard man," he announced. "I met him down the road a bit with a spankin' team and a bran-new wagon. 'So-long, Jerry,' he sings out. 'I'm off—be kind to the gray mare!' Now where's he off to?"

"Set right down and we'll tell you about it," invited Jephson.

"I've got a powerful lot of work waitin' for me," demurred Jerry.

"Set right down then," seconded Mrs. Jephson. "I'm beginnin' to believe there's something in what Jephson says: that rest before labor is the only sure way of gettin' it."

"I guess that's the way the corner-cupboard man worked it out," chuckled Jerry, as he settled himself with a sigh of content. "By Jinks! he did rest before labor, for sure; but then he made things hum when he got to work. I think I'd set right here for ten years if I could earn a team and wagon like that in a winter."

"And now," said Mrs. Jephson, with maternal pride, "he's drivin' along the high road to fortune and perhaps to fame, as he says. Well, I'm goin' to have a look at the dinner while Jephson tells you about it."

"For a man that'd sooner earn two dollars than have twenty give to him, he's got a wonderful head for business," began Jephson. "You mind, Jerry, when he put up one of them cupboards in your wife's kitchen?"

"I mind it twenty times a day," returned Jerry, with emphasis. "Before that

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"He had to stand on t'other one to lam the gray mare."—Page 735.

Eliza had sense enough to leave things where a man would fall over them when they were wanted; but now"—he shook his head gloomily.

"I know," nodded Jephson, with a sympathetic smile; "but there's no use sayin' a word. Well, after that it was no time till people come round to get him to make more, and pretty soon he got the makin' of 'em down to a fine point so that he could almost cut one out with his eyes shut; then next thing he figured out how to handle twice as many and double his profits. It come to him all of a sudden one day when I was settin' on a trestle in the woodshed. 'Jephson,' says he, sort of solemn and low, 'it's lightin'!' And with that he clapped his hand to his head and turned a trifle pale; his eyes got kind of glassy and he stared at the shavin's on the floor. 'Where?' I asks, jumpin' up in a hurry and stampin' on them promiscuous, for I thought he'd tramped on a match. 'Hush—set down—don't move!' says he, in a kind of whisper; then he shuts his eyes, and his mouth tightens as if he was grippin' himself inside, and jest when I was ready to yell he opens them wide and says as cheerful as a cricket, 'It's lit—I've caught it this time!' 'What's lit—where have you got it?' I asks, gapin' round. ''It's like a hummin' bird,' he goes on; 'it's been dartin' about for weeks in my mind, and now it's lit—it's a idea,' he says. 'Jee-ruslem!' says I, 'do you know what I begun to think it was?' 'What?' says he. 'A bee,' I says. 'Bee or bird,' he laughs, hoistin' himself up on the work-bench, 'I want to talk to you about it.' 'Go ahead,' I tells him, shiftin' back comfortable. 'Well,' he goes on, 'it's nothin' more or less than a plan to add to the comfort and convenience of female humanity throughout the civilized world.' 'Ye-es,' I puts in; 'and what about male humanity?' 'It's this way, Jephson,' he answers, sort of hesitatin' and thoughtful: 'on the surface it may add to the inconvenience of male humanity, but it's bound to add to his comfort by makin' his wife happier.' 'Ye-es,' says I, beginnin' to see the drift. 'Besides,' he goes on, 'don't women take up burdens cheerful that would make you or me think of cross-beams and ropes in barns?' 'You bet,' says I. 'Then it comes to this,' says he; 'who's most deservin' of consideration—men or women?' 'Look here, Mr. Alison,' says I, 'a man that's got five corner cupboards in his house and hangs up even his trousers in one of 'em at night, and takes his hat out of another in the mornin', and that without sayin' nothing aloud, don't take no interest in the comfort and convenience of mankind in general. Go ahead with the idea,' says I; 'and if it's to use up all the corners in creation for cupboards, I'll give you my blessing.' 'The fact is,' says he,

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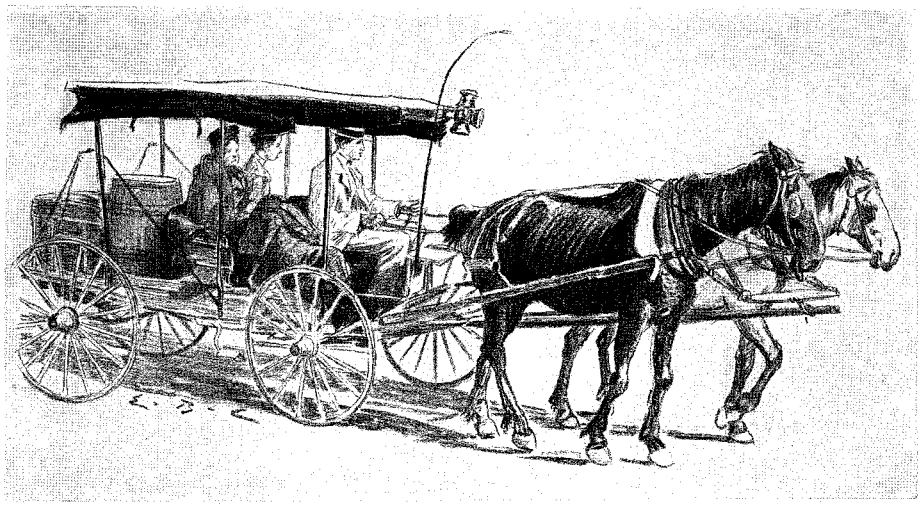

A rather dilapidated vehicle, drawn by a team of horses.—Page 735.

'it's jest come to me how I can use up most of 'em.' 'If you can do it,' says I, 'you'll be a billionnaire.' 'That,' says he, with a wave of his hand, 'is an evil I'll try to avoid.'"

"By Jinks!" burst in Jerry, "he didn't mean it?"

"I couldn't say," replied Jephson dubiously; "but it's my belief that we'll live to see him richer than the Mingleys. 'You'll notice, Jephson,' he goes on, 'that there ain't many houses round here but what are supplied with one corner cupboard, and some of 'em two.'"

"You bet there ain't!" interpolated Jerry. "Eliza's beginnin' to set her lines for another."

"'And we learn from that,' says he, 'that what women sees other women have, that they want; and what they want they get.'"

"No thanks to their husbands!" cried Mrs. Jephson, as she appeared at the corner of the veranda.

"'Then,' says he, 'from my experience in putting up cupboards, I've come to the conclusion that though different women have different temperatures, their natures is so much alike that every one of 'em will take to a corner cupboard at the first go-off the way a baby takes to a doll.'"

"Jephson," his wife accused him, "you're makin' that up."

"I ain't; and he says, says he, 'There's still hope for the human race in the future, for every woman'll be able to keep her man tidy, provided'"—he paused impressively, exchanging a glance of enjoyment with Jerry—"'provided she's supplied with one or more of The Jephson Adjustable Corner Cupboards!'"

"Wha-at?" shrieked Mrs. Jephson.

"Jest what *I* said," chuckled Jephson; "but there ain't no mistake—he's christened them after us—he told me this mornin'. He's invented a way of havin' them made, Jerry, so's the parts fit together like the leaves of a extension table, and any handy woman, or even a unhandy man, as he says, can slam up a cupboard in any corner of the house; then they can take it down and slam it up in another whenever they like."

"Thunder!" ejaculated Jerry.

"And he's took out a patent, and got two hundred made at the Longbury sash factory, and he's goin' to load up that wagon and sell them all along the road from Longbury to that town—I forget the name of it—where there's a factory that turns out foldin'-chairs and tables, and ironin'-boards, and such things by the million. It's a hundred miles from here, and he reckons that if he can sell two cupboards to a mile, the way is open to goin' into the business wholesale."

"Then he'd get about a thousand made?" asked Jerry.

"Liker a hundred thousand," responded

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Jephson. "This Mr. Bambridge that owns the big factory told him that if he could prove his cupboard was a good seller, he'd either buy out his interest or go shares. 'Sell two hundred in this State in a year,' says he to Mr. Alison, 'and we'll come to terms.' And that young man has started out to sell 'em in a month."

"And he'll do it," commented Mrs. Jephson, with conviction. "Come in and have a bite of dinner, Jerry."

"N-no—no thank you," returned Jerry abstractedly, as he rose. He started down the path, then turned and dug a hole in the gravel with the toe of his boot, and began hesitatingly: "Never could make out why he took such a shine to my gray mare. Wonder if he'd trade his team and wagon for her when he sells that lot of cupboards?'

"You can't never count on what a feller like that won't do," replied Jephson, with a grin.

IV

THERE was a whir of wheels and a rapid beat of hoofs on the driveway; a fleeting glimpse through the avenue of pines of a dapper team of bay horses, the flashing red of a brightly decorated democrat wagon, with a young man on the driver's seat who matched the spick-and-span completeness of the outfit. Mrs. Bambridge peered curiously through the latticed screen of her veranda as the wagon passed to the rear of the house, but the motion was too rapid for her to make out the gilt lettering on the box, so she settled herself back in her chair and awaited Jane's report. Things so

"Sakes alive—his boots!"—Page 738.

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seldom happened in the country that, on the whole, she preferred interested speculation to dull certainty, and she had reached an age when a comfortable seat was more attractive than unnecessary motion, so she was in no haste to satisfy her curiosity. He might be merely a tea-man, or an agent with baking-powder samples, or a man selling trees—but again, he mightn't!—and occasionally really interesting people came around in the country to sell useful articles that you would never hear of in any other way. If he were someone to see her husband, who had not returned from his daily trip to the city, of course Jane would consult her; if he were anyone else above the status of a rag-and-bottle man, Jane would report. In the meantime, with Dora off driving with her friend Kitty Burger, and the younger children at school, Mrs. Bambridge would have welcomed even the advent of an engaging tramp, not too dirty, with a capacity for moving tales and wholesome victuals. So she waited and wondered, and just when she had decided he must be a neighboring farmer—an amateur, probably, being well dressed—who had gone to the barn for some of the seed potatoes that Mr. Bambridge raised at a cost of two dollars a bag and sold for fifty cents, Jane appeared.

"Please ma'am," she announced, in an undertone that meant inward excitement, "'tis a corner-cupboard man."

Mrs. Bambridge's portly figure suddenly straightened; she moved to the edge of the chair and stared at the woman. "A *what?*" she demanded breathlessly.

There was a faint gleam of relish in Jane's eyes at the effect of her announcement. "A corner-cupboard man," she repeated, slowly and distinctly.

"Why, I never heard of such a thing!" cried Mrs. Bambridge. "Are you *sure?*"

"Quite sure, ma'am," affirmed Jane stiffly. "'Tis what he says, and what's in gold letters on his wagon."

Mrs. Bambridge rose with bustling alacrity. "A corner-cupboard man!" she ejaculated under her breath, as she followed Jane out to the yard; then her eyes fell in delighted confirmation on the gilt lettering, and she turned inquiringly to the young man as he took off his hat.

"I am ready to put up your corner cupboard, madam," he announced, with a certain courtly deference, "if you will kindly let me know which——"

"My corner cupboard!" ejaculated Mrs. Bambridge. "How did you know I wanted one?—oh, I see!—you met my husband, Mr. Bambridge, and he told you to call?"

The young man smiled, with a negative shake of the head; then his face lit up with astonishment.

"Mr. Bambridge!" he exclaimed. "Surely not the—the president of The Bambridge Manufacturing Company?"

"Yes," she answered.

An odd look flashed over his face, then he spoke in a matter-of-fact tone. "No, he didn't send me; in fact, I didn't know he lived here. I took it for granted that you wanted a cupboard, because every woman does. If your kitchen is well supplied, there may be a useless corner in the pantry or back hall, or you may need a place to keep odd dishes, or a linen or extra clothes closet. Here is a model of the cupboard when put together; the shelves can be arranged to suit any purpose, the centre ones being omitted when used for a wardrobe, leaving a place for bonnet boxes below and clothes hooks above."

"I see!" cried Mrs. Bambridge; the light of possession was in her eyes and her voice trembled with anticipation. "And you can put up a cupboard like that in any room?"

"In any corner of any room where there is a clear space of three feet from the angle on each side; and when the cupboard is built you get rid of a dust-gathering corner and gain a place to put all the odds and ends that make it difficult to keep a room tidy. If you would like one put up in your kitchen, for example, I——"

"O-oh, *ma'am!*" An ecstatic cry burst from Jane, who was standing behind Mrs. Bambridge. "The corner back of the door, ma'am," she pleaded in a tremulous undertone.

The two women exchanged a glance of complete sympathy and understanding; for that instant they were not mistress and maid.

"Wait!" cried Mrs. Bambridge. "The—the price?" she asked, with a weak attempt at caution.

"Five dollars with plain doors, and——"

"Put it up at once," she decided eagerly.

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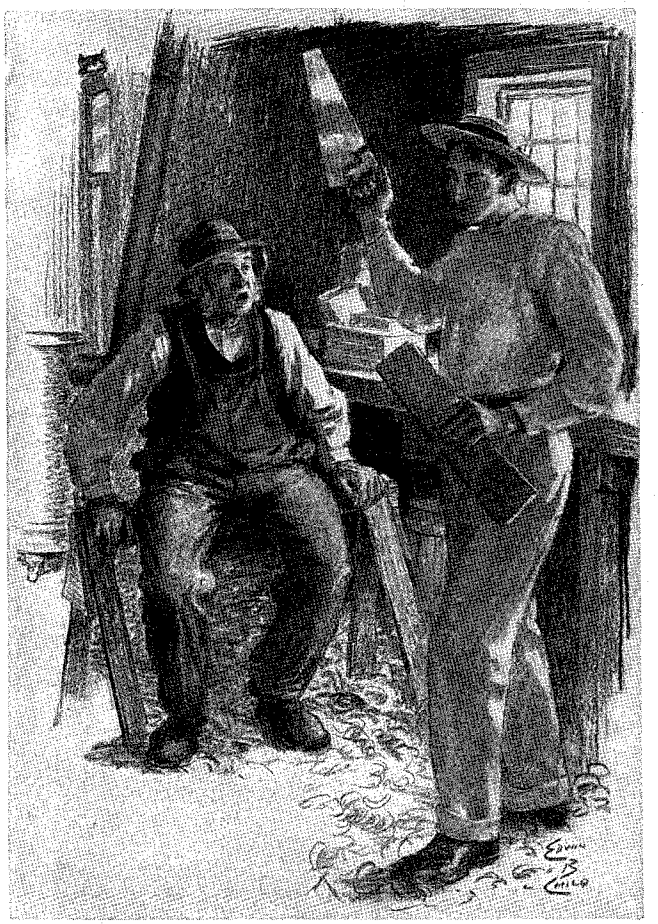

"It come to him all of a sudden one day."—Page 741.

"And do you think you could finish before five, when Mr. Bambridge comes home?"

He looked at his watch, his eyes twinkling. "That gives me a margin," he replied. "It is now a few minutes after two, and I need but half an hour at the most."

"Do you mean to say you can build a cupboard in half an hour?"

"Not build, merely put it up," he responded. "You see, the parts are all fitted, the hinges and fastenings on the doors, and it is only a matter of putting them together."

He carried the material into the kitchen, and the two women looked on as with dexterous rapidity he fitted the parts together. In the animated colloquy over the arrangement of the shelves with regard to the articles to be placed on them, Mrs. Bambridge and her maid became as flushed and excited as they had ever been over mud pies, and when Alison added the final shelf and slipped the pins into the door hinges, they beamed at each other in silent satisfaction.

"What does number 199 mean?" asked Mrs. Bambridge, examining the inside of one door.

"It means that the next one will be number two hundred," replied Alison, "and the last one I have."

Mrs. Bambridge hesitated but for a moment. "You may put it up in the back hall," she decided. "I hope it will hold *all* of Mr. Bambridge's boots," she added thoughtfully.

"Umph!" commented Mr. Bambridge, in his deep, bass voice, after a close examina-

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tion of the kitchen cupboard. He stroked his iron-gray beard with a slow, measured movement, his face impenetrably wooden, by which his wife knew that he was thinking hard. Suddenly he turned to her:

"Youngish fellow—light moustache and hair—voice rubbed down for oil finish?"

"How ever did you guess how he looked?" cried Mrs. Bambridge. "He had the most gentlemanly manner and nicest voice, and——"

"Yes, yes," nodded her husband. "Came after two, and slammed those cupboards up before three, you say? Then he's been gone two hours and thirty-five minutes."

"N-no, not quite. In fact, I made him wait for a cup of afternoon tea with me, and —we had quite a chat. It must have been after four when he left."

A brief, preoccupied smile flickered under the man's short beard. "Four-fifteen to five-thirty—then he'll be at Pentonville for supper, if he went north. Here, Jane, run out and tell Peter to put Flyer in the dog-cart—ready in ten minutes. Come into the sitting-room, Mary; I want to talk to you."

And for ten minutes Mrs. Bambridge found herself answering more apparently irrelevant questions than she had ever heard in the same space of time before.

"Then," he concluded, "although I told Jones when he made the plan of this house to jam cupboards in everywhere for you, you think there are not enough?"

"Certainly," she replied, a little nettled and bewildered. "There are not enough of the right kind in the right place. If architects were women instead of men, they'd have some proper idea of how many cupboards were needed, and where they should be. Why didn't Jones think of the corners? I told you when this house was built that I wanted to live like the plain people we are, but that considering our means, the house should have all the conveniences that money could buy; and now because I choose to spend a few dollars on corner cupboards, I'm cross-questioned until my head is in a whirl. I tell you that if he had had ten with him, I would have bought every one."

Mr. Bambridge burst into a hoarse guffaw. "It's all right, Mary," he assured her. "You may have fifty if you want them. Gad! that young fellow had sand to sell the last two here! I'm going to settle the thing right up, Mary. Just think how they'll work up in the contract ads. in the big magazines: 'What is a corner without a cupboard?' 'You have two sides—get the third.' 'Buy one for your wife—she can put it up.' Look here, Mary; have dinner at seven-thirty. I'm going to bring your corner-cupboard man back with me, if I have to lift him into the cart by the neck. You can put him up over Sunday, can't you?"

"Good gracious!—*William!*"

"What are you afraid of—think he'll eat with his knife? Did he pour his tea into the saucer, or leave the spoon in the cup?"

"N-no; but, William, he's an agent. What would Kitty Burger think! You know I wouldn't mind if we were alone."

"Kitty Burger's got more downright common sense than any girl I know. Did he tell you his name?"

"The corner-cupboard man," said Mrs. Bambridge faintly.

"Bear up, Mary!" laughed her husband. "His name is Alison. Old Geoffrey and I had lunch together yesterday, and between us we made out that this must be his son. They had a flare-up last summer because he wanted to loaf. Old man told me the whole story, and he's tickled to death over the young fellow going to work, but determined to let him hoe his own row. Well, I must go; back at seven-thirty."

V

THE peaceful, drowsy stillness of Sunday afternoon pervaded the Bambridge household when Jane, arrayed in an immaculate gingham that harmonized with the budding freshness of the early spring, stepped into the latticed servants' porch that adjoined the kitchen and sat down with a newspaper in her lap. But it was not till footsteps crunched on the gravel walk at the rear that her eyes sought the printed page, though an instant later, when Peter appeared, the sombre respectability of his best blacks relieved by a brilliant red and green scarf, she seemed absorbed in reading, to the exclusion of such an insignificant object as Peter.

The latter looked hesitatingly at the unoccupied half of the bench on which she sat, then subsided into a chair on the opposite side and stared gloomily at Jane, whose firmly set mouth perceptibly tight-

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"How ever did you guess how he looked?"—Page 746.

ened. There was a strained silence, broken at last by the ostentatious turning of the paper, during which Jane was compelled to take a full breath and momentarily relax the rigidity of her features.

"'Twas the divil himself," burst forth Peter, "that put the word inconvanience into my mouth. Sure——"

The words froze on his lips under Jane's icy stare. "'Twould be a terrible inconvenience to a man,'" she quoted. "Them was your very words, and——"

"And with that," broke in Peter, "you up and you says the cupboard would be no inconvanience to a man that'd stay out of the kitchen; and then you slammed the door in my face before——"

"I did," interrupted Jane, with a vicious nod.

"——before I could say 'to a man that didn't know nateness was the chiefest of woman's many vartues.'"

Jane eyed him suspiciously.

"'Tis the gospel truth," affirmed Peter. "Sure I was that overpowered by wonder at the way you fitted everything in but a few trifles like the stove and the table, that the words got stuck in my throat."

"Well, well," smiled Jane, with a coquettish toss of her head, "why couldn't you say so before?"

Peter left his chair and sat down beside her, his face radiant, then turned in a listening attitude toward the garden, nodding knowingly to Jane. "They're comin'," he announced in a mysterious undertone.

Jane peered through the lattice work at two figures slowly approaching down the

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"I mane," he answered, drawing her closer, "that in my ar-rms it is *harvest!*"
—Page 749.

arbored walk. "Miss Burger and the corner-cupboard man!" she ejaculated.

"The same," nodded Peter, "and 'tis no more than I looked for."

"What ever do you mean?" cried Jane, peering with breathless intentness.

"I mane what's as plain to your eyes as to mine," chuckled Peter.

Jane's wide-open eyes sparkled with delighted questioning expectation.

"I'd have tould you before," said Peter in a hoarse whisper, moving close to her, "but for the misunderstandin' betwixt us. After sarvice this mornin' Miss Dolly come out of the church and tells me she's goin' to wait for singin' practice, and I'm to drive the two of them home and come back for her. 'And mind, Peter,' says she, lookin' me unusual hard in the eye, 'there's plinty of time, and be sure to drive slow. 'Tis warm for the horses,' says she, 'and you mustn't forget to *drive slow*.' 'That I will, ma'am,' says I. And it wasn't till we got halfway home I could see a grain of sense in my instructions; but all of a sudden I was distracted by hearin' a dead silence in the carry-all, after them two had been chattin' most affable. 'Mother of heaven!' thinks I to myself, 'have they fell out of the carry-all, or is it out with each other? And jest then a quare feelin' run up the small of my back and I had a prisintiment somethin' was comin'. 'Hould on to yourself, Peter,' says I, 'and don't for the life of you waggle your ears or make a sudden move to show you're unusual sharp in the hearin'.'"

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"You never listened!" cried Jane reprovingly, an eager sparkle in her eyes.

"I was distressed through not bein' able to kape from hearin'," explained Peter; "but 'twouldn't be manners to clap my hands to my ears, and me sittin' up stiff and straight in the front of them!"

"Tut! you didn't hear nothin'."

"I heard a silence, I tell you, and then someone says as low and tinder as a courtin' dove, 'Kit-ty'——"

"And is that all? Why, that's nothin'! What are you takin' my hand for, Peter?"

"I'm showin' you how 'twas said," returned Peter tremulously. "You're Miss Burger, I'm the corner-cupboard man, and that chair is me in the driver's seat. Well, just when he spoke her name a meracle happened."

"A *meracle!*"

"No less: for at the word two eyes came in the back of my head, and while my front ones looked straight at the horses' ears my back ones could see him takin' hould of one hand, like this; then she reddened and looked down, like you, when he says, 'Kit-ty, is it'—Well, you'd scarcely belave 'twas a remark about the weather."

"The weather!—Leave go of my hand, Peter."

"Whisht! The sayson, I meant. 'Kitty,' says he, and he squeezed her hand like this, 'is it next summer yet?'"

"And this Easter Sunday! You're foolin' me, Peter."

"Then says she, soft and low, 'I think it—is early for—summer.' And then with his voice tremblin', he says, 'But in my hear-rt,' says he——"

"Take your arm——"

"There now, I'm showin' you how 'twas said; then says she, 'You—you mustn't.'"

"Peter, you—what do you mean!"

"I mane," he answered, drawing her closer, "that in my ar-rms it is *harvest!*"

"Peter, how many cupboards will there be in the kitchen?"

"Say the word and you'll have wan in each corner," declared Peter, with fervor.

"Four!" cried Jane, with a gasp of delight.

"And wan in the middle," added Peter, in a burst of tender self-abnegation—"that's five!"

ONE DAY

By Martha Gilbert Dickinson Bianchi

He taught her a whole world of needs
In one short day;
As one man to one woman may—
A need of daring and of deeds,
A need of crowns to lay beneath
His hero feet!
A need of tender fragrance sweet,
And fame to offer as a wreath;
Of joy all overpowering,—
Of pain, to prove
Enduring masteries of love.
A need of higher notes to sing,
A need of heaven and of truth;
Strong hands to guide,
And braver footsteps by her side
Across the day—aye and forsooth
A need of covert for her weary wings—
The need one man unto one woman brings.

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THE ANGEL OF HIS YOUTH

By Octave Thanet

IT was twenty years since Giles had seen his native town. Much had happened to him during that time. He had left the green Iowa hills, with something clutching at his throat, a college boy of twenty-two, fresh from his college triumphs, glowing with his college ideals and friendships, a warm-hearted lad who had just made the sacrifice of his life—so he called it—for his best friend. He had splendid physical powers, dim ambitions, a dogged tenacity of purpose, and an immense interest in his fellow-creatures. He came back a successful man, the president of a great railway who had kept his honor, but had lost a good deal of his belief in his fellow-creatures. He was married, he was happy in his home; yet he had not brought his wife with him. Many times he had promised to bring his wife and his children to see his birthplace; but he always made a mental reservation that it should not be the first time. He wanted that first visit alone, with his memories and with the romance of his youth.

It had been a tremendous experience; and a clinging sweetness still exhaled from the ashes of the past. For years he had not heard her name; he had never told her that he loved her; and yet the memory of those passionate hours that she haunted, had stayed with him through all his strenuous years.

He drove slowly along the road under the hills; twenty years ago, he knew the road well. How often at dawn had he galloped through the dewy freshness of summer, the pageant of harvest spread, below, for his unheeding eyes, above, the shaded hill-sides. He could feel the soft breeze, now, in his hair, just such a breeze; and there, through the maples, was a glimmer of white columns. Only a glimmer, the trees were denser now; he could not recover the outlines, to match the house with his memories. Then, it was the finest country-seat in miles around. Judge Burnham was a rich man for the times and the place; Giles, with a smile that had a dash of sadness in its irony, recalled how his father's head clerk (Giles's father was the leading grocer of the town) used to say, "Judge Burnham must be worth upward of a hundred thousand dollars!" And Lilian was his only child. Giles stopped his horse. Over him surged a thrill of the old delicious tumult that had used to tingle in his veins whenever he rode this way. He could see her standing in her white frock with the roses blooming about her, and her wistful, beautiful blue eyes fixed on her father. The Judge was not so well those days—it was the beginning of the end with him. He had worked too hard, and it told on him; and when his son was drowned, some spring broke in the father—he only lived a year. But she—was there ever a creature so delicately sweet as she! The very clothes that she wore were different from the other girls. Fanny, his wife, was the best woman in the world—now his mother was dead—a thoroughbred who would run until she dropped, and drop with a smile; she might have a spice of temper but she never bore malice—she never was ungenerous; she had stood by him through a hundred rough bits of travel; she was a handsome woman, a woman with a grand air; he was proud of her, and he loved her with all his heart; but little Lilian, gentle, little, sweet, little Lilian was an angel. And he had not seen her for twenty years. The long absence had come about so easily, because his people had left the town the same year of his going; and for a long time he kept away, because his heart was too sore. Then, he met Fanny, and life became too keenly interesting for regrets; but still he kept away. Lilian had been married that same year; she must be a woman now—a beautiful woman. He pictured her, with her children about her; and in the vague pang that stirred his heart there was a pensive sweetness. After all, he mused, it was something to have loved a creature of so fair and ethereal a mould, even if he had lost her;

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and she had never known of his love. In the past he had had moments of regret, transient but bitter, that she never had known; now he was glad. The very forcing such a feeling into words might have made it less unselfish and less pure. He had dreamed of her, only with the ardent reverence of a clean young heart's first love; she had never passed the threshold of his fancy, into any bolder imaginings; it was his angel, not his wife that he worshipped; and something of the angel's radiance illumined her image to him still. He was a busy man; he had keen and large interests; he was a happy husband; he was a fond father; and he was content that he had lost the desire of his youth. He would not exchange his Fanny, who knew all his secrets and had saved him more than once from making a fool of himself, and told him he was a fool in time, but never twitted him with his folly if she came too late; the woman who had drawn his head to her breast when he came back to find his first-born dead on the day of his birth, saying, "But I have you, Giles; and *he* will never have to suffer!" he would not exchange her, his wife, his children's mother, for any angel; he thought of her, now, with a swelling heart. And yet—and yet—he did not go back often to his lost love; but when the past was recalled to him, she came to him as the incarnation of the uncalculating joy and pain and sacrifice of youth. He had not heard of her for years; he only knew that she had not married his friend, but another man, a fellow that he did not know, said to be a man of charm and the heir to a fortune. Once, of late years, he had heard that her husband was not doing well—that he was a spendthrift, and that his habits were not good. He knew that she had a little lame child, and that no one could persuade her to leave her husband. This was all he knew. As his eyes questioned the foliage hiding the house, he felt at once a yearning and a dread to turn up the winding hill-side road. He knew that he was here as much because he wanted to help her, as her brother might, as because he wanted to see his old friend. The repelling force conquered; it was as strong as it was obscure. "No, I'll see old Billy first," he murmured; and drove past the turn. It was then that he was aware of another driver on the road, a shabby, handsome man, whose swollen and flushed features showed his condition. He was driving a rattling, decrepit road-wagon and a thin white horse that limped of one leg. So far gone was he in liquor that he could barely keep his seat; for that matter, when the wheels bounced over a stone, he lurched forward and nearly toppled over.

"Take care!" Giles shouted, involuntarily.

The man righted himself with an effort, and threw a furious oath at Giles for his caution; then he caught his whip to lash the horse. They went past Giles, not yielding an inch of the road, so that but for his own turning, the wagons must have collided; and Giles could hear the swish of his blows on the lame horse as the man passed. He turned the corner, and took the road up the hill.

Giles frowned. "What a ridiculous notion," said he. "Of course he's not necessarily her husband because he drives on that road. I hope the horse will throw him and break his brute neck!"

He drove faster toward the town. Where the farms had spread their sumptuous tints in rippling masses of greenery and golden waves, now a multitude of wooden cottages, some large and smart enough to call themselves villas, dotted smooth green lawns or gay little gardens. He hardly knew the road, so rapidly does a Western town change. He drove into the business streets, more changed than the suburbs. No mark remained of his father's store (once the pride of the street) in the tall brick block with its arched windows and terra-cotta ornamentation. But the old doctor's house, the house that was Billy's father's, where Billy, since his father's death no longer "the young doctor," still abode with his spinster sister, last of the six children who had made the house merry, could be recognized at a glance. Only—he had been used to think it a large house, for it had two wings and three stories and broad piazzas; now, it had shrunk; and the old-fashioned piazzas, with their scroll-work bedizenment and thin pillars, looked narrow; but there was the same air of comfort and care and liberal hospitality about the mansion and the stable and the well-kept yard with the improvised fountain of hose and the old-fashioned border of flow-

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ering shrubs along the gravel walk. "Good old Billy!" said Giles, affectionately. He found Billy's sister on the piazza. She had not changed so much. At thirty she had looked old for her years; at fifty she looked young. Her hair was gray, but she wore it in the same fashion; she protected her hands with rubber gloves in the same way. It was disconcerting, however, to have her peer at him through her glasses and ask if he wanted to see the Doctor; but he answered, cheerfully, "Why, yes, Miss Hannah, I want to see Billy; but I should like to see you, too; don't you remember Giles Wayland?"

She caught the words off his mouth, and was delighted cordiality at once; but wasn't it a shame, she cried, that Billy should be away; he was gone to a consultation in another town; he would be so sorry; but Giles—she wasn't going to call him Mr. Wayland—Giles must come in and let her thank him for what he had done for Billy and for the town—the idea of his not seeing the beautiful library building he had given the town until two years after it was done. Wouldn't he come in and let her send the man to the hotel for his bag; he surely didn't expect that he could stop anywhere in town except at their house?

She was pleased and kind, just as she used to be when Giles had been a boy; and she had been the two lads' counsel to secure indulgences. Giles felt his heart warm.

"It is a shame," he confessed, ten minutes later, sitting in the biggest rocking chair on the piazza, with a glass from the Doctor's choicest bottle in his hand, and a cigar out of the box that a grateful patient had sent him, "it is a shame I haven't been back before; but, you see, I have seen Billy occasionally, and I've written him, although I don't believe I ever saw the rascal's fist myself——"

"He never writes," interrupted Billy's sister; "he is so awfully occupied, you see, a very busy man."

"Oh, I understand," said the great railway man who had thousands of men working for his projects and millions of dollars in his care; he spoke as seriously as she. "He has a big practice," said he.

"Oh, very big, enormous."

"And I hope he makes a lot of money."

She sighed, "Why, you know Billy, she said, "he will work day and night over a patient; when one thing fails, he'll think up another, and he'll go three times a day and then not charge a cent if the patient is poor; I assure you, Giles, the poor people in this town will wait hours just to get hold of Billy; and when they get him they keep him running; and they lined that street, they did, indeed, last winter when he had pneumonia, and the tears were running down their faces, men's as well as women's, when he was at the worst; and when Dr. Brayton came out, the afternoon the crisis was past, and stood there—right there by the syringa-bush by the gate, he stood—and lifted his hand, they held their breath; he said he never saw anxiety painted more vividly on any faces than it was on theirs; and when he said—his own voice wasn't quite steady—'The worst is over, we hope he will recover,' a kind of sigh ran through them, and all at once, first two or three women and then everyone of the crowd dropped on their knees, there on the cold sidewalk, and prayed a minute. Then someone whispered to be quiet; and they got up and walked away; and oh, dear! Giles, I wish you could have seen the queer things they poured in on him to eat. Oh, there's no question he's beloved; they'll do everything on earth for him—except pay him; and he wont let them when they try. Some doctors would make it up with fancy prices to the rich; but he says, 'I'm a doctor, not a robber baron;' and everybody says that his prices are ridiculously low. But I don't mean to say that he doesn't make a large income; he does, for he is so sought after; and then it is a help you appointing him Surgeon-in-Chief of the Road. I want to thank you——"

"Why? I think it is the road that ought to thank me. I appointed the best doctor I knew."

"He *is* a good doctor," said his sister; "and he has made discoveries. Sometimes I think if he had left here when he thought of it, the year you did, and gone to a city, he would have had a reputation not only all over the State but all over the country. But—well, you know why he stayed."

"No," said Giles, "I only know why I left."

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"But you knew he was in love with Lilian Burnham?"

"Oh, yes," said Giles, smiling dryly, "but so was pretty much every young man in town; I was myself." He spoke lightly enough, yet there was an odd longing on him to hear of Lilian; the very sound of her name moved him.

"Were you?" said Billy's sister; "I always thought you were, and when you went away I fancied that she had refused you; and forgive me, though I liked you so much I was glad, for I knew poor Billy's whole soul was bound up in her; and I didn't think yours was. Billy never knew she refused you, did he?"

"He never knew I cared for her," said Giles, quietly; "he couldn't know I asked her to marry me, for I never did."

He wasn't aware that his tone had changed, but he saw her face light up suddenly. "And that night," said she, "the night before you went away, when you sat up so late with Billy, smoking, Billy told you what he felt for her?"

"Yes," said Giles.

"And you wouldn't work against Billy?"

"Billy saved my life, you know," said Giles.

"You're a good man and a good friend, Giles Wayland! And you didn't tell Billy?"

"Why, you know Billy. If I'd told him, he would have been insisting that I speak first, just as he made them take me into the boat before him. No, I said, let Billy have his track clear for the run; if he couldn't make it, then I would tell him and try my luck. I was only decent, you see."

"You were as decent as Billy would have been in your place; I can't say more."

"No"—Giles smiled as the boy she had known used to smile—"you *can't*."

"Well, it has turned out well for you, I guess; I've heard about your wife. I saw her picture, too, in the *Saturday Club Woman*."

"It has turned out very well for me. I can never be thankful enough I was in time to win my wife. Some time I hope you will see her for yourself. She is the very best woman in the world."

He spoke with his kindling face as well as his lips; and she nodded with womanly appreciation; yet he was secretly longing for some turn of the talk back to Lilian; and he spoke to himself, perhaps, rather than to Billy's sister.

"I wish Billy had met such a woman," said Billy's sister.

"But you two are very comfortable together."

"Oh, comfortable? Of course I make Billy comfortable; and if I do say it, I take good care of his money; and I've it well invested. Billy"—her voice sank and she cast a furtive glance about the empty sunlit yard and over her shoulder behind the white screen of the curtains—"Billy's got a good deal more money than he knows; I don't mean he *shall* know it either. He wonders, sometimes, how I can always find the money for him to go to medical councils, or such thing, or to buy books or instruments; but he's as simple as a child outside of his profession, you know."

"Dear Billy," said Giles, smiling again.

The tears brightened her eyes; she nodded vehemently. "Somebody has to manage for the saints, I suppose, even if they do wear trousers, they're just as helpless. If Billy had known, that money would have gone in the same hole where so much has—and nobody the better—surely not he and I don't believe she——"

"*She?*"

"Yes, she, Lilian Burnham, Lilian Phillips. I never have opened my lips about it, except a little to father before he died; I suppose if mother had been alive I should have talked to her; but as it was I didn't feel right; but you—it does seem as if I had a right to talk to you whom Billy thinks so much of, and I'm going to."

"If there is anything I can do I shall be glad."

"There is nothing to do. That's it. I have to sit still and see him, a lonely man who never looks at a child without something sad in his smile; and I know we are both getting on; in ten years I'll be an old woman; and I want to see him not only comfortable but *happy*, loved the way he deserves to be, before I die; I want to live long enough to teach his wife the way he likes things, about the house never getting above seventy temperature and how to make the things he likes to eat, and all his

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little ways ; I think of it so often ; and yet —there she is."

"You mean he is fond of her still ?" faltered Giles ; he wished he knew some retreat out of the conversation ; at the same time he was pricked by an uncanny longing to hear more.

"I don't know. I don't see how he can be." Giles dropped his fan and picked it up ; the exertion brought a little flush to his cheek. "But this is sure, he has about supported her for these last five years, besides what he has paid out—you see, it was this way : Billy worshipped Lilian for three years and never could screw up his courage to speak to her. She went away to school and came back ; and went away on a visit and came back ; then you remember how he told you how he felt. He went that very same month and asked her to marry him. I knew what had happened when he walked the floor of his room all night long, knew it just as well as when I heard of her engagement to Talbot Phillips two days after. She met him when she was away. Well, they were married very soon ; and I thought when Billy got me to get the prettiest clock in the catalogue, that here was the last money he would spend on her. I was sorry, *then*. She was certainly a beautiful girl and very sweet-tempered. They had a great wedding ; Billy didn't go, nor I. Her husband had property, and he came here to live because she wouldn't leave her father, who was feeble. They all lived here and her children were born here. Then the old Judge died, perhaps he had been some restraint on Talbot ; I don't know. He went from bad to worse."

"He drank ?"

"Yes, he drank, and he was unfortunate. He is one of those pig-headed fellows who think that nobody can tell them anything. He never had been trained to anything ; but he studied law ; and when he is sober they say he makes a beautiful speech ; but he has no head for business, and thought he had, and everything he touched went wrong. Little by little they lost everything. After father died, Billy was their doctor ; in that way he found out how things were going. And—you know Billy, how faithful he is ; and she *was* sweet-tempered, and hadn't lost her beauty or her pretty ways—then. One day Billy came to me and said, 'Sis, you have always stood by me, will you stand by me now ?' I said, of course, what was he going to do ? He said he was going to try persuade Lilian Phillips to get a divorce from Tal ; that Tal had knocked her down the day before ; that he often was violent and cruel to her. 'And what is more,' said he, 'if she gets the divorce I mean to try to persuade her to marry me, after a decent while ; and I want you to ask her to come here ; I wouldn't think it fair not to tell you that much before I ask her."

"And you ?"

"I love Billy ; and though I didn't feel drawn to Lilian, she did seem like a nice sweet girl—well, she was, I think. I told Billy I would stand by him. But I didn't need to ; she wouldn't leave her husband ; she said she couldn't think it was right. I don't know whether such things are right or wrong ; I used to think they were all wrong ; but it is easier to say 'Do right and be dreadfully unhappy,' when it isn't in your own family. I don't know whether she did right to refuse to leave Talbot or not ; but I do know it was bad for Billy and worse for her ; and I guess the little girl would be alive to-day, if it had been the other way, for Talbot somehow suspected that Billy had urged his wife to leave him ; and they had high words. Talbot drew a pistol on Billy, but Billy knocked his hand up, and wrenched the pistol away from him."

"Pity he didn't blow his brains out !" came between Giles's teeth.

"I thought it was, then," said Billy's sister, calmly ; "certainly it would have been a good thing for the poor little girl, such a pretty little thing, the image of her mother. But he didn't ; he flung Talbot out of the door of his office and he went raving down the street, swearing and crying. Of course Billy couldn't be the doctor after that, and when the little girl was taken with diphtheria they called in a foolish young fellow. Billy says he means right and studies and he will improve ; but it seems to me rather hard that a young doctor improving can kill so many people if he is allowed."

"The child died ?"

"Yes, she died, before Billy knew she was sick."

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"Did Billy think——"

"I don't know what Billy thought; he said, 'We don't any of us know anything about diphtheria;' and he tried to think the doctor did all there was to do, but he had such success with those cases, even then, before anti-toxin. The next time one of the children fell sick, Lilian, herself, came for Billy; and he always has gone since; she made him promise he wouldn't ever ask her again to leave Talbot and he never has; but as they grew poorer and poorer he has simply found the money to keep them; he bought in the mortgage on the house and gave it to her. It was foolish; he would better have taken the house and let them live there rent free. At first, she made difficulties and didn't want to take money, now, she is so crushed and careless, she takes it. Why, he paid all the expenses of the boy's trial——"

"Trial?"

"You didn't know—but why should you? it was hushed up; the boy is like his father, handsome, winning, a nice boy lots of ways, but crazy if he drinks; and precisely the kind of boy to need a firm hand. The only person in the world he pays any attention to, is Billy. He got into a fight and stabbed a man; it was hushed up and money paid the man; and the boy was sent to the Philippines; only eighteen, and the other child is lame—hopelessly, Billy says, although he is always thinking of new things."

Giles did not speak for a moment; he did not see his way.

Billy's sister went on: "Billy doesn't go there often, only when the child is to be treated or when Talbot is drunk; Talbot sometimes keeps sober six months at a time, and he gets cases and picks up a little and buys new clothes and brags about getting into politics and is sure he will never backslide again; and is seen driving the little boy and his wife; and wants me to propose his wife for the Woman's Club, and all such nonsense; the next you hear he has knocked down a policeman and wants Billy to bail him out at the police-court. Billy carries them on his shoulders. There is no telling what they will do next; and that is how Billy's honest money goes. If he would not help them they would come to the end of their resources and they would have to separate; it would be better for them and better for him. He wouldn't think it right, I suppose."

"It would be hard for him, if he cares for her," said Giles.

"I don't see how he *can!*" declared Billy's sister with sudden vehemence. She caught at her self-control and smiled feebly. "You don't understand, you haven't seen her, she wasn't strong enough to raise her husband; she wasn't strong enough to leave him; he has dragged her down, she has lost her beauty, but that isn't the worst of it; she has grown so small, she isn't interested in anything outside of her own troubles, and those she is always pouring on Billy, and he is trying to help her. Now, you know, a pretty woman who occasionally tells her sorrows is very attractive to a man, but a poor, faded, whining creature who has lost her good looks and her charm and is nothing but pitiful and keeps on complaining—why, she *must* be tedious! But Billy is so loyal, he never says a word. I suppose it's awful, but it seems to me that she's more fatal to Billy than if she had been a wicked woman; because then his conscience might have rescued him; and now, his conscience only ties the weight on tighter. He might be almost anything in his profession but for her; he has stayed here to help her. When he's tired and depressed, he has to go out to her and hear about how they can't keep a girl the minute Tal begins again, and they didn't get their potatoes in early enough and now the rain is rotting them, and how bad her sick headaches are; and how Tal wants to put some money into a splendid scheme, and he can't get it—the whole wretched round, over and over. I should think Billy *would* look careworn; when I see him with that stoop in his shoulders and those gray hairs at forty-five, I almost hate her. And I don't feel the more kindly toward her that I am sure if Tal were to die that Billy would feel he must marry her. Giles, doesn't it seem the awfulest thing we know that people may not only ruin their lives as far as happiness or worldly success goes, but may drag down their souls by obeying their consciences? I know, I don't guess, I *know* that Lilian, if she had left Talbot, would have been a better woman. She is the kind of nature that needs sunshine.

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She would have married Billy, then, before she had lost her love for dainty things and her cheerfulness; and she would have been happy and tried to please him and been interested in the large things that interest him; she is a weak creature, but she was charming once; she might be charming still if she had put things on her hair in time to keep it from coming out, and had a decent dressmaker and been happy! And, now, she has sunk into a complaining drudge who accepts money and sympathy and sacrifices from a man who owes her nothing; and doesn't give a thing in return. Isn't it Emerson who says that, he is base and he, only, who accepts favors and returns none. There's where *she* is; she seems to me to be as low, and lower, than the poor creature who loves a man and is false to her husband for him; for at least she gives something *back*. And yet—it has all come from them both trying to do their duty. Giles, I have seen the same thing in other cases, and it appalls me."

Giles had sat, as a man of the world sits, with no visible agitation on his features, sometimes looking at his boots, sometimes at his cigar, which had gone out. Yet, all the while, he was feeling as if his soul were under a rain of blows. He was dizzy. The single hint of comfort he could find was in the time-honored belief of man that women are always unjust to women; it might not be so bad. He shrank from any further discussion of Lilian, as from new blows; and he caught at the possible diverting of the subject. What he said came out of his past thought, his life's experience, and the rough-and-ready working solution of the problems of life that a man who has lived intensely and amid many interests, makes for his own guidance, of necessity rather than intellectual luxury; he had not vigor enough in his soul to have grappled with any question at that moment; unconsciously he fell back on his unspoken creed. "I think," said he, "that we have to have our consciences enlightened as much as our minds; and we pay for our mistakes there, just as we do everywhere else. I suppose we make our own consciences, if it comes to that."

Billy's sister sighed: "Well, maybe; I think Billy's needs hardening; it's too tender. Giles, you're very patient to listen to all this. Come in and see Billy's den, and his room, and the portrait the doctors have had painted of him for the new hospital—I let Billy give five hundred for an operating-room and he was so pleased; he didn't know he had the money."

For the rest of his visit there was little more said on the subject that Giles dreaded. Indeed, Billy's sister had said herself there was nothing to be done, and patience was the only virtue available. "But do get Billy away, all you can," she begged at parting. And Giles promised. He drove back to the station over the hill-road, and he turned up the Burnham drive. His jaws were set as in a vice. His thoughts were not so much thoughts as dim, heavy sensations. He put them into no words; he only drove doggedly on. Every rod on the way into the Burnham grounds, deepened his dejection. The grass waved rank, yet scant, as grass too seldom mowed, will grow; there were thickets in the rye-field; the drive was overgrown with pussly and tansy and flaunting narrow dock; the little purling stream that he remembered on the hill-side was choked by a squalid heap of household refuse; nearer the house a few shrubs, hardier than the most of their kind, altheas and lilacs and syringas, still fought for life in the neglected, weed-entangled flower-beds. Some yellow roses were in bloom, withering on their stems. Giles could see Lilian's light figure in the trim garden of the past, with her basket of roses. He could hear her laughter. He looked about him with a smile bitterer than a groan. There was the house, falling into ruin, patched here and there. The wide porch under the white columns was covered with a muddy printage of dog-tracks; the flies buzzed noisily through the cracks of the broken screen door. Giles tied his horse—Billy must have mended the post, for it stood firm and there was a good iron ring in it. A half dozen hens, disturbed at his approach, rose with a whirr. The noise muffled Giles's footsteps so that a man and a woman in the room with the open windows did not hear his appoach; but he could hear their high voices distinctly. The woman sobbed: "I did *not!*" The man snorted derision, not so much violent as

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brutally contemptuous. "You're a liar; you did pay her; she said her mother was sick and you got her wages from Billy; he was just fool enough to let you have the money; Maggie told me, herself."

The woman sobbed more bitterly. "I was so afraid you'd be angry; and Billy offered—and her mother was sick—I sent her some soup——"

"*My* soup?"

"No, indeed, no, Tal; what you left for me."

"Well, more fool you; but I'm not mad; go and get me my soup and some beer; and for God's sake do tidy yourself up a little!"

"I was working in the garden, and Burnham was so fretful when I came in I hadn't time; I guess if you had to keep the garden and the house and had such a backache, you wouldn't be dressed up much, either—yes, yes, I'm going, Tal." The voice was in the dreary, querulous pipe of a habitual complainer, but it was Lilian's voice. She came into the light, and put out one hand to draw the curtain; Giles would not look up; he would not see her; but his eyes could not escape her hand. He saw it plainly. Sick at heart, he stole away. Like a thief, he softly unhitched the horse, noiselessly swung himself into the wagon, and then drove swiftly and more swiftly, down the hill, along the road.

Half an hour later he was at the car-window, watching the fields drift by. "And I thought I had lost her twenty years ago," he shuddered to himself; "my God, how little I knew!"

A sombre dejection beyond his shaking off, weighed on him all through the journey; he felt ill and shaken; and he was conscious only of a childish, homesick longing for his wife. Once, it came to him, with the force of a discovery, that during the last ten years he had not had an anxiety or disappointment or hardly a puzzle that he had not brought to Fanny. But this he could never show to any human soul, not even to Billy, poor Billy. He felt a shrinking even from the dishonor of thinking of her, so sunken and battered by the merciless years. He had a smothering recoil from the black and heavy mystery before him; how weakness should always be punished so rigorously and sin sometimes so lightly. Long and sadly he pondered, finding no light. But—it was as the train rolled into his home-station—suddenly his heart freed itself with a leap, as a bird flutters from the snare; for he said, proudly, "Nothing, no man, no poverty, no conceivable state of things would have pulled Fanny down like that!" His eyes, flashing with an only half-comprehended exultation, suddenly ran to one placid, well-poised figure in the crowd, and fastened on her faithful face.

He did not know all that he felt; but he knew that if he had lost his angel forever, he had at last found his wife.

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THE VIGIL-AT-ARMS

By William Lucius Graves

ILLUSTRATION (FRONTISPIECE) BY MAXFIELD PARRISH

THE stir of dawn is in the air,
Outside I hear a robin sing;
And so, forespent with fast and prayer,
My watching to an end I bring.

To-day my youth comes to its flower;
To-day my hope its harvest reaps;
And all my blithe soul to its hour
Of mastery and manhood leaps.

Yet while the young dawn, keen and chill,
Lies dark across the quiet grass,
In sanctuary dim and still
I kneel and vow what may not pass:

My heart elate and strong shall be
To laugh at Fortune's lowering frown,
Uplifted high and fixed on Thee
Whose love is knighthood's very crown.

These spurs that twinkle faintly here,
A gold spark in the pallid light,
To quivering flank shall not come near,
Save when I speed me for the right.

My lance shall never lie in rest,
Nor flash its star-point at a foe,
But that I ride at God's behest
And in His name to combat go.

And last, thou slender sheathèd death,
Yet to my aching hand unbroke,
That hour speed my passing breath
When thou art smirched by coward stroke!

Amen! Amen! And at the door
Stands one whose face, lit by the dawn,
Shows that my long, lone night is o'er.
My sleepless time of vigil gone.

Ah Lord, make me Thy knight-at-arms,
And bring me quick where perils are;
But 'midst of shuddering alarms
Set honor on me like a star!

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VOLUME VII

By George Buchanan Fife

ALICIA has begun another journal. It is the seventh, I think. There must be at least six others about the house in various conditions of abandonment, some with quite ten pages filled with Alicia's extended-order handwriting. As yet she has said nothing whatever to me about this new start, which is probably my own fault. I grew sceptical and unfeeling after the fifth.

But there was no mistaking the book. I recognized it at once. She brought it home yesterday, quite a volume, two hundred pages or more, bound in crimson leather with gold tooling. When she had it nearly half unwrapped, and wholly betrayed, she became confused, fumbled with the paper and string in a quick effort at concealment, and dropped another book from her lap. As she thrust it, a disordered bundle, into her writing-desk without so much as a word, I knew the season of the journal to be again at hand. It recurs every six or eight months, and lasts several days. And it always demands a new and elaborate equipment. I now expect a gold penholder and a most serious mien.

I watched Alicia's performance with the crimson book, but held my peace, doubtless to her relief, since it saved her the necessity of replying, "Oh, just a book," which had characterized the advent of several of its predecessors. The utter lack of consciousness in the look she turned upon me afterward provoked me to smile, and I was all prepared to say, "Oh, just smiling," but she saw fit to ignore my amusement, and we fell to talking of the events of the day.

There had been none of the old, familiar opening exercises. She did not lay the book rather magnanimously in my hand and ask whether I did not consider it well bound, strongly made, beautifully finished and—and ridiculously cheap. Of course, it had been customary to make me guess at the price, which I did in fear and trembling, lest I might undervalue. Nor did Alicia then receive it from me with certain admiring pattings and pressings, and a polishing rub with her handkerchief, especially earnest if I had gone wide of the price.

No, none of these things happened. The book went into the desk with a crackle of paper, a crimson flash—and that was all. I even sought Alicia's face in vain for the bright light of a new resolve. Also, I confessed to a curiosity—that is, confessed to myself—but I did not once glance at the writing-desk. Alicia did so, I thought, several times, and I wondered why, if this was to be the secret undertaking it promised, she had selected bright crimson of all colors. Defiance, may be, or the red rag to my bull. If so, I vowed I would neither snort and paw the dirt nor rush madly about the ring. I would stand quite still and wait.

I waited, and to-night the mysterious volume came forth. It was long after dinner, and I was deep in a book. I heard Alicia rattling the pens about on her desk, and then she came over very quietly to my table and made a place for herself within the circle of lamplight. The crimson book, carefully clad in paper, was in her hand. I did not let my eyes rest upon it for more than an instant, but she evidently marked my inquisitiveness because as she laid it upon the table she screened it with her arm.

"Interested in your book?" she asked with particular cheeriness, drawing the inkstand toward her. It was in the tone one adopts toward a child who has received a quieting cake.

"Yes, very much," I replied; and then I added a malicious "Are you, in yours?" and waited, which was my part.

"I shall be very soon," she answered frankly, scrutinizing her pen, which, I regretted to discover, was not in a gold holder.

To give Alicia time for thought, and I deemed she required it for either my ends or her own, I promptly submerged myself in my reading, but rose now and then to the surface to watch my fellow-swimmer. She had struck out the moment I dived, and her strokes were audible, although she

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seemed to be making them with extreme care across the fly-leaf of the journal. I went under again and came up in time to see her with her head on one side in satisfied contemplation of her performance. She clung to her pen, and once delicately corrected a minute fault of execution. Then I swam boldly ashore, waited, and confronted her.

"Have you inscribed that 'Volume Seven'?" I asked. She glanced up and, screen-wise, raised the cover of her book.

"Volume Seven? I don't know what you mean?" she replied. Her surprise was magnificent.

"Then this is not to be a companion to the other six volumes of your—journal?" I never before regretted that this word has only two syllables. With four I could have transfixed her.

"My journal?" I nodded. "Oh, my journal—yes. I thought you had forgotten. Were there six?"

Alicia slowly lowered her gaze, as if she had sufficiently indulged a triviality, and read what she had written upon the fly-leaf.

"What do you intend writing in it *this* time?" I asked, airily pointing at the crimson secret with my pipe-stem. Alicia had again guarded it with her arm.

"What does one usually write in a journal?"

"That depends upon whom you mean by 'one.' I came upon one of 'one's' journals the other day," I continued pleasantly, "and found that it had a preface of four torn-out pages, several chapters of butcher's and grocer's orders, and an appendix of laundry lists."

"Which renders it not entirely valueless as a record." Alicia was tracing intricate arabesques on the blotter. "Have you as minutely examined the other five?" Her eyebrows lifted slightly.

"No; I had no heart to look further," I replied. "I remembered the dash with which that one was begun—I believe I got it for you—and when I encountered 'chickens,' 'chops,' 'asparagus,' and 'collars,' and these in crushed levant, I was indeed downcast." I knocked from my pipe the ashes of my hopes and gazed mournfully at Alicia. She was smiling behind a mask.

"Because you had expected to find something about—yourself?" she asked. The eyebrows rose a trifle higher.

"Oh, I found that—in the laundry lists. However, one may write what one pleases in one's journal." Without much effort "one" may be made to sound very distant.

"And yet, a moment ago you demanded to know what I intended writing in this—'Volume Seven,' I believe you designated it."

"Interest, simply," I replied; "it seemed such a nice book, much nicer than the others."

"Well, suppose I begin with you?" Alicia looked at me as she had at her writing on the fly-leaf, her head aslant and chin slightly advanced. It had the effect of placing me several feet below her. "'One may write what one pleases in one's journal,' O lawgiver."

I bowed. "I am not superior to the laws," I said gravely. "I am in your hands, with the chickens, the beef, and the clothes. Now, you will appreciate my gentle interest—that of a household commodity."

There was silence for a moment, and I turned strategically to my reading. Alicia sank back in her chair and began looking at her rings. I could see her past the edge of my book. Then she spoke, and I scarcely had time to get my eyes back upon my page.

"Why is it you always ridicule my journals? Do you think me silly?"

The change in Alicia's tone confounded me. There was a sudden note of reproach in her voice, but one so low and fluttering it might have escaped me had I been really reading. I felt boyishly ashamed of myself. Book and bantering were flung aside in an instant. "Why, my dear," I cried, "you——"

"No, no; you don't understand." She interrupted me with outstretched hand." "I've never thought of it in that way—and I'm not reproaching you now. I'm not so silly as that." She laughed quickly. "What *would* you do without poor, amusing me?"

"That is a condition I have never yet contemplated," I replied, much relieved.

"But you seem to have viewed my literary remains very seriously. The merest suggestion of a reincarnation"—she indicated the crimson book—"has served to start a flood of—funny reminiscence."

When Alicia says "funny" as if it had

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three "f's" all is over between us. I assumed a retrospective expression with one eye closed.

"'Alicia Rushton as I Knew Her; Compiled from her Journals!'"

"'By Her Inconsolable Husband.'" She crossed her hands upon her breast and looked at the ceiling like the angel in boarding-house tableaux. "But is it not rather heartless, to say the least, to begin editing them now?"

"Ye-es, perhaps, but the butcher and the grocer will never know if we leave them out." I did not look at Alicia. "The iceman—of course you have remembered him—is somewhat more formidable, and *he* comes into the house. I'd be careful about him."

From the secure retreat of her chair Alicia was making little giggling noises intended for mirth, but lamentably revealing to me her discomfiture.

"Now, your new book," I went on, "the nice red one——"

Alicia came forward alertly. "Yes?" she said, beaming with all the eagerness of a small boy who is awaiting permission to bring a strange dog into the house. "Yes, the nice red one——" The small boy extolling its qualities.

"If you can give me an idea"—I was all paternal kindness and caution—"even a slight idea of what you intend—that is, whom you intend immortalizing in your—in Volume Seven—I might be able to help you with it by writing four or five pages now and then, say, when you were out shopping or visiting. You could read them over afterward, and, perhaps, add a line or two if you were not too tired. In that way we could finish it quickly and begin on another."

This was as far as I dared go without pausing, and as soon as I had clapped on the period I vanished. I got almost under the table in a search for the paper-cutter in my hand. I stayed down until my face was purple, and then rose slowly and warily.

Alicia waited until I was right side up, and then ingenuously asked, "What *have* you been doing?"

"I? Why, I've been looking for my pi—the paper-cutter. Now, that book of yours——"

"Of *ours*, yes. You were saying, dear——"

"I was simply suggesting a means of helping you," I continued. "You have never undertaken this journal keeping in the proper way, Alicia. You began one volume, I remember, with a description of a sunset which faded into a recipe for *ris de veau Voisin*. In the twilight of the succeeding pages I found several sums in addition, such as two dollars and three dollars make five dollars, and a series of agonized attempts to determine how much fifteen pounds of ice cost if it is thirty cents a hundredweight."

Alicia smiled curiously at the lamp. "I don't believe I ever *did* find out," she remarked despairingly, and, I thought, irrelevantly. "But you are not helping me. I have submitted sunsets, grocers, and arithmetic, and you laugh at them. Now, Solomon, tell me what I shall write."

"Well," I said, wrinkling my forehead sagely, "a journal should, naturally, be personal in character, and I have thought it a pretty idea for you to—to keep a record of our sweetly peaceful little evenings here at home. You might call them 'Hearthstone Harmonies' or 'The Doves' Diary'—something tender like that."

Alicia was regarding me with the vigilant indifference of a cat watching her kitten play. The crimson book was blushing under a newspaper. I went friskily on. "Treasure all I have told you and we'll conquer that butcher *motif* yet," I said, giving my head a flourish of determination.

"You are very good," Alicia responded, studying the clock, "to have given so much time to my first lesson. 'The Helping Hand' will sound *so* well for my opening entry, although I fear it is rather too late to begin on it to-night." She uncovered the book with an assumption of languor and opened it. "But I have already written something," she continued guiltily, "only a dedication, just two lines. Perhaps I should show them to you—by way of gratitude."

"Umhm," I replied through my nose, as I was coaxing a waning spark in my pipe. Her temerity astonished me. I extended my hand and, quite affectionately, she delivered the volume into the scoffer's grasp. And on a square of paper lying across the fly-leaf I read

For My Dear Husband,
November 21, 1904.

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"My birthday! To-day?" I exclaimed, and, beyond that, was speechless.

"Yes," softly replied a voice above me, "and I was so afraid you would remember. I was in a panic yesterday when I unwrapped the book by mistake. But—but are you not *ashamed* of yourself?"

I sprang to my feet and—the curtain fell on the coming of the crimson Kelmscott, which we call "Volume VII."

THE POINT OF VIEW

ACHIEVEMENT is the main fact by which we expect to be rated; but not the only one. We expect to get some credit for our aspirations. Aspirations are not deeds, but they are the necessary precursors of deeds, and without them nothing is done that is creditable.

American Aspirations.

We have just emerged from a period in which our national aspirations have been clothed in language, and energetically advertised by rival political parties as the indices of their several purposes. We ought to be able to deduce from consideration of some of them some idea of the direction in which we are travelling. How nearly, then, do our national intentions reflect the spirit of peace and goodwill which ought to regulate the behavior of nations?

We need not deal altogether with platforms, for they may be complicated by political strategies. What were the ideas that counted in the campaign? No single thing was taken more for granted than that our people wanted peace. The charge most constantly reiterated against the Republican candidate was that he admired war for its own sake, and might be overready to undertake it. He was accused of militarism and militancy, and his opponents never ceased to press the charge home. Far from admitting the charge and justifying the condition of mind it imputed, his supporters steadily and emphatically denied it. They declared that their leader loved peace above all things except the honor and safety of the nation; that he was not too strenuous; and that far from having an ear attuned to the clash of arms, he was of a nature earnestly and conclusively pacific. Secretary Hay testified before the Peace Congress to his "tireless energy in pursuit of concord." Nobody sought to improve his chances of election by insisting that he was an eager fighter, that his ideals were military, or that the kind of glory he coveted most was that which comes from success in war. On the contrary, the exculpation of the Republican candidate from charges of that nature was a conspicuous feature of the campaign.

Since, then, the imputation of warlike impulses to a candidate for the presidency is held by common consent to be injurious, it is fair to reason that as a people we are believed to have an ardent national aspiration after peace.

The Philippines cut no very vital figure in the campaign, but nearly all the argument about them was concerned with what was most conducive to their welfare. The most eager expansionist rarely ventured to argue that the islands could be made profitable to us, and that therefore we ought to keep them. The prevailing claim of the retentionists was that the Filipinos would get into awful trouble if we turned them loose, while the party that called—not without misgiving—for a pledge of independence, argued that it was best for the Filipinos to have that assurance, and best, by far, for us that we should give it. This last suggestion covered almost the only point in which even intelligent self-interest was allowed to figure. All the old arguments about rich forests, and hemp, and the possibilities of valuable trade were hushed in the presence of a moral people.

In the Panama matter the contention was not that the immediate results of putting the canal strip into American hands were not

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highly desirable. The critics objected to the methods of acquisition, as being not such as a powerful, just, and generous nation should use with a very weak one. The appeal was to a people that aspired to be just.

The arguments against the tariff and against the trusts girded at those institutions as contrivances which impaired equality of opportunity, and which taxed all the people for the rich and strong. The defence was that the tariff protected labor, and that the trusts sometimes cheapened to the consumer the commodities they dealt in. Whether the assault was justified or not, whether the defence was valid or not, the appeal was to a people who wanted equal justice to all comers.

That the race issue entered so little into the active canvass was because neither side dared raise it. The Democrats dared not go before the American people with a race policy which involved limitation of the negroes' just rights; the Republicans dared not subscribe to a policy which would make them appear unsympathetic with the perplexities of the Southern whites. The absence of a definite appeal from either party on a subject which constantly engages public attention was evidence of strong reluctance to impair good-will between the different sections of the country. The great parties dared not meddle with the race issue, because it was not clear that any specific interference by the Federal Government could help matters, and because neither party dared advocate a course that the people might not consider helpful.

As the Republican candidate was assailed as a man of war, the Democratic candidate was extolled by his supporters as a man of peace; a man used to consider with deliberation and decide dispassionately. He was assailed chiefly as the leader of men less studious for equity than himself. The chief argument against him was that his supporters included too many men of doubtful character and questionable purposes. The appeal to the voters was to choose the party whose character was best and whose record most entitled it to confidence.

Now, of course, one of the ends of electioneering in this period of human fallibility is to make the worse appear the better cause, and to get the voters' votes by any argument, good or bad, that will reach them. With the soundness of the arguments we have considered this present discourse has no concern. Its purpose is no more than to point out that the appeal was almost invariably to lofty sentiments. The voter was instinctively credited with loving peace and righteousness, and with being stirred by sentiments of good-will to men. No effort to array class against class cut any figure in the campaign. There was hardly a visible attempt to array labor against capital, except as the trusts and the tariff are held to be capitalistic. The Haves and the Have-nots were not distinctly on different sides. Each party tried to demonstrate that it was more peaceable, more equitable, more sincerely devoted to lawful and righteous behavior than the other.

Let us hope the best party won. Let us hope we are good people, as people go, and that the politicians' estimate of our dispositions and aspirations is justified by our qualities. It is a far more vital matter what sort of folk we are and what we want, than what particular set of public servants are at any time deputized to ascertain and carry out our wishes. It is not buncombe to say that. That is what, in the long run, our officers of government do. They carry out the wishes of the majority. If they don't, we turn them out. Of course, on many public questions the people are slow in reaching conclusions. Of course the intricate machinery by which their convictions are translated into governmental policies is often very sluggish in its operations. But when they know what they want eventually they get it by putting into office the men who will do their will.

It is by electing Presidents that the voters learn what national policies they approve, and they learn their will in State or local matters by electing governors or mayors. A great political campaign is the greatest school of all the schools our country maintains, and none of us who is attentive comes out of it exactly as he went in. It educates the voters, the speakers, the writers; makes them consider and weigh and decide. And what an education it must be to the candidates! To run for President is like facing the last judgment. The great book is opened, all the candidate's misdeeds are revealed—besides many that he never did—and his chief consolation must be that his opponent, too, is mortal man like himself,

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and has made mistakes. Even in the flush of success his high resolves for the future must be stiffened by his invaluable experience of having seen himself for months as his opponents see him.

No doubt as a people we have our defects and failings, and always shall have; no doubt in all political campaigns the open appeal is mainly to the voters' sense of right; still, the great discussion that ended this month is more than usually encouraging as to our ethical and intellectual condition. In the presidential contest there was no supreme issue of temporary importance to divert attention from the general tendencies of parties and policies, and no personal defect in either candidate to deflect consideration from his probable usefulness as a public servant. It was a dispassionate and rather amiable campaign, as campaigns go, but an unusually thoughtful one. And in several of the State campaigns for governor the issues were unusually interesting, and the fight for purer government unusually brisk and hopeful. The millennium is probably not close at hand notwithstanding we have elected a President and some governors, but it does seem, as we look back, as if the aspirations of the American people were mounting higher; that they are showing increased will to walk in peace and deal justly with all men, and a growing purpose to have all men—especially their own legislators and administrators—deal justly by them.

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THE FIELD OF ART

BRONZE DOORS FOR THE BOSTON PUBLIC LIBRARY.

SIX great bronze valves, weighing fifteen hundred pounds apiece, were on exhibition in New York during a part of the month of September, and are now, as we go to press, in place in the three great doorways fronting Copley Square. These are the new doors of the Boston Public Library, the work of Daniel Chester French; and the excellent and really marvellous castings are of the John Williams foundry.

They are unusual in appearance for bronze doors. When those of the Library of Congress were designed by Olin Warner and were put into place eight years ago the tall single figures occupying large panels in the middle of each door were surprising enough, supported though they were by broad frames with floral decoration of a Renaissance type and having, under their feet and above their heads, panels deeply sunken and filled with purely decorative compositions.

But Mr. French has gone a step farther, a long step farther, in the way of reducing his bronze valves to the condition of pure sculpture. If he were to put up in each of the three square door-openings two statues of more than life size, stopping the way by their mere mass and relieved against the dark interior, he would not eliminate more completely that which is commonly called the decorative element in sculpture. Here is no semblance of panelling, or of other breaking-up of the smooth door; the human figure, about six feet high, is the whole design. Granted that in these flat panels there are laurel wreaths hung at top with the half-veiled inscriptions, Knowledge, Truth, and the like, and granted that the supposed statues would hardly have the little soaring birds of the panel "Music," or the rising incense-smoke and the stars of the panel "Poetry"—granted so much deference to that semi-pictorial influence which is identified in our minds with decorative relief sculpture—it is yet a very surprising motive of design, the frank abandonment of those broad surfaces of metal to draped human figures, grouped in couples. As for the legends at the foot of each panel, we may take them as the equivalent of the statue's pedestal in each case; and indeed it is very much in that way that the eye sees those firm horizontal lines of lettering in the low relief of the bronze.

In what has been said above neither praise nor deprecation is even suggested. The reader is asked to consider how very unusual the treatment is before he begins to admire the work of combined and organized fine art. And this further consideration may be entertained, that the front of the library is not one of those columnar designs of a rather cold neoclassical character which our recent public buildings affect; it is a very close imitation of a Parisian building of the time of Louis Philippe—a building of the Romantic School, if there ever was one—a building without a single classical detail in its whole façade. And it is in the light of these thoughts that one remarks upon the statue-like treatment of the figures in the first place, and upon their unusual posing in the second place. If we imagined six statues in the place of these six reliefs we should find our supposed statues unusual in the continued repetition of what is an unusual action for a statue—the raised arms with the hands carrying and displaying attributes. Yet it is not to be supposed for a moment that objection to this pose is even suggested. It would be unusual, but it might be a splendid composition, even for a statue, this throwing up of the arms, as it were, to display the emblems which the hands securely hold. But in the low relief of the bronze panels it is of all possible attitudes the most effective—effective in the way of non-artistic sentiment as calling attention strongly to the purpose of the figure; effective artistically as filling, in the most admirable way, the lofty and somewhat narrow flat surface of the bronze plate.

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The left-hand or southern doorway is filled with the two subjects, Music and Poetry; the middle doorway by Knowledge and Wisdom; the right-hand or northern doorway by Truth and Romance. Music holds a lyre against her left side, supported firmly by the left arm and hand, and she holds the plectron high in the right hand, as if in an ecstasy of meditation before touching the strings. An ecstasy of meditation—yes, but still with the practical thought in face and in pose, the meeting of the practical question how that musical thought shall be developed into sound. There can be no mistake as to the purposeful action of the musician. Poetry is in meditation absolutely. She holds the double lamp high on the fingers of the right hand, and the left is raised as if towards the stars whose visible presence is suggested, merely, by the four or five pentagrams embossed upon the background. The smoke from the two wicks is seen rising in snaky coils, half hiding the imagined stars. The hair of the figure, which in Music we find arranged nearly *à la Sapho* and only a little disheveled, escaping only in parts from its ligatures, is in Poetry gathered loosely into long braids which are afloat in an imagined breeze. There is a halo distinctly relieved about her head, and from this we may infer that to the sculptor poetry is a loftier and more abstract, a less work-a-day conception than, for instance, music. Something of the same motive is found in the devoting of one panel to Truth, for Truth might have been assumed to be a presiding genius for each one of the arts and each one of the qualifications. There is truth in wisdom, there is (or there ought to be) truth in romance; and so is there knowledge in wisdom and certainly knowledge in music. We have, then, to notice a difference in treatment, if any exists in these reliefs in so far as their subjects are more or less abstract, and the difference is well marked in these twin compositions, Music and Poetry; for poetry

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is universal, and is sure to be found in music rightly understood. That music should be found in poetry is quite another and a less certain thing.

The right-hand group is feminine also. Truth has her mirror, for that at least is a certain attribute which no modern dealer in the metaphorical can afford to omit. The globe in her left hand is evidently the crystal ball in which new truths, unsuspected truths, are discovered. Romance holds the dramatic mask of not strongly marked type, as suggesting that both Comedy and Tragedy come within the scope of Romance. A sword and a crown, very slightly indicated and not crushing the graceful curves of the figure by their hard outlines, are held in the left hand. One is pleased with the treatment of the headdress, with great natural flowers fastened in the masses of hair and affording a pleasant contrast with the solid, smoothly laid locks of Truth. It will, of course, be noted by everyone that Truth is as nearly nude as the composition of six draped figures would allow one of them to be. The loose robe is held merely by the girdle; it is a cloak alone, without the chiton or the tunic which the other female figures are seen to wear.

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The middle doorway is occupied by taller and more massive figures, one of which at least is male. Knowledge holds a very ponderous volume on his left shoulder, and in his right hand a globe slightly indicated—a mere suggestion of the study of the greater and the smaller spheres. Wisdom holds the staff of Hermes without the familiar wings, but capped, between its serpents, with a round mirror—for rays of light dart from it. In the left hand Wisdom supports what must be a covered goblet entirely concealed by the cloth draped around it; for so it is that Wisdom differs from Knowledge—by the hidden sources, the intuitive nature of its power. The robe of Wisdom has beautifully arranged embroidery in scroll-work with anthemions and with the significant A Ω.

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There is only room to add that these figures afford the most remarkable instance within reach of the lowest of low relief used in a decorative way. Nowhere does the relief exceed 1⅜ inches in its projection, and there are only one or two points in the figures themselves, their drapery or their attributes, which reach even that measure —the measure of the projecting band forming each great door. It may be said, then, that the relief does not exceed that of a coin, for if we compare measurements along the field and in relief from the field, we should find that the proportions were nearly the same.

It will be a pleasure to every Bostonian and to every frequent visitor to Boston to note the gradual passing of the color of the bronze from that of bright yellowish-brown copper to the more or less green patina which will invest it by and by.

RUSSELL STURGIS.

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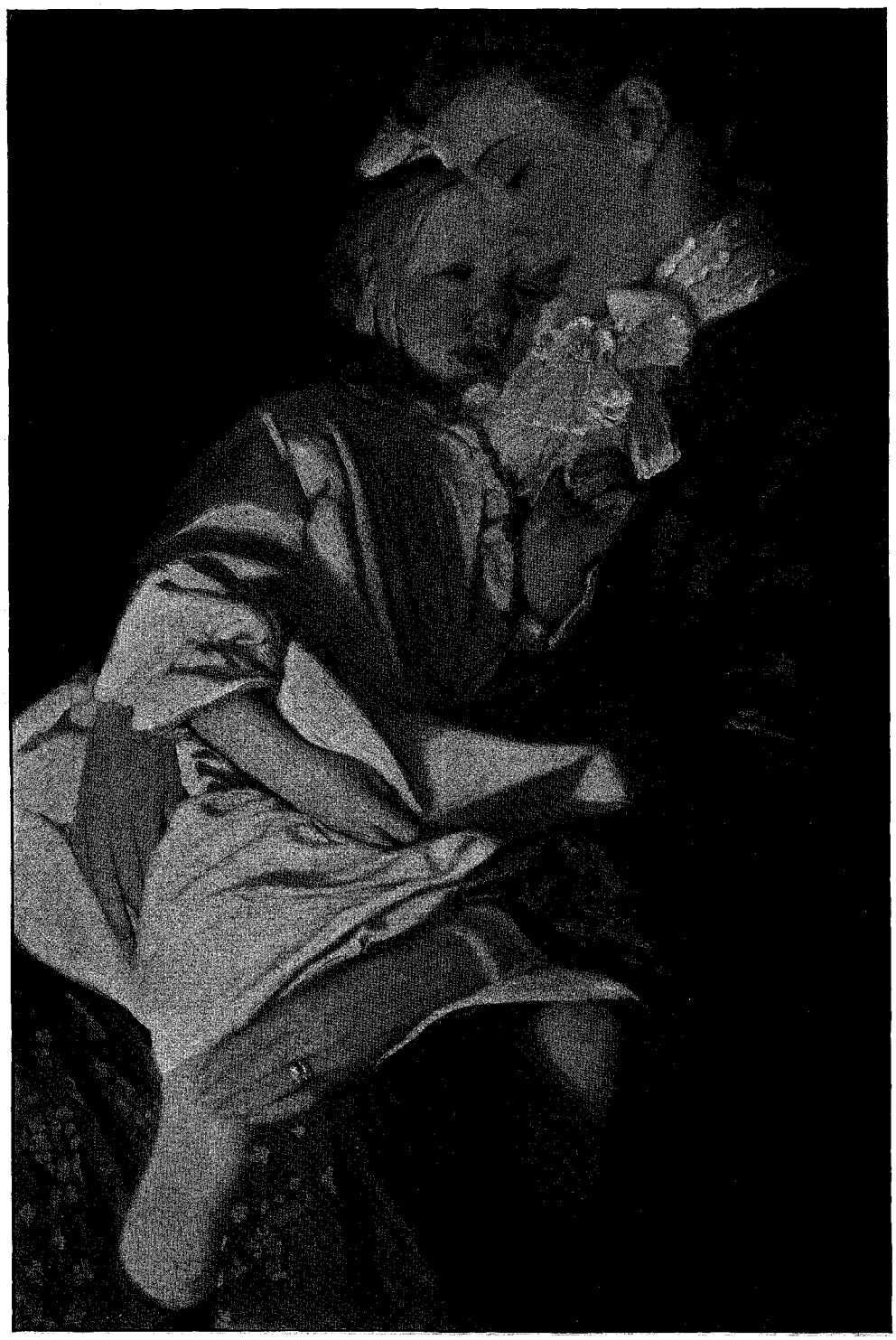

Drawn by Sarah S. Stilwell.

By the Evening Fire.

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